Geo: W. Woodward.

A NEW

AMERICAN SELECTION

OF

LESSONS

IN

READING AND SPEAKING.

CONSISTING OF

SACRED, MORAL, AND HISTORICAL EXTRACTS;

HUMOROUS, ENTERTAINING, AND DESCRIPTIVE PIECES;

SELECT SENTENCES AND MAXIMS;

POETRY, DIALOGUES, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE,

Illustrated with Copper-plate Engravings.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY JOSEPH DANA, *A. B.*

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY SAMUEL HALL.
MDCCXCII.

Published according to Act of Congress.

46
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85

PREFACE.

THE value of proper Selections for the uſe of Schools, is well known to all who have been converſant with the inſtruction of youth. The want of a variety of ſuch as are American, is the apology of the compiler for offering to the public this volume, conſiſting of Leſſons in Proſe and Verſe, deſigned for the improvement of ſcholars in reading and ſpeaking.

In ſelecting, he has endeavoured to furniſh a variety of the moſt important ſentiment, adapted to cultivate in the youthful mind the love of virtue, and a taſte for polite literature; interſperſed with ſuch a number of entertaining pieces, as to infuſe an air of ſprightlineſs through the whole.

In the arrangement of pieces, there is not all that formality which is found in ſome of the larger Selections. Care has been taken to connect thoſe which may ſerve to aſſiſt, or illuſtrate each other. The more eaſy are, generally, placed firſt, proceeding gradually to thoſe which are more difficult.

For the convenience of inſtructors, the leſſons are moſtly divided into paragraphs of moderate length; and, where it was thought neceſſary, are numbered.

The compiler acknowledges his obligations to several similar selections, particularly to Knox's Elegant Extracts in Prose, for many valuable pieces contained in this volume. Such, however, have been preferred, as have not before been published in this form, where they have appeared equally suitable.

On the whole, he flatters himself that this American Selection may contribute something to the assistance of youth in acquiring useful knowledge, and that many parts of it may afford entertainment even to persons of improved taste.

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GENERAL DIRECTIONS
FOR
READING AND SPEAKING.

Chiefly from Blair's Lectures.

THE firſt attention of every one who reads or ſpeaks in public, muſt be to be clearly underſtood by all who hear him. Much depends, for this purpoſe, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every perſon has three pitches in his voice, the high, the middle, and the low one. The high is that which he uſes in calling aloud to ſome one at a diſtance. The low is, when he approaches to a whiſper. The middle is that which he employs in common converſation, and which ſhould generally be uſed in public ſpeaking. It is a miſtake to imagine that one muſt take the higheſt pitch of voice, in order to be heard to the beſt advantage. The voice may be rendered louder without changing the key, and we ſhall always be able to give the moſt energy to that pitch of voice to which we are accuſtomed in converſation. Make it therefore a conſtant rule, to give the voice full ſtrength of ſound, but always pitch it on your ordinary ſpeaking key.

Let your Articulation be clear and diſtinct.

To be clearly underſtood, a diſtinct articulation contributes more than mere loudneſs. Every ſyllable, and every letter, ſhould have their juſt proportion of ſound, according

according to the moſt approved method of pronouncing. The quantity of ſound neceſſary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller than is commonly imagined; and with diſtinct articulation a man with a weak voice may be heard farther, than the ſtrongeſt voice can reach without it.

Let your Pronunciation be ſlow and deliberate, and agreeable to ſtrict Propriety.

MODERATION in pronouncing is eſſential to good delivery. Precipitancy of ſpeech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. There may be alſo an extreme on the other ſide. A lifeleſs, drawling pronunciation muſt render every performance inſipid and fatiguing, and ſhould carefully be avoided. But the extreme of ſpeaking too faſt is much more common, and requires to be guarded againſt with the utmoſt caution, becauſe, when grown into a habit, it is with the greateſt difficulty corrected. By propriety of pronunciation, is meant the giving to every word that ſound which the moſt polite uſage of the language appropriates to it, in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or affected pronunciation.

ACCENT, EMPHASIS, AND CADENCE.

IN the Engliſh language every word which conſiſts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. When the accent is on the conſonant, as *Bat'tle*, *hab'it*, &c. the ſyllable ſhould be pronounced with a quick and forcible percuſſion; when on the vowel, as *Glō-ry*, *hōly*, &c. the ſyllable ſhould be lengthened, but the percuſſion ſhould be leſs forcible. The neglect of this diſtinction is among the principal ſources of bad reading and ſpeaking. When the place of the accent is determined, every word in reading or public ſpeaking ſhould be accented in the ſame manner as in common diſcourſe.

The

The unaccented words and ſyllables ſhould be pronounced with leſs force, but diſtinctly.

By Emphaſis is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh thoſe words on which we mean to lay peculiar ſtreſs. On the proper uſe of the emphaſis, depend the whole life and ſpirit of all reading and ſpeaking. If no emphaſis be placed on any words, every performance will be rendered heavy and lifeleſs, and the meaning will be wholly ambiguous. If the emphaſis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning entirely. In the following words of our Saviour, obſerve in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayeſt thou the Son of Man with a kiſs?" *Betrayeſt* thou—makes the reproach turn on the infamy of treachery. Betrayeſt *thou*—makes it reſt on Judas's connexion with his maſter. Betrayeſt thou the *Son* of *Man*—reſts it on our Saviour's character and eminence. Betrayeſt thou the Son of Man with a *kiſs?*—turns it upon his proſtituting the ſignal of peace and friendſhip, to the purpoſe of a mark of deſtruction.

No error can be more ridiculous than ſome which have been occaſioned by the miſplacing of an emphaſis. Such was that of the curate, who, in reading that paſſage in Luke xxiv. 25. "O *fools* and *ſlow* of *heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me!" placed the emphaſis on the word *believe;* as if Chriſt had called them fools for *believing*. On being corrected, he next placed the emphaſis upon *all;* as if it had been fooliſh in the diſciples to believe *all*. Making a third attempt, he placed the emphaſis on *prophets;* as if the *prophets* had been perſons in no reſpect worthy of belief.

Such is the importance of acquiring the proper management of the emphaſis. The only direction that can be given for this purpoſe, is, that the reader or ſpeaker

ſpeaker endeavour to attain a juſt conception of the ſpirit and meaning of the ſentiments which he is to pronounce: for to place the emphaſis with exact propriety, is a conſtant exerciſe of good ſenſe, and attention.

CADENCE is a depreſſion of the voice in pronouncing the cloſing word of a ſentence. The cadence is, likewiſe, occaſionally uſed at the cloſe of each of the members of a ſentence. But when interrogation, or admiration is expreſſed, an elevation of voice at the cloſe of the ſentence is generally neceſſary. A dull monotony is to be avoided as the moſt diſagreeable and offenſive of all faults in pronunciation.

OF THE STOPS AND PAUSES.

THE proper and graceful adjuſtment of the pauſes, is one of the moſt difficult articles in delivery. The general run of punctuation is arbitrary, imperfect, and ſometimes falſe; and dictates an uniformity of tones in the pauſes which is extremely unpleaſing. For to render pauſes expreſſive, they muſt not only be made in the right place, but alſo be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of theſe pauſes is intimated; much more than by their length, which can never be exactly meaſured. Sometimes it is only a ſlight and ſimple ſuſpenſion of the voice that is proper, ſometimes a degree of cadence, and ſometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the ſentence finiſhed. The length of the pauſes is various, according to the nature of the ſubject. In all theſe caſes, we are to regulate ourſelves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to ſpeak when engaged in real and earneſt diſcourſe with others.

OF TONES AND GESTURES.

TONES are the various modulations of voice uſed in ſpeaking. How much of the propriety and grace of ſpeaking muſt depend on theſe, will appear from this ſingle conſideration; that to almoſt every ſentiment we utter, eſpecially to every ſtrong emotion, nature has adapted ſome peculiar tone of voice: ſo that he who ſhould pretend to be angry, or grieved, if his tone did not ſuit ſuch emotions, inſtead of being believed, would be laughed at. The ſpeaker endeavours to transfuſe into his hearers his own ſentiments and emotions; which he can never do, unleſs he utters them in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them himſelf.

GESTURES are the motions of the hands, or the body, correſponding with the ſentiments which the ſpeaker deſigns to expreſs. It is unnatural in a public ſpeaker, and inconſiſtent with that earneſtneſs and ſeriouſneſs which he ought to diſcover in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance, and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expreſſion of meaning, or warmth in his geſture. The fundamental rule, as to propriety of geſture, is the ſame which was given with regard to propriety of tone.

ATTEND to the looks and geſtures in which earneſtneſs, indignation, compaſſion, or any other emotion, diſcovers itſelf to the moſt advantage in the common intercourſe of men; and let theſe be your model.

To conclude: Guard againſt all affectation, as the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own; whatever is native, though accompanied with ſome defects, is likely to pleaſe, becauſe it has the appearance of coming from the heart. To attain a perfectly graceful delivery, is what few can

expect, ſo many natural talents being requiſite to concur in forming it. But to attain, what, as to the effect, is little inferior, a forcible and perſuaſive manner, is in the power of moſt perſons, if they will allow themſelves to follow nature, and will ſpeak in public as they do in private, when they ſpeak in earneſt, and from the heart.

A

New American Selection.

SELECT SENTENCES AND MAXIMS.

CHAP. I.

ONE of the ancients being aſked, What he thought moſt neceſſary for boys to learn, anſwered, What they ought to do when they come to be men.

WHAT ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human ſoul. The philoſopher, the hero, the wiſe, the good, and the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian; whom a proper education might have diſinterred, and brought to light.

USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant. It improves and cheriſhes youth, delights the aged; is an ornament in proſperity, and yields a ſure comfort and ſupport in adverſity.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be acquired without diligent application. It is troubleſome and deep digging for pure waters; but when you once come to the ſpring, they riſe up and meet you.

OF all the diverſions of life, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty ſpaces, as the reading of uſeful and entertaining authors.

THERE are few good diſpoſitions of any kind, with which the improvement of TASTE is not more or leſs connected. A cultivated taſte increaſes ſenſibility to all the tender and humane paſſions, by giving them frequent exerciſe; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

BY reading, we enjoy the dead; by converſation, the living;

living; and by contemplation, ourſelves. Reading enriches the memory, converſation poliſhes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment.

MAN's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can beſtow, or take from him.

A GOOD conſcience is to the ſoul, what health is to the body. It preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within, and renders us ſuperior to all the calamities and afflictions that can befal us.

THE memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker reliſh to the ſoul, than ever it could poſſibly find in all the gratifications of ſenſe.

THE pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavors *here* with happineſs *hereafter*, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls.

CHAP. II.

VIRTUE is the higheſt exerciſe and improvement of reaſon; the connexion, harmony, and juſt balance of the paſſions; the health, ſtrength, and beauty of the mind.

EVERY degree of vice, or virtue, is accompanied with a proportionable degree of miſery or happineſs.

WE may contemplate on virtue in ſolitude and retirement; but the more valuable and practical part conſiſts in its participation, and the ſociety it has with others; for whatever is good, is the better for being communicable.

HONESTY is tacitly recommended even by the practice of the moſt wicked; for their deceit is under its colour.

HE that overcomes his paſſions, conquers his greateſt enemies.

IT coſts us *more* to be *miſerable*, than would make us *perfectly happy*. How *cheap* and *eaſy* is the ſervice of *virtue*; and how *dear* do we pay for our *vices!*

THERE

THERE is nothing *honorable*, that is not *innocent*; and nothing *mean* but what has *guilt* in it.

TRUE honor is the concurrent approbation of good men; ſuch only being fit to confer true praiſe, as are themſelves praiſe-worthy.

AMONG the Romans, Virtue and Honor were worſhipped as deities; and ſuch was the ſituation of their temples, that none could enter the temple of *Honor*, without paſſing through the temple of *Virtue*.

HONORS in this world are under no regulation. True quality is neglected; virtue is ſometimes oppreſſed, and vice triumphant. But the day is coming which will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will then be adjuſted, and precedency ſet right.

INDULGE not to pleaſure, at the expenſe of the ſmalleſt article of virtue: paſs once its limits, and you fall headlong into vice.

IF ſenſuality were pleaſure, beaſts were happier than men. Pleaſures, unduly enjoyed, enervate the ſoul, make fools of the wiſe, and cowards of the brave.

VIRTUE is no enemy to pleaſure, but its moſt certain friend. Her proper office is, to regulate our deſires, that we may enjoy every pleaſure in the moſt perfect manner, and with permanency.

THE temperate man's pleaſures are *durable*, becauſe they are *regular*; and all his life is *calm* and *ſerene*, becauſe it is *innocent*.

A WISE man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

IT is not what we poſſeſs that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will ſeldom be poor; if according to opinion, never rich.

THE true conveniencies of life are common to the king with his meaneſt ſubject. The king's ſleep is not ſweeter, nor his appetite better.

CHAP. III.

THE greateſt object in the univerſe, ſays an ancient philoſopher, is a good man ſtruggling with adverſity: yet there is ſtill a greater, which is the good man who comes to relieve him.

He who can heroically endure adverſity, will bear proſperity with equal greatneſs of ſoul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is not likely to be tranſported with the latter.

No paſſion has produced more dreadful effects than ambition; and yet, perhaps, ambition is not a vice, except in a vicious mind. In a virtuous mind it is a virtue, and will be found to take its colouring from the character in which it is mixed.

We may be ambitious as we pleaſe, ſo that we aſpire to the beſt things.

Courage is always juſt and humane.

Perfect courage conſiſts in doing, without witneſſes, all that we ſhould be capable of doing before the whole world.

That man only is truly brave, who fears nothing ſo much as doing an unworthy action; and dares reſolutely and undauntedly go where his duty, however dangerous, may call him.

Cruelty is ſo contrary to nature, that it is diſtinguiſhed by the degrading name of inhumanity.

Cuſtom may lead a man into many errors, but it juſtifies none.

Many bad things are done, merely through cuſtom, which will make a good practice as eaſy to us as an ill one.

He who receives a good turn, ſhould never forget it: he who does one, ſhould never remember it.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that there never was the man found who would own himſelf guilty of it.

Ingratitude perverts all the meaſures of religion, and ſociety, by making it dangerous to be charitable and

and good-natured. It is better, however, to expoſe ourſelves to it, than to be wanting to the diſtreſſed.

> Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
> Though the ungrateful ſubjects of their favours
> Are barren in return.———

ANGER may glance into the boſom of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

IT coſts more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over, he is ſuperior.

TO be able to bear provocation, is a mark of great wiſdom; and to forgive it, of a great mind.

THE ſevereſt puniſhment of an injury, is the conſciouſneſs of having done it.

THERE are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none more uſeful than Diſcretion. It is this which gives a value to all the reſt, and turns them to the advantage of their poſſeſſors.

WITHOUT prudence, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; nay, virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

CHAP. IV.

MODESTY is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be an attendant on merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing.

THERE are attractions in modeſt diffidence, above the force of words. A ſilent addreſs is the genuine eloquence of ſincerity.

TRUE modeſty is aſhamed of every thing that is criminal; falſe modeſty of every thing that is unfaſhionable.

THERE is more ſatisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppreſſed, is, in ſome meaſure, doing the buſineſs of God and providence; and is attended with a pleaſure unknown but to thoſe who are beneficent and liberal.

CONSIDER

CONSIDER benefits well placed as a treaſure that is laid up. It is part of the charitable man's epitaph,

WHAT I POSSESSED IS LEFT TO OTHERS;
WHAT I GAVE AWAY REMAINS WITH ME.

LET thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry. Deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be above:

And from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
O! never, never turn away thine ear:
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderneſs below,
Ah! what were man, ſhould Heav'n refuſe to hear?

THE good or evil we confer on others, often recoils on ourſelves; for as men of a benign diſpoſition enjoy their own acts of beneficence equally with thoſe to whom they are done; ſo there are ſcarce any natures ſo entirely depraved, as to be capable of doing injuries, without feeling themſelves ſome pangs for the ruin they bring on their fellow-creatures.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation, than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he may render himſelf moſt acceptable to his Creator, by doing moſt good to his creatures.

CHAP. V.

PITCH upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

A WISE man counts his minutes. He lets no time ſlip, conſidering that time is life, which he makes long by a good huſbandry, and right application of it.

INDUSTRY is the law of our nature; the indiſpenſible condition of poſſeſſing a ſound mind in a ſound body.

LOVE labour: if you do not want it for food, you may for phyſic. The idle man is more perplexed to know what to do, than the induſtrious in doing what he

he ought. There are few who know how to be idle, and innocent. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

ALL that live, muſt be ſubſiſted. Subſiſtence coſts ſomething. He that is induſtrious, produces by his induſtry ſomething that is an equivalent: he is therefore no charge or burden to ſociety. The indolent are an expenſe uncompenſated.

HIGHLY profitable, therefore, is it, in the employment of our time, to follow that divine direction, *Gather up the fragments, that nothing be loſt.* Loſt time is loſt ſubſiſtence; it is, therefore, loſt treaſure.

HE who follows his recreation inſtead of his buſineſs, ſhall in a ſhort time have no buſineſs to follow.

LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberleſs, nameleſs dangers lurk beneath the ſmootheſt ſurface. No one, at his embarkation, can promiſe himſelf ſafety from the ſtorms which threaten from above, below, and on every ſide.

This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And ——— nips his root.

CHAP. VI.

AGE.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which in the vigour of youth we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

HOPE.

IF I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me that my paſt enjoyments

ments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade: hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs in long perſpective ſtill beckons me to purſue: and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment increaſes my ardour to continue the game.

LOVE OF LIFE.

WHENCE this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth our keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, increaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments; and, as ſhe robs the *ſenſes* of every pleaſure, equips *imagination* in the ſpoils? Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood: the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him to terminate the ſcene of miſery: but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when only it could be prejudicial; and life acquires an *imaginary* value, in proportion as its *real* value is no more.

HOSPITALITY.

HOSPITALITY is one of the firſt chriſtian duties. The beaſt retires to his ſhelter, and the bird flies to its neſt; but helpleſs man can only find refuge from his fellow-creatures. The greateſt ſtranger in this world was he who came to ſave it. He never had a houſe, as if willing to ſee what hoſpitality was left remaining among mankind.

THE

THE Lucanians have a law among them, that no citizen may refuſe the entertainment of a ſtranger, eſpecially if in neceſſity, who comes to him after the ſun is ſet; and whoever offends againſt this law of hoſpitality, is fined and ſtigmatized as a miſer; his houſe is demoliſhed, as though he were unworthy to poſſeſs one, who was unwilling to afford the uſe of it to him who was in want of ſhelter.

REFLECTION ON THE EARTH.

THE Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever ſubſervient to the wants of man, ſpreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; and though ſhe produces the poiſon, ſhe ſtill ſupplies the antidote; though conſtantly teaſed more to furniſh the luxuries of man than his neceſſities, yet even to the laſt ſhe continues her kind indulgence; and when life is over, ſhe piouſly covers his remains in her boſom.

MAN.

MAN is the lord of all the ſublunary creation. The howling ſavage, the winding ſerpent, with all the untameable offspring of nature, are deſtroyed in the conteſt, or driven at a diſtance from his habitations. The extenſive and tempeſtuous ocean, inſtead of limiting or dividing his power, only ſerves to aſſiſt his induſtry, and to enlarge the ſphere of his enjoyments. Its billows, inſtead of preſenting a ſcene of terror, only call up the courage of this little intrepid being.

INNOCENCE.

MAN was born to live with innocence and ſimplicity, but he has deviated from nature; he was born to ſhare the bounties of heaven, but he has monopolized them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he has

has become their tyrant. Not content with ſacrificing their harmleſs lives to gratify his appetite, he ſports with their miſery, and wantonly inflicts on them the moſt exquiſite tortures. Hail, O ye ſimple, honeſt Bramins of the Eaſt! Ye inoffenſive friends of all that were born to happineſs as well as you! You never ſought a ſhort-lived pleaſure from the miſeries of other creatures. How much more refined are your ſenſations than ours! You diſtinguiſh every element with the utmoſt preciſion; a ſtream untaſted before is new luxury; a change of air is a new banquet, too refined for weſtern imaginations to conceive.

HUMAN NATURE.

NOtwithſtanding the degeneracy and meanneſs that have crept into human nature, there are many actions in which it breaks through its general corruption; ſhews us what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may conſider the ſoul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidſt the heaps of rubbiſh, you meet with noble fragments of ſculpture, broken pillars and obeliſks, and a magnificence in confuſion. Virtue and wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing theſe diſorderly heaps, recovering the noble piles that lie buried under them, and adjuſting them, as well as poſſible, according to their ancient ſymmetry and beauty.

THE NECESSITY OF FORMING RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES AT AN EARLY AGE.

AS ſoon as you are capable of reflection, you muſt perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You ſee that thoſe who are born with the ſame advantages of fortune, are not all equally proſperous in the courſe of life. While ſome of them, by wiſe and ſteady conduct, attain diſtinction in the world, and paſs their days with comfort and honor; others of the ſame rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themſelves in much miſery, and end in being a diſgrace to their friends, and a burden to ſociety. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourſelves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappineſs, your honor or infamy depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the moſt ſerious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, inſtead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpoſe, you deliver yourſelves up, at ſo critical a time, to ſloth and pleaſure; if you refuſe to liſten to any counſellor but humour, or to attend to any purſuit except that of amuſement; if you allow yourſelves to float looſe and careleſs on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of faſhion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from ſuch beginnings? While ſo many around you are undergoing the ſad conſequences of a like indiſcretion, for what reaſon ſhall not theſe conſequences extend to you? Shall you only attain ſucceſs without that preparation, and eſcape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happineſs grow up to you of its own accord, and ſolicit your acceptance, when, to the reſt of mankind, it is the fruit of

long cultivation, and the acquiſition of labour and care? Deceive not yourſelves with ſuch arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your ſake, reverſe its eſtabliſhed order. By liſtening to wiſe admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of ſerious thought, you may enſure cheerfulneſs for the reſt of your life; but by delivering yourſelves up at preſent to giddineſs and levity, you lay the foundation of laſting heavineſs of heart.

The Acquisition of virtuous Habits an important Part of Education.

WHEN you look forward to thoſe plans of life, which either your circumſtances have ſuggeſted, or your friends have propoſed, you will not heſitate to acknowledge, that in order to purſue them with advantage, ſome previous diſcipline is requiſite. Be aſſured, that whatever is to be your profeſſion, no education is more neceſſary to your ſucceſs, than the acquirement of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits. This is the univerſal preparation for every character, and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts without probity or honor. Whether ſcience, or buſineſs, or public life, be your aim, virtue ſtill enters, for a principal ſhare, into all thoſe great departments of ſociety. It is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character; the generous ſentiments which it breathes, the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires, the ardor of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious

pernicious and diſhonorable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in ſucceſs, among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite, in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. Feeble are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is ſuppoſed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem and ſecure the hearts of others only by amiable diſpoſitions and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſſed away.

THE HAPPINESS AND DIGNITY OF MANHOOD DEPEND ON THE CONDUCT OF THE YOUTHFUL AGE.

LET not the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements, ſo eſſential to your felicity and honor. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is, in ſome meaſure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and ſoft. Habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your underſtanding. The world has not had time to contract and debaſe your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſſed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulſe you now give to your deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlaſting iſſue. Conſider then the employment of this important period, as the higheſt truſt which ſhall ever be committed to you; as, in a great meaſure, deciſive of your happineſs in time and in eternity. As in the ſucceſſion of the

the ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influences the happineſs of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, as in the vegetable world. If the Spring put forth no bloſſoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miſerable.

PIETY TO GOD THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD MORALS.

WHAT I ſhall firſt recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a diſpoſition peculiarly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, deſtitute of ſome of the beſt affections which belong to that age. Youth is the ſeaſon of warm and generous emotions. The heart ſhould then ſpontaneouſly riſe into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs. Where can any object be found ſo proper to kindle thoſe affections, as the Father of the univerſe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majeſty which his works every where diſplay? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profuſion of good, which in this pleaſing ſeaſon of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of thoſe with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the

the inſpirer of all the friendſhip which has ever been ſhewn you by others; himſelf your beſt and your firſt friend; formerly, the ſupport of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood: now the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as the natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for his goodneſs. Conſider it as the ſervice of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your anceſtors honored; and by whom they are now rewarded in Heaven. Connected by ſo many tender ſenſibilities of ſoul, let Religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of ſpeculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

MODESTY AND DOCILITY.

TO piety join modeſty and docility, reverence of your parents, and ſubmiſſion to thoſe who are your ſuperiors in knowledge, in ſtation, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modeſty is one of its chief ornaments, and has ever been eſteemed a preſage of riſing merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part, not to aſſume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourſelves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wiſe by the wiſdom of thoſe who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its preſent appearance, or blaſt the proſpect of its future proſperity, more than ſelf-conceit, preſumption, and obſtinacy. By checking its natural progreſs in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce miſchiefs which can never be repaired. Yet theſe are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated with hope, they reſolve to truſt for ſucceſs to none but themſelves. Full of their own abilities, they

deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous ſuggeſtions of age. Too wiſe to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be reſtrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiſcretion, into the midſt of all the dangers with which life abounds.

Sincerity and Truth.

IT is neceſſary to recommend to you ſincerity and truth. Theſe are the baſis of every virtue. That darkneſs of character where we can ſee no heart; thoſe foldings of art through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, preſent an object, unamiable in every ſeaſon of life, but peculiarly odious in youth. If at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew herſelf free and open, you can already ſmile and deceive, what are we to look for when you ſhall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when intereſt ſhall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience ſhall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diſſimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future ſhame. It degrades parts and learning, obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment, and ſinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and conſiſtent. Ingenuity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charm: they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. The path of truth is a plain and ſafe path; that of falſehood is a perplexing maze. After the firſt departure from ſincerity, it is not in your power to ſtop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increaſes, you are left entangled in your

your own ſnare. Deceit diſcovers a little mind, which ſtops at temporary expedients, without riſing to comprehenſive views of conduct. It betrays, at the ſame time, a daſtardly ſpirit. It is the reſource of one who wants courage to avow his deſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honor above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs, and to ſtoop at no diſſimulation, are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life. At the ſame time this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdom. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candor of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable; and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him.

BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

YOUTH is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and ever in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred

ered rule, of "doing in all things to others, according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto you." For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years. Compaſſion is an emotion, of which you never ought to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements, nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty.

Courtesy and engaging Manners.

IN order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanor, which ſprings not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the cuſtoms of the world in matters indifferent; but ſtop when they become ſinful. Let your manners be ſimple and natural, and of courſe they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourſelves on fantaſtic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE.

THE love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardor. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigour, and high ſpirits invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. And yet, to what do the conſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words—not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other than a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? We call you not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, we exhort you to purſue it on a more extenſive plan. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration.

WHATEVER VIOLATES NATURE, CANNOT AFFORD TRUE PLEASURE.

CONSULT your whole nature. Conſider yourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature, in any of thoſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure, any more than that which undermines an eſſential part of the vital ſyſtem, can promote health. For the truth of this

this concluſion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the teſtimony of the aged, but to yourſelves, and your own experience. We aſk, whether you have not found, that in a courſe of criminal exceſs, your pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular inſtance, yet from every habit, at leaſt, of unlawful gratification, there did not ſpring ſome thorn to wound you? there did not ariſe ſome conſequence to make you repent of it in the iſſue? How long will you repeat the ſame round of pernicious folly, and tamely expoſe yourſelves to be caught in the ſame ſnare? If you have any conſideration, or any firmneſs left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourſelves unequal, with as much care as you would ſhun peſtilential infection. By the unhappy exceſſes of irregular pleaſures in youth, how many amiable diſpoſitions are corrupted or deſtroyed! How many riſing capacities and powers are ſuppreſſed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguiſhed! Who but muſt drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which aroſe ſo bright, overcaſt with ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which ſparkled in every company, thoſe abilities which were fitted for adorning the higheſt ſtations, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his courſe; or ſunk for the whole of it into inſignificancy and contempt! Theſe, O ſinful pleaſure, are thy trophies. It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradeſt human honor, and blaſteſt the opening proſpects of human felicity.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

DILIGENCE, induſtry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpoſe are they endowed with the beſt abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. In youth, the habits of induſtry are moſt eaſily acquired: In youth the incentives to it are ſtrongeſt, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the proſpects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to theſe calls, you already languiſh in ſlothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more ſluggiſh current of advancing years? Induſtry is not only the inſtrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleaſure.

NOTHING is ſo oppoſite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble ſtate of an indolent mind. He who is a ſtranger to induſtry, may poſſeſs, but he cannot enjoy: For it is labour only which gives the reliſh to pleaſure. It is the indiſpenſable condition of our poſſeſſing a ſound mind in a ſound body. Sloth is ſo inconſiſtent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happineſs. Inactive as it is in itſelf, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a ſlowly-flowing ſtream, yet it undermines all that is ſtable and flouriſhing. It not only ſaps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which firſt putrifies by ſtagnation, and then ſends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmoſphere with death.

FLY, therefore, from idleneſs, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleneſs I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many ſaunter away their youth: perpetually engaged in frivolous ſociety, or public amuſements; in the labours of dreſs, or the oſtentation of their perſons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future uſefulneſs and eſteem? By ſuch accompliſhments

compliſhments do you hope to recommend yourſelves to the thinking part of the world, and to anſwer the expectation of your friends and your country?

AMUSEMENTS youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are moſt culpable as the buſineſs of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poiſon of the mind. They foment bad paſſions. They weaken the manly powers. They ſink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

REDEEMING your time from ſuch dangerous waſte, ſeek to fill it with employments which you may review with ſatisfaction. The acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honorable occupations of youth. The deſire of it diſcovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accompliſhments and many virtues. But though your train of life ſhould not lead you to ſtudy, the courſe of education always furniſhes proper employments to a well-diſpoſed mind. Whatever you purſue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and ſenſibility to praiſe, are, eſpecially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and induſtry. Induſtry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reaſon, and of God.

REMEMBER always that the years which now paſs over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtleſs minds they may eſcape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the regiſter of your life. They will hereafter bear teſtimony, either for, or againſt you, at that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you muſt give an account

to

to God. Whether your future courſe is deſtined to be long or ſhort, after this manner it ſhould commence, and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its concluſion, at what time ſoever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

ORDER TO BE OBSERVED IN AMUSEMENTS.

OBSERVE order in your amuſements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; ſtudy to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate ſucceſſion with ſerious duties, and the higher buſineſs of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without ſome meaſure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual ſtretch of ſerious thought. By too intenſe and continued application, our feeble powers would ſoon be worn out. At the ſame time, from our propenſity to eaſe and pleaſure, amuſement proves, among all ranks of men, a moſt dangerous foe to order; for it tends inceſſantly to uſurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thruſt itſelf into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to diſturb and counteract the natural courſe of things. Amuſements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require ſteady government, to keep them within a due and limited province.

BUT ſuch as are of an irregular or vicious nature, require, not to be governed, but to be baniſhed from every orderly ſociety. As ſoon as a man ſeeks his happineſs from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiouſneſs, confuſion ſeizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The moſt important concerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by ſuch perſons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honor, and intereſt itſelf, are tram-

pled under foot. Diſorder, ariſen to its height, has nearly accompliſhed its work. The ſpots of death are upon them. Let every one who would eſcape the peſtilential contagion, fly with haſte from their company.

IDLENESS AVOIDED BY THE OBSERVATION OF ORDER.

BY attending to order, you avoid idleneſs, that moſt fruitful ſource of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you conſtantly find innocent and uſeful employment for time. You are never at a loſs how to diſpoſe of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the courſe of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order ſtands in the middle between theſe two extremes, and ſuffers from neither; he is occupied, but not oppreſſed. Whereas the diſorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with buſineſs, and at another, either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Theſe ſeaſons of indolence and idleneſs, which occur ſo often in their life, are their moſt dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its ſituation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuſe it, is then apteſt to throw itſelf in the arms of every vice and folly.

By the preſervation of order, you check inconſtancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to ſtart aſide from the ſtraight line of conduct. Hence ariſes the propriety of bringing ourſelves under ſubjection to method and rule: which, though at firſt it may prove conſtraining, yet by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies

rectifies thoſe irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks of a diſorderly mind. It is the parent of ſteadineſs of conduct. It forms conſiſtency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repoſe in one another. It is the golden chain which holds together the ſocieties of men in friendſhip and peace.

THE DESIRE OF PRAISE SUBSERVIENT TO MANY VALUABLE PURPOSES.

TO a variety of good purpoſes is it ſubſervient, and on many occaſions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from ſloth, invigorates activity, and ſtimulates our efforts to excel. It has given riſe to moſt of the ſplendid, and to many of the uſeful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generoſity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, ſuch as were actuated by the deſire of extenſive fame, have been prompted to deeds which have either participated of the ſpirit, or, at leaſt, carried the appearance of diſtinguiſhed virtue.

THE deſire of praiſe is generally connected with all the finer ſenſibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counſel and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely deſtitute of this paſſion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impreſſion is eaſily made. Where there is no deſire of praiſe, there will be alſo no ſenſe of reproach; and if this be extinguiſhed, one of the principal guards to virtue is removed. He whoſe countenance never glowed with ſhame, and whoſe heart never beat at the ſound of praiſe, is not deſtined for any honorable diſtinction; is likely to grovel in the ſordid queſt of gain; or to ſlumber away life in the indolence of ſelfiſh pleaſures.

AB-

ABSTRACTED from the ſentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the eſteem of our fellow creatures is an object, which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully purſued. It is neceſſary to our ſucceſs, in every fair and honeſt undertaking. Not only our private intereſt, but our public uſefulneſs, depends, in a great meaſure, upon it. The ſphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. To deſire the eſteem of others for the ſake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many caſes is our duty; and to be totally indifferent to praiſe or cenſure, is ſo far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character.

IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION.

HORACE relates that a country-man, who wanted to paſs a river, ſtood loitering on the banks of it, in the fooliſh expectation that a current ſo rapid would ſoon diſcharge its water. But the ſtream ſtill flowed, increaſed perhaps by freſh torrents from the mountains; and it muſt forever flow, becauſe the ſources from which it is derived are inexhauſtible.

THUS the idle and irreſolute youth trifles over his books, or waſtes in play his precious moments; deferring the taſk of improvement, which at firſt is eaſy to be accompliſhed, but which will become more and more difficult, the longer it be neglected.

INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Aſtyages, undertook one day to be the cupbearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taſte the liquor, before it was preſented to the king.

Cyrus,

Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omiſſion, which he imputed to forgetfulneſs. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taſte, becauſe I apprehended there was poiſon in the liquor: for not long ſince, at an entertainment which you gave, I obſerved that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noiſy, quarrelſome, and frantic. Even you, Sir, ſeemed to have forgotten that you were a king.

SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

SINCERITY, from its nature, inclines to ſimplicity in the manner of expreſſing itſelf; and eſpecially from the conſideration, that it is difficult to find any form of elegance which Falſehood has not aſſumed.

FALSEHOOD and Truth, ſays the fable, on a certain time, took a walk together. The ſeaſon was warm; and a fine ſtream being in their way — "Come, ſiſter Truth," ſays Falſehood, (for it ſeems ſhe always affected to call her ſiſter) "come, let us make a ſtop and bathe here."

TRUTH, very innocent and unſuſpecting, at once complied, and was ſoon undreſt and in the water. Falſehood was more ſlow in her motions; but having deliberately thrown off her own taudry attire, ſhe ſeizes the opportunity to ſlip on Truth's clothes, and away ſhe runs.

POOR Truth was in a ſad dilemma. Falſehood had run away with her dreſs; and ſhe ſcorned to appear in one which Falſehood had worn: at length ſhe took the reſolution to go without any; and has been ſtark-naked ever ſince.

Honesty and Generosity.

A POOR man, who was door-keeper to a houſe in Milan, found a purſe which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had loſt it, informed by a public advertiſement, came to the houſe, and giving ſufficient proof that the purſe belonged to him, the door-keeper reſtored it. Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns, which he abſolutely refuſed. Ten were then propoſed, and afterwards five; but, the door-keeper ſtill continuing inexorable, the man threw his purſe upon the ground, and in an angry tone cried, "I have loſt nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuſe to accept of a gratuity." The door-keeper then conſented to receive five crowns, which he immediately diſtributed among the poor.

Honesty rewarded.

THE Cardinal Farneſe, ſtiled the patron of the poor, gave public audience once a week to indigent perſons in his neighbourhood, and diſtributed money among them according to their wants. A poor woman preſented herſelf one day with her daughter, a beautiful creature of about fifteen years of age.

"My Lord," ſaid ſhe, "I owe for the rent of my houſe five crowns; and my landlord threatens to turn me out in the ſtreet, unleſs I pay the ſum within a week. What I beg of your eminence is to interpoſe your authority, and protect us from the violence of that cruel man, till by our induſtry we can procure the money for him."

The cardinal, writing a note which he gave to the woman, "Go," ſays he, "to my ſteward with this paper,

paper, and receive from him five crowns." The ſteward upon ſight of the note told out fifty crowns.

THE poor woman refuſed to take above five, obſerving that ſhe expected no more, and that it was certainly a miſtake. They agreed to refer the matter to the cardinal himſelf. It is true," ſaid he, "there is a miſtake: give me the paper, and I will rectify it."

HE gave the rectified bill to the woman, ſaying, "ſo much candour and honeſty deſerve a recompence. Here I have ordered you five hundred crowns. What you can ſpare of it, lay up as a dowry for your daughter."

DISHONESTY PUNISHED.

AN USURER, having loſt an hundred pounds in a bag, promiſed a reward of ten pounds to the perſon who ſhould reſtore it. An honeſt man found it, and bringing it to him, demanded the reward. The uſurer, loth to give the reward now that he had recovered his money, alledged that the bag had been opened, and that there were a hundred and ten pounds in it when it was loſt.

THE uſurer, being called before the judge, unwarily acknowledged that the ſeal was broken open in his preſence, and that there was at that time but a hundred pounds. "You ſay," ſaid the judge, "that the bag which you loſt had a hundred and ten pounds in it." *Yes, my lord.* "Then," replied the judge, "this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds. Therefore the plaintiff muſt keep it till the true owner appears; and you muſt look for your bag where you can find it."

AVARICE:

AVARICE: An Oriental Tale.

As Omar, the hoary and the wiſe, was ſitting at the door of his cell, he looked up towards the deſert, and ſaw a cloud of duſt that aſcended from earth to heaven. A caravan was returning from Cairo with merchandize and treaſure: he heard a confuſed murmur of various ſounds, and at length the camels and the multitude appeared.

When they came up, Omar beckoned with his hand, and cried out, "Hear me, ye ſons of traffic, ye labourers of anxiety and ſorrow. Gold is bright as the morning, but fatal as the ſtorm at midnight. Beware of the ſilent approach of the ſerpent; beware of the beauty of woman; but, above all, beware of the power of gold. It is produced among poiſons in the bowels of the earth, and its fruits are calamity and guilt."

The caravan ſtopped, for every one reverenced the wiſdom and virtue of Omar. I will tell you, ſaid Omar, the adventures of Sadir, Haran, and Zimur.

Sadir, Haran, and Zimur were friends: amiable and young, their feet had not yet deviated from the paths of virtue. They ſat out together on a journey, and as they were travelling along the plains of Indoſtan, it happened that they found a treaſure. This was at once the teſt of virtue and of friendſhip. Every heart throbbed, and every breaſt was opened to mirth and pleaſure. To divide it, would have been an outrage on the delicacy and confidence of their amity. Let the bounty of Heaven, ſaid they, be the common bleſſing of us all. Mutually to ſhare without diviſion, will at once gratify and increaſe our confidence and love.

As they had now the means of enjoyment, they determined to enjoy. They travelled by ſhorter ſtages, and they procured every accommodation that wealth could buy. When they reached the next town, Zimur was deputed by Sadir and Haran, to procure them proviſions,

viſions, an office that ſuited his taſte, his knowledge, and his activity.

As ſoon as he was gone, Sadir and Haran fixed their eyes upon the treaſure, and ſat ſometime ſilent. At length they ſtole a glance at each other; each was conſcious of his own wiſh, and thought he ſaw it reflected from the countenance of his friend.

They began a converſation, in which this wiſh was mutually diſcloſed by almoſt imperceptible degrees. If we ſhould now ſecure this gold and depart, ſaid Sadir, whom could Zimur blame but his own indiſcretion? would it not make two more happy than three? Shall we not gain at leaſt what he will loſe, and can we deſerve an opportunity which we neglect to improve?

The wiſe only, ſaid Haran, are appointed to proſperity. Zimur has no right to ſhare the treaſure with us, and we ſhall only fulfil an unchangeable decree if we keep the whole to ourſelves. It is true, replied Sadir; but if he ſhould again find us, he may queſtion the determination, and claim his part. This, ſaid Haran, muſt be prevented. The dead are ſilent, and ceaſe from troubling.

Such was the wiſh that gold excited in the hearts of Sadir and Haran, and ſuch was the crime by which it was to be accompliſhed. Zimur returned in the evening, weary with labour, and pleaſed with the anticipation of refreſhment and reſt. But his aſſociates ſeized him at a diſadvantage, extended him upon the earth, and ſtrangled him with his turban.

When he was dead, they ſat down to the repaſt he had provided for them: but in a few moments the hand of death was upon them. They became pale; they ſhuddered, and gazed at each other without power to ſpeak. In this ſpeechleſs agony of deſpair and horror, the ſtruggle of nature for life was ſhort: both ſunk down together, were convulſed, groaned, and expired.

Was this the work of a divine avenger? Did the Almighty puniſh by controlling nature, and was juſtice miraculous, that guilt might tremble? Is not nature the handmaid of the Almighty, and wickedneſs the cauſe

cauſe of his diſpleaſure? Zimur had poiſoned the food he had obtained, that he might the more eaſily ſecure the treaſure, and rid himſelf of his companions.

The treaſure is now without a maſter. To whom ſhall it belong? Let not your hearts, ye ſons of men, deſire it, even in *ſecret*, leſt the crimes at which ye now tremble, you may ere long be induced to commit yourſelves, and without regret.

Respect paid to Age.

It happened at Athens, during a public repreſentation of ſome play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality.

Many of the young gentlemen, who obſerved the difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: the good old man buſtled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was to ſit cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood, out of countenance, to the whole audience.

The frolic went all round the Athenian benches. But on thoſe occaſions there were alſo particular places aſſigned for foreigners: when the good man ſkulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe up to a man, and, with the greateſt reſpect, received him among them.

The Athenians, being ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applauſe; and the old man exclaimed, "The Athenians underſtand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practiſe it."

LIBERALITY.

WHEN Crœſus reproached Cyrus the Great for ſquandering the public treaſure among his favorites, Cyrus, in order to juſtify his liberality, diſpatched circular letters to his grandees, deſiring from each of them, for a preſſing occaſion, as much money as he could ſpare.

As it amounted to a much greater ſum than Cyrus had beſtowed on *them*, he ſaid to Crœſus, "I am not leſs in love with riches than other princes, but am a better huſband of them. See what my ſmall donations have procured me: not only many friends, but more faithful treaſurers than thoſe can be who ſerve for hire."

GENEROUS RETURN FOR AN INJURY.

WHEN the great Conde commanded the Spaniſh army, and laid ſiege to one of the French towns in Flanders, a ſoldier, being ill-treated by an officer, and ſtruck ſeveral times with a cane, for ſome diſreſpectful words he had uſed, anſwered very coolly, *that he ſhould ſoon make him repent of it.*

FIFTEEN days afterwards, the ſame general officer ordered the colonel of the trenches to find a bold and intrepid fellow, to execute an important enterpriſe, for which he promiſed a reward of a hundred piſtoles. The ſoldier we are ſpeaking of, who paſſed for the braveſt in the regiment, offered his ſervice; and going with thirty of his comrades, whom he had the liberty to make choice of, he diſcharged a very hazardous commiſſion with incredible courage and good fortune.

UPON his return the general officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred piſtoles which he had promiſed. The ſoldier immediately diſtributed them

them among his comrades, saying, that he did not serve for pay; and demanded, that if his late action deserved any recompence, they would make him an officer. And now, Sir, added he to the general, who did not know him, I am the soldier whom you abused so much fifteen days ago, and I then told you I would make you repent of it.

THE general, in great admiration, and melting into tears, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission that very day.

ATTACHMENTS.

OUR attachment to every object around us, increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance.

FROM hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

CHINVANG the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:

"GREAT Father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by

by my accuſers. I have now lived in ſolitude and darkneſs for more than ſixty years, and am grown familiar with diſtreſs.

"As yet dazzled with the ſplendor of that ſun to which you have reſtored me, I have been wandering the ſtreets, to find ſome friend that would aſſiſt, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, my relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten.

"PERMIT me, then, to wear out the remains of life in my former priſon; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleaſing than the moſt ſplendid palace: I have not long to live, and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend the reſt of my days where my youth was paſſed; in that priſon from whence you were pleaſed to releaſe me."

THE old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, we are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, and the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to earth, and embitter our parting.

LIFE ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; its company pleaſes; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation; it has no new ſtory to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurprize; yet ſtill we love it; we huſband the waſting treaſure with increaſed frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

THE PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER.

THOUGH not very fond of ſeeing a pageant myſelf, yet I am generally pleaſed with being in the crowd which ſees it; it is amuſing to obſerve

the effect which ſuch a ſpectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleaſure it excites in ſome, the envy in others, and the wiſhes it raiſes in all.

With this deſign, I lately went to ſee the entry of a foreign ambaſſador, reſolved to make one in the mob, to ſhout as they ſhouted, to fix with earneſtneſs upon the ſame frivolous objects, and participate, for a while, the pleaſures and the wiſhes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for ſome time, in order to be the firſt to ſee the cavalcade as it paſſed, ſome one of the crowd happened unluckily to tread on my ſhoe, and tore it in ſuch a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a ſpectator of the ſhew myſelf, I was at leaſt willing to obſerve the ſpectators, and limped behind, like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was conſidering the eagerneſs that appeared on every face, how ſome buſtled to get foremoſt, and others contented themſelves with taking a tranſient peep when they could; how ſome praiſed the four black ſervants that were ſtuck behind one of the equipages, and ſome the ribbons that decorated the horſes' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any that I had yet ſeen.

A poor Cobbler ſat in his ſtall by the way-ſide, and continued to work while the crowd paſſed by, without teſtifying the ſmalleſt ſhare of curioſity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and as I ſtood in need of his aſſiſtance, I thought it beſt to employ a philoſophic Cobbler on this occaſion: perceiving my buſineſs, therefore, he deſired me to enter and ſit down, took my ſhoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his uſual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," ſaid I to him, "can you continue to work while all thoſe fine things are paſſing by your door?" "Very fine they are, maſter," returned the Cobbler, "for thoſe that like them, to be ſure; but what are all thoſe fine things to me? You don't know

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what it is to be a cobbler, and ſo much the better for yourſelf. Your bread is baked; you may go and ſee ſights the whole day, and eat a warm ſupper when you come home at night; but for me, if I ſhould run hunting after all theſe fine folks, what ſhould I get for my journey but an appetite? and, indeed, I have too much of that at home already, without ſtirring out for it. Your people who may eat four meals a-day, and ſupper at night, are but a bad example to ſuch a one as I. No, maſter, as I am called into this world in order to mend old ſhoes, I have no buſineſs with fine people, and they no buſineſs with me. See this laſt, maſter, and this hammer; this laſt and hammer are the two beſt friends I have in this world; nobody elſe will be my friend, becauſe I want a friend. The great folks you ſaw paſs by juſt now have five hundred friends, becauſe they have no occaſion for them. Now, while I ſtick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever ſo little run after ſights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow ſad, and have no heart to mend ſhoes any longer."

THIS diſcourſe only ſerved to raiſe my curioſity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philoſopher. I, therefore, inſenſibly led him into an hiſtory of his adventures: "I have lived, ſaid he, a wandering life, now, five-and-fifty years; here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing."

YOU *have been a traveller, then, I preſume*, interrupted I. "I can't boaſt much of travelling," continued he, "for I have never left the pariſh in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a ſtreet in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in, at ſome time or another. When I began to ſettle, and take to my buſineſs in one ſtreet, ſome unforeſeen misfortune, or a deſire of trying my luck elſewhere, has removed me, perhaps, a whole mile away from my former cuſtomers, while ſome more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handſome fortune among friends of my making: there

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was one who actually died in a ſtall that I had left, worth ſeven pounds ſeven ſhillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waiſtband of his breeches."

I COULD not but ſmile at theſe migrations of a man by the fire-ſide, and continued to aſk if he had ever been married. "Ay, that I have, maſter, for ſixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head that the only way to thrive in this world was to ſave money; ſo, though our comings-in were but about three ſhillings a week, all that ever ſhe could lay her hands upon ſhe uſed to hide away from me, though we were obliged to ſtarve the whole week for it.

"HER conduct drove me at laſt, in deſpair, to the ale-houſe. Here I uſed to ſit with people who hated home like myſelf, drank while I had money left, and ran in ſcore while any body would truſt me; till at laſt, the landlady coming one day with a long bill, when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart.

"I SEARCHED the whole houſe, after ſhe was dead, for money; but ſhe had hidden it ſo effectually, that, with all my pains, I could never find a farthing."

BY this time my ſhoe was mended; ſo, ſatisfying the poor artiſt for his trouble, and rewarding him beſides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amuſement his converſation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.

ON MODESTY.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I CANNOT at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the hiſtory of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves.

THE Senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this ſelf-murder which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an edict, that if any woman ſhould lay violent hands on herſelf, her corpſe ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreets, and dragged about the city in the moſt public manner.

THIS edict immediately put a ſtop to the practice which was before ſo common. We may ſee in this inſtance the ſtrength of female modeſty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madneſs and deſpair. The fear of ſhame, in the fair ſex, was, in thoſe days, more prevalent than that of death.

IF modeſty has ſo great an influence over our actions, and is, in many caſes, ſo impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfaſhionable the moſt ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not becauſe he is innocent, but becauſe he is ſhameleſs.

SENECA thought modeſty ſo great a check to vice, that he preſcribes to us the practice of it in ſecret, and adviſes us to raiſe it in ourſelves upon imaginary occaſions, when ſuch as are real do not offer themſelves: for this is the meaning of his precept, *That when we are by ourſelves, and in our greateſt ſolitude, we ſhould fancy that Cato ſtands before us, and ſees every thing we do.* In ſhort, if you baniſh modeſty out of the world, ſhe carries away with her half the virtues that are in it.

AFTER theſe reflections on modeſty, as it is a virtue, I muſt obſerve that there is a vicious modeſty, which juſtly deſerves to be ridiculed, and which thoſe perſons very often diſcover, who value themſelves moſt upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is

aſhamed to act up to his reaſon, and would not, upon any conſideration, be ſurprized in the practice of thoſe duties, for the performance of which he was ſent into the world.

DECENCY of behaviour, all outward ſhew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice are carefully avoided by this ſet of ſhamefaced people, as what would diſparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to diſhonor. This is ſuch a poorneſs of ſpirit, ſuch a deſpicable cowardice, ſuch a degenerate, abject ſtate of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent inſtances of it in ordinary converſation.

THERE is another kind of vicious modeſty, which makes a man aſhamed of his perſon, his birth, his profeſſion, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumſtances, he becomes much more ſo by being out of countenance for them.

THEY ſhould rather give him occaſion to exert a noble ſpirit, and to palliate thoſe imperfections which are not in his power, by thoſe perfections which are; or to uſe a witty alluſion of a very eminent author, he ſhould imitate Cæſar, who, becauſe his head was bald, covered it with laurels.

MODESTY AND ASSURANCE.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abuſed by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than theſe two, Modeſty and Aſſurance. To ſay ſuch a one is a modeſt man, ſometimes indeed paſſes for a good character; but at preſent is often uſed to ſignify a ſheepiſh, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeneſs, nor any knowledge of the world.

AGAIN: A man of aſſurance, though formerly it only denoted a perſon of a free and open carriage, is

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now very uſually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a bluſh.

I SHALL endeavour, therefore, in this eſſay, to reſtore theſe words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modeſty from being confounded with that of ſheepiſhneſs, and to hinder impudence from paſſing for aſſurance.

IF I were put to define Modeſty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he cenſures himſelf, or fancies that he is expoſed to the cenſure of others.

FOR this reaſon, a man, truly modeſt, is as much ſo when he is alone as in company; and as ſubject to a bluſh in his cloſet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I DO not remember to have met with any inſtance of modeſty with which I am ſo well pleaſed, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whoſe father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had ſeveral complaints laid againſt him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppreſſor of his ſubjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was ſo oppreſſed when it came to his turn to ſpeak, that he was unable to utter a word. The ſtory tells us that the fathers were more moved with this inſtance of modeſty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the moſt pathetic oration; and, in ſhort, pardoned the guilty father for this early promiſe of virtue in the ſon.

I TAKE Aſſurance to be, the faculty of poſſeſſing one's ſelf, or of ſaying and doing indifferent things without any uneaſineſs or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man aſſurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itſelf to do nothing againſt the rules of honor and decency. An open and aſſured behaviour is the natural conſequence of ſuch a reſolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time

time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here described.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince abovementioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints which his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is often attended with both.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE AND EXERCISE.

THERE is a ſtory in the Arabian Nights Tales of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method.

HE took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with various drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf in the morning with theſe inſtruments, until ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: when, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the Sultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

THIS eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic.

I SHALL here recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may in ſome meaſure ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has theſe peculiar advantages, above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf without interruption of buſineſs, expenſe of money, or loſs of time.

IF exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, temperance prevents them; if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humors,

humors, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her full force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

Physic, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute for exerciſe and temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe of exerciſe and temperance, there would be but little occaſion for them. Bliſtering and bleeding are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are for the moſt part nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſtent with health.

It is ſaid of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would the philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would he not have thought the maſter of a family mad, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty different herbs, ſauces of a hundred ingredients; confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours?

For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers, lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry or a muſhroom can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another. Were I to conſider my readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of tempe-

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rance as is accommodated to all perſons, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, until you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple.

WERE I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir William Temple; "The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good humor, and the fourth for my enemies." But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world, to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her to ſtruggle with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties: Beſides that abſtinence well-timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition.

IT is obſerved by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithſtanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, never caught the leaſt infection, which theſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.

ON SICKNESS.

Our life is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte the inſtant they take fire." YOUNG.

IT has been obſerved by many writers, that nothing makes a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him, ſick and well.

THUS one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his

his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and hope I have received ſome advantage by it.

If what Mr. Waller ſays be true, that

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,"

then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the incloſed ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion of thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence on our out-works.

Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age. It is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant on its bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret.

My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded me ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures.

When a ſmall fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in a great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, "What care I for the houſe, I am only a lodger."

When I reflect what an inconſiderable atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſo trivial an animal as I am. In the morning after my exit,

exit, the ſun will ſhine as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were uſed to do.

THE memory of man, as it is elegantly expreſſed in the Wiſdom of Solomon, "paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. For "honorable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſured by number of years; but wiſdom is the grey hair to man, and unſpotted life is old age. He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul."

STORY OF THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

NO obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than that one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs, and have at once, the comfort of admiration, and pity.

2. THERE is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he, who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great, whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration; and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

3. While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

4. I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs.

5. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows:

6. "As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loſs of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has loſt both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not ſo bad with me yet.

7. I was born in Shropſhire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; ſo I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born; ſo they ſent me

me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept ſending me about ſo long, that they would not let me be born in any pariſh at all; but at laſt, however, they fixed me.

8. I HAD ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, at leaſt, to know my letters; but the maſter of the work-houſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour.

9. IT is true, I was not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved to go ſeek my fortune.

10. IN this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none: when happening to go through a field belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; and I believe the evil one put it into my head to fling my ſtick at it: Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the juſtice himſelf met me; he called me a poacher, and a villain; and collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf.

11. I FELL upon my knees, begged his worſhip's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the juſtice ſaid I could give no account; ſo I was indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

12. PEOPLE may ſay this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place

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as ever I was in, in all my life. I had enough to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt forever; ſo I was taken out of priſon, after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of ſweet air, and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough.

13. When we came aſhore, we were ſold to the planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, for I had even forgot my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

14. When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

15. I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand. They belonged to a preſs-gang: I was carried before the juſtice, and, as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe the latter; and in this poſt of a gentleman, I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battle of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breaſt here; but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well again.

16. When the peace came on, I was diſcharged; and as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a land-man in the Eaſt-India Company's ſervice. I have fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and I verily believe that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal.

17. But

17. BUT it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the preſent war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money: but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

18. THE boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore he knew that I underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I pretended ſickneſs, to be idle; but, indeed, I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs; and he beat me, without conſidering what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

19. OUR crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died becauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night as I was aſleep on my bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lantern in his hand; "Jack," ſays he to me, "will you knock out the French centry's brains?" I don't care, ſays I, if I lend a hand. Then "follow me," ſays he, "and I hope we ſhall do the buſineſs." So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, becauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden ſhoes.

20. THOUGH we had no arms, one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both the centries were poſted, and ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the

Dorſet privateer, who were glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance.

21. However, we had not ſo much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three, ſo to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, had we but had ſome more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we loſt all our men, juſt as we were going to get the victory.

22. I was once more in the power of the French, and I verily believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that in that engagement, I was wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off.

23. If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, and not aboard a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the reſt of my life. But that was not my chance: one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will forever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England forever, huzza!"

24. Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it.

Folly of mis-spending Time.

An ancient poet has obſerved of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the reſt, ſome is encumbered with naked

ked mountains, and ſome loſt under barren ſands; ſome ſcorched with unintermitted heat, and ſome petrified with perpetual froſt; ſo that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the paſture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

THE ſame obſervation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our preſent ſtate. When we have deducted all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irreſiſtibly engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all that paſſes in regulating the ſuperficial decorations of life, or given up in the reciprocations of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice.

MANY of our hours are loſt in a rotation of petty cares, in a conſtant recurrence of the ſame employments; many of our proviſions for eaſe and happineſs are always exhauſted by the preſent day; and a great part of our exiſtence ſerves no other purpoſe, than that of enabling us to enjoy the reſt.

OF the few moments which are left in our diſpoſal, it might be reaſonably expected, that we ſhould be ſo frugal, as to let none of them ſlip from us without ſome equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however ſtraitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to conſume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental diſtraction, would yet afford us a large ſpace vacant for the exerciſe of reaſon and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence for great performances; and that we ſquander much of our allowance, even while we think it ſparing and inſufficient.

THIS natural and neceſſary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us inſenſible of the negligence with which we ſuffer them to ſlide away. We never conſider ourſelves as poſſeſſed at once of time ſufficient for any great deſign, and therefore indulge ourſelves in fortuitous

fortuitous amuſements. We think it unneceſſary to take an account of a few ſupernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were expoſed to a thouſand chances of diſturbance and interruption.

It is obſervable, that, either by nature or habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjuſt great things by diviſion, and little things by accumulation. Of extenſive ſurfaces we can only take a ſurvey, as the parts ſucceed each other; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into maſſes. Thus we break the vaſt periods of time into centuries; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we muſt combine them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parſimonious anceſtors have informed us, that the fatal waſte of fortune is by ſmall expenſes; by the profuſion of ſums too little, ſingly, to alarm our caution, and which we never ſuffer ourſelves to conſider together.

Of the ſame kind is the prodigality of life: he who hopes to look back hereafter with ſatisfaction on paſt years, muſt learn to know the preſent value of ſingle moments, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall uſeleſs to the ground.

An Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, that *Time was his eſtate*; an eſtate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation; but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run by noxious plants, or laid out for ſhew rather than uſe.

Employment of Time.

Employment of time, is a ſubject that from its importance deſerves your beſt attention. Moſt young gentlemen have a great deal of time before them; and one hour well employed, in the early part of life,

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is more valuable, and will be of greater uſe to you than, perhaps, four and twenty, ſome years to come.

WHATEVER time you can ſteal from company and from the ſtudy of the world, employ it in ſerious reading. Take up ſome valuable book, and continue the reading of that book, till you have got through it; never burdening your mind with more than one thing at a time.

IN reading this book do not run over it ſuperficially, but read every paſſage twice over; at leaſt, do not paſs on to a ſecond till you thoroughly underſtand the firſt, nor quit the book till you are maſter of the ſubject; for unleſs you do this, you may read it through, and not remember the contents of it for a week.

ANY buſineſs you may have to tranſact, ſhould be done the firſt opportunity, and finiſhed, if poſſible, without interruption: for by deferring it, we may probably find it too late, or execute it indifferently. Now, buſineſs of any kind ſhould never be done by halves, but every part of it ſhould be well attended to; for he who does buſineſs ill, had better not do it at all.

IN any point, which diſcretion bids you purſue, and which has a manifeſt utility to recommend it, let no difficulties deter you; rather let them animate your induſtry. If one method fails, try a ſecond and a third. Be active, perſevere, and you will certainly conquer.

NEVER indulge a lazy diſpoſition; there are few things but are attended with ſome difficulties, and if you are frightened at thoſe difficulties, you will not complete any thing. Indolent minds prefer ignorance to trouble; they look upon moſt things as impoſſible, becauſe perhaps they are difficult.

EVEN an hour's attention is too laborious for them, and they would rather content themſelves with the firſt view of things, than take the trouble to look farther into them. Thus when they come to talk upon ſubjects to thoſe who have ſtudied them, they betray an unpardonable ignorance, and lay themſelves open to anſwers that confuſe them.

BE careful then, that you do not get the appellation of indolent;

indolent; and, if poſſible, avoid the appellation of frivolous; for the frivolous mind is always buſied upon nothing; it miſtakes trifling objects for important ones, and ſpends that time upon little matters, that ſhould be beſtowed only on great ones.

FORTUNE.

THOSE perſons muſt be themſelves blind, who deſcribe Fortune as without ſight. No firſt-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or ſaw more clearly. They who have no other trade than *ſeeking their fortune*, need never hope to find her; coquet-like, ſhe flees from her cloſe purſuers, and at laſt fixes on the plodding mechanic who ſtays at home and minds his buſineſs.

IT is aſtoniſhing that any can call her blind, when, by the company ſhe keeps, ſhe diſcovers herſelf ſo very diſcerning. Where-ever you ſee a gaming-table, be very ſure fortune is not there.

WHEN you ſee a man whoſe pocket-holes are laced with gold, be convinced fortune is never there. In ſhort, ſhe is ever ſeen accompanying induſtry, and as often ſeen trundling a wheel-barrow, as lolling in a chariot.

IF you would make Fortune your friend, or, to perſonize her no longer, if you deſire to be rich, and have money, be more eager to ſave, than to acquire. When people ſay, "Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice: mind your own buſineſs; ſtay where you are; and ſecure all you can get, without ſtirring.

WHEN you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purſe of gold in the ſtreet, never run out into the ſame ſtreet, looking about you, in order to find ſuch another; or when you are informed, that he has made a fortune in one branch of buſineſs, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Be aſſured, every change of this nature is for the worſe: people may tell you of your

your being unfit for this or that occupation; but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perſeverance and aſſiduity, will be found fit for you: it will be your ſupport in youth, and comfort in age.

Do not deſire to be rich all at once; but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you deſpiſe the petty ſum; and yet thoſe who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Simon, the fooliſh miller, when he wanted a farthing in his diſtreſs, found no friend who would lend, becauſe they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the ſtory of Simon; he, who deſpiſing ſmall ſums, and graſping at all, loſt even what he had.

SIMON, the miller, was naturally avaricious: nobody loved money better than he, or more reſpected thoſe who poſſeſſed it. When the name of a rich man was mentioned in company, Simon would ſay, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; we are quite intimate." But if ever a poor man was talked of, he had not the leaſt knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to chooſe his company.

SIMON, however, with all his eagerneſs for riches, was, in reality, poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to ſupport him; but though theſe were ſmall, they were certain. While his mill ſtood and went, he was ſure of eating; and his frugality was ſuch, that he every day laid ſome money by, which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much ſatisfaction. Yet ſtill his acquiſitions were not equal to his deſires: he only found himſelf above want; whereas he wiſhed to be poſſeſſed of affluence.

ONE day, as he was indulging theſe wiſhes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a cheſt of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights before. Theſe tidings were daggers to the heart of the poor miller. Here am I, ſays he, toiling from morning till night, for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks goes quietly to bed, and dreams himſelf

ſelf into thouſands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleaſure would I dig round the cheſt! how ſlyly would I carry it home! not even my wife ſhould know it: and then, O the pleaſure of thruſting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!

Such reflections only ſerved to make the miller unhappy. He diſcontinued his former aſſiduity; he was quite diſguſted with ſmall gains, and his cuſtomers began to forſake him. Every day he repeated the wiſh, and every night laid himſelf down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at laſt, however, ſeemed to ſmile upon his diſtreſſes, and indulged him with the wiſhed-for viſion. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a large cheſt of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat ſtone.

He roſe up, thanked the ſtars that were at laſt pleaſed to take pity on his ſufferings, and concealed his good luck from every perſon, as is uſual in money dreams, in order to have the viſion repeated the two ſucceeding nights, by which he ſhould be certain of its veracity. His wiſhes, in this alſo, were anſwered; he ſtill dreamed of the ſame treaſure, in the very ſame place.

Now, therefore, it was paſt a doubt: ſo getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the viſion directed. The firſt omen of ſucceſs which he met, was a broken mug; digging ſtill deeper, he turns up a houſe-tile quite new and entire. At laſt, after much digging, he came to the broad flat ſtone, but then ſo large, that it was beyond one man's ſtrength to remove it.

Here, cried he in raptures to himſelf, here it is; under this ſtone there is room for a large cheſt of diamonds indeed. I muſt e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to aſſiſt me in turning it up. Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumſtance of their good fortune.

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HER raptures on this occaſion may eaſily be imagined; ſhe flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy: but their tranſports, however, did not delay their eagerneſs to know the exact ſum; returning, therefore, ſpeedily together to the place, they found—not indeed the expected treaſure, but the mill, their only ſupport, undermined and fallen.

THE METHOD OF MAKING MONEY PLENTY.

AT this time, when the general complaint is that money is ſcarce, it will be an act of kindneſs to inform the moneyleſs, how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true ſecret of money-catching, the certain way to fill empty purſes, and how to keep them always full. Two ſimple rules, well obſerved, will do the buſineſs.

1. LET honeſty and induſtry be thy conſtant companions; and,

2. SPEND one penny leſs than thy clear gains.

THEN ſhall thy hide-bound pocket ſoon begin to thrive; thy creditors will never inſult thee, nor want oppreſs, nor hunger bite, nor nakedneſs freeze thee. The whole hemiſphere will ſhine brighter, and pleaſure ſpring up in every corner of thy heart.

Now, therefore, embrace theſe rules, and be happy. Baniſh the bleak winds of ſorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then ſhalt thou not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor ſuffer the pain of feeling little when the ſons of fortune walk at thy right hand: for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudeſt of the golden fleece.

O, THEN, be wiſe! Let induſtry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reacheſt the evening hour for reſt. Let honeſty be as the breath of thy ſoul, and never forget to have a penny when all

thy debts are enumerated and paid: then ſhalt thou reach the point of happineſs, and independence ſhall be thy ſhield and buckler, thy helmet and crown: then ſhall thy ſoul walk upright, nor ſtoop to the ſilken wretch becauſe he has riches, nor tamely ſuffer an abuſe, becauſe the hand, which offers it, wears a ring, ſet with diamonds.

The Way to Wealth.

I HAVE heard, that nothing gives an author ſo great pleaſure, as to find his works reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants goods.

The hour of the ſale not being come, they were converſing on the badneſs of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not theſe heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how ſhall we be ever able to pay them? What would you adviſe us to?'

Father Abraham ſtood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in ſhort; "for a word to the wiſe is enough," as Poor Richard ſays." They joined in deſiring him to ſpeak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends,' ſays he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if thoſe laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more eaſily diſcharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to ſome of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleneſs, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from theſe taxes the commiſſioners cannot eaſe or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good

good advice, and ſomething may be done for us; "God helps them that help themſelves," as Poor Richard ſays.

I. 'IT would be thought a hard government that ſhould tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its ſervice: but idleneſs taxes many of us much more; ſloth, by bringing on diſeaſes, abſolutely ſhortens life. "Sloth, like ruſt, conſumes faſter than labour wears, while the uſed key is always bright," as Poor Richard ſays—"But doſt thou love life, then do not ſquander time, for that is the ſtuff life is made of," as Poor Richard ſays. How much more than is neceſſary do we ſpend in ſleep! forgetting that "The ſleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be ſleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard ſays.

'IF time be of all things the moſt precious, waſting time muſt be," as Poor Richard ſays, "the greateſt prodigality;" ſince, as he elſewhere tells us, "Loſt time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpoſe: ſo by diligence ſhall we do more with leſs perplexity.

"SLOTH makes all things difficult, but induſtry all eaſy; and he that riſeth late, muſt trot all day, and ſhall ſcarce overtake his buſineſs at night; while lazineſs travels ſo ſlowly, that poverty ſoon overtakes him. Drive thy buſineſs, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to riſe, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wiſe," as Poor Richard ſays.

'So what ſignifies wiſhing and hoping for better times? We may make theſe times better, if we beſtir ourſelves. "Induſtry need not wiſh, and he that lives upon hope will die faſting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or if I have, they are ſmartly taxed.

"HE that hath a trade, hath an eſtate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor," as Poor Richard ſays; but then the trade muſt be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the eſtate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

'IF

'If we are induſtrious we ſhall never ſtarve; for, "at the working man's houſe hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the conſtable enter, for "induſtry pays debts, while deſpair increaſeth them." What though you have found no treaſure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy; "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to induſtry. Then plough deep, while ſluggards ſleep, and you ſhall have corn to ſell and to keep."

'Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard ſays; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a ſervant, would you not be aſhamed that a good maſter ſhould catch you idle? Are you then your own maſter? be aſhamed to catch yourſelf idle, when there is ſo much to be done for yourſelf, for your family, and for your country.

'Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard ſays. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but ſtick to it ſteadily, and you will ſee great effects; for "Conſtant dropping wears away ſtones: and by diligence and patience the mouſe ate in two the cable; and little ſtrokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, "Muſt a man afford himſelf no leiſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard ſays; "Employ thy time well, if thou meaneſt to gain leiſure; and, ſince thou art not ſure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leiſure is time for doing ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leiſure and a life of lazineſs are two things."

'Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of ſtock;" whereas induſtry gives comfort, and plenty, and reſpect. "Fly pleaſures, and they will follow you. The diligent ſpinner has a large ſhift; and now I have a ſheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow." II.

II. 'BUT with our induſtry we muſt likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and careful, and overſee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not truſt too much to others; for, as Poor Richard ſays,

"I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve ſo well as thoſe who ſettled be."

'AND again, "Three removes are as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep thee:" and again, "If you will have your buſineſs done, go; if not, ſend." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

'AND again, "The eye of the maſter will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to overſee workmen, is to leave them your purſe open." Truſting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are ſaved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful ſervant, and one that you like, ſerve yourſelf.

"A LITTLE neglect may breed great miſchief; for want of a nail the ſhoe was loſt; for want of a ſhoe the horſe was loſt; and for want of a horſe the rider was loſt," being overtaken and ſlain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

III. 'So much for induſtry, my friends, and attention to one's own buſineſs; but to theſe we muſt add frugality, if we would make our induſtry more certainly ſucceſsful. A man may, if he knows not how to ſave as he gets, "keep his noſe all his life to the grindſtone, and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting."

"IF you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becauſe her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

'AWAY, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

'AND farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expenſes; "A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, "Who dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them."

'HERE you are all got together to this ſale of fineries, and nicknacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you.

'REMEMBER what Poor Richard ſays, "Buy what thou haſt no need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries." And again, "At a great penny-worth pauſe a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraightening thee in thy buſineſs, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he ſays, "Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths."

'AGAIN, "It is fooliſh to lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack." Many perſons, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families: "Silks and ſatins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard ſays.

'THESE are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: And yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them! By theſe, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced

reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard ſays.

'PERHAPS they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard ſays; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice.

"IF you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as Poor Richard ſays; and, indeed, ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther adviſes, and ſays,

"Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe:
Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

'AND again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more ſaucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick ſays, "It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell, in order to equal the ox.

"Veſſels large may venture more,
But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as Poor Richard ſays, "Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on contempt; pride breakfaſted with plenty, dined with poverty, and ſupped with infamy." And, after all, of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſked, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon; it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

'BUT

'But what madneſs it muſt be to run in debt for theſe ſuperfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty.

'If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for "The ſecond vice is lying, the firſt is running in debt," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, to the ſame purpoſe, "Lying rides upon debt's back:" Whereas a free-born American ought not to be aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright."

'What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would you not ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourſelf under that tyranny, when you run in debt for ſuch dreſs.

'Your creditor has authority, at his pleaſure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by ſelling you for a ſervant, if you ſhould not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard ſays, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a ſuperſtitious ſect, great obſervers of ſet days and times."

'The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to ſatisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at firſt ſeemed ſo long, will, as it leſſens, appear extremely ſhort:

ſhort: Time will ſeem to have added wings to his heels as well as his ſhoulders. "Thoſe have a ſhort Lent, who owe money to be paid at Eaſter." At preſent, perhaps, you may think yourſelves in thriving circumſtances; and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want, ſave while you may:
No morning ſun laſts a whole day."

'GAIN may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expenſe is conſtant and certain; and, "It is eaſier to build two chimnies, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard ſays: "So, "Rather go to bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

"Get what you can, and what you get, hold:
'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philoſopher's ſtone, ſure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'THIS doctrine, my friends, is reaſon and wiſdom: But, after all, do not depend too much upon your own induſtry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blaſted without the bleſſing of Heaven; and therefore, aſk that bleſſing humbly, and be not uncharitable to thoſe who at preſent ſeem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job ſuffered, and was afterwards proſperous.

'AND now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear ſchool, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard ſays, and ſcarce in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They who will not be counſelled cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If you will not hear reaſon, ſhe will ſurely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard ſays.'

THUS the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiſed the contrary, juſt as if it had been a common ſermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly ſtudied my Almanacks, and digeſted all I had

had dropt on thoſe topics during the courſe of twenty-five years.

THE frequent mention he made of me muſt have tired any one elſe; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conſcious that not a tenth part of the wiſdom was my own, which he aſcribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the ſenſe of all ages and nations.

HOWEVER, I reſolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at firſt determined to buy ſtuff for a new coat, I went away, reſolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the ſame, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to ſerve thee. RICHARD SAUNDERS.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, SLAVERY! ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art not on that account the leſs bitter.

IT is thou, LIBERTY, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, whom all, in public or in private, worſhip; whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till nature herſelf ſhall change——no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron. With thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled.

GRANT me but health, thou great Beſtower of it! and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion; and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

PURSUING theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I WAS

I WAS going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me—

I TOOK a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I BEHELD his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice.

HIS children——But here my heart began to bleed; and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

HE was ſitting on the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the fartheſt part of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of ſmall ſticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there; he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap.

As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down; ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle. He gave a deep ſigh. I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul. I burſt into tears. I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

On Negroes.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your honor, got to the houſe, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them—'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle Toby—ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.

She was good, an' pleaſe your honor, from nature, as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut that would melt a heart of ſtone; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honor is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a part of it—

Then do not forget, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

A Negro has a ſoul? an' pleaſe your honor, ſaid the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much verſed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would ſo, ſaid my uncle Toby.—Why then, an' pleaſe your honor, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle Toby——

——Only, cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her—

—'Tis that very thing, Trim, which recommends her to protection, and all her brethren with her. 'Tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows! —but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will never uſe it unkindly.

——God forbid, ſaid the corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

VIRTUE.

THE pleaſures of Virtue are calm and natural; flowing from the exerciſe of kind affections, or agreeable reflections in conſequence of them; not only agreeable in the proſpect, but in the preſent feeling: they never ſatiate, or loſe their reliſh; on the contrary, the admiration of virtue grows ſtronger every day; and not only is the deſire, but the enjoyment heightened by every new gratification; and unlike to moſt others, it is increaſed by ſympathy and communication.

THE ſatisfactions of virtue may be purchaſed without a bribe, and poſſeſſed in the humbleſt, as well as in the moſt elevated fortune; they can bear the ſtricteſt review, they do not change with circumſtances, nor grow old with time. Force cannot rob, nor fraud cheat us of them; and to crown all, inſtead of abating, they enhance every other pleaſure.

PLEASURE.

WE are affected with ſenſations of delight when we ſee the inanimate parts of creation,—the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flouriſhing ſtate. There muſt be ſome rooted melancholy in the heart, when all nature appears ſmiling about us, to hinder us from correſponding with the reſt of the creation, and joining in the univerſal chorus of joy.

BUT if meadows and trees in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation, in their moſt advantageous dreſs, can inſpire gladneſs into the heart,—to ſee the rational creation happy and flouriſhing ought to give us a pleaſure as much ſuperior, as the latter is to the former in the ſcale of being.

THE pleaſure is ſtill heightened, if we ourſelves have

been inſtrumental in contributing to the happineſs of our fellow-creatures; if we have helped to raiſe the heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived the barren, dry land, where no water was, with refreſhing ſhowers of love and kindneſs.

Rural Happiness.

MANY are the ſilent pleaſures of the honeſt peaſant, who riſes cheerfully to his labour. Look into his dwelling, where the ſcene of every happineſs chiefly lies; he has the ſame domeſtic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours, and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the moſt affluent ſtation.

In ſhort, if the true account of his joys and ſufferings were to be balanced with thoſe of his betters, the reſult would prove to be little more than this; that the rich man has the more meat, the poor man the better ſtomach: the one has more luxury, more able phyſicians to attend him; the other, more health and ſoundneſs in his bones, and leſs occaſion for their help: that after theſe two articles between them were balanced, in all other things they ſtand upon a level: that the ſun ſhines as warm, the air blows as freſh, and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other; and that they have an equal ſhare in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

Humanity and Gratitude.

IN the reign of Queen Anne of England, no courtier was more careſſed, than the noble Butler, Duke of Ormond. Among other honors conferred upon him, he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland: And in

ſailing

ſailing with his attendants from Cheſter to Dublin, was overtaken by a violent ſtorm, which drove them on the rocks of Angleſea, where they were wrecked. His Grace and part of his companions, with difficulty ſaved their lives, by ſwimming to the land.

2. THE part of the iſland where they came on ſhore, was cold, barren and uncultivated: They travelled up ſome miles through a deſart, and the firſt houſe they arrived at was the humble cottage of a poor curate. It was ſmall, and indifferently furniſhed; as every one would expect from the poverty of the place, and a very ſcanty ſalary.

3. BUT the humanity and open-hearted hoſpitality of the curate and his wife, made amends for all. Having kindled up a generous fire, they dried the garments of their weather-beaten gueſts, ſet before them the beſt fare their houſe afforded, lodged them as they were able; and here they tarried till the ſtorm was over.

4. ORMOND was as much affected with the kind reception he had met with, as he was entertained with the peaceful contentment which reigned in this humble abode. He inquired out the name of his hoſt, which was Joſeph R——. He aſked ſome queſtions reſpecting his circumſtances; and on his departure promiſed to remember him: His ſecretary at the ſame time gave the curate directions where he might find his gueſts, if ever he ſhould come to Dublin.

5. WE are now to follow the noble duke to his government; where that ſoon befel him, which has happened to many others in ſimilar ſituations. Variety of buſineſs, pleaſures and amuſements, crouded from his mind his humble, generous benefactor, and the promiſe he had made him.

6. THE curate waited long to hear from the duke, but in vain. At length, rouſed by his wife, he reſolved to puſh his fortune; and having equipped himſelf as decently as he could, ſet off for the Iriſh metropolis.

7. THOUGH

7. THOUGH obſcurely ſtationed, he was known to the dean, as a man of no contemptible abilities; and of courſe was introduced to preach at the cathedral where the duke attended, with many of the nobility of the kingdom, and other perſons of figure and diſtinction.

8. HE had prepared a ſermon to his purpoſe, and this was his text. Gen. xl. 23. *Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joſeph, but forgat him.* He diſcourſed, as his text naturally led him, upon the ſin of ingratitude; which he painted in lively colours; eſpecially the ingratitude of the great and the affluent, in forgetting the friendly offices they might, one time or other, have received from perſons in humble life.

9. HE obſerved, however, that this negligence might ariſe not ſo much from innate depravity of heart, as from particular cauſes; from deep engagement in buſineſs; from the amuſements and diſſipations of high life; perhaps from the many ſolicitations of mercenary ſycophants, ever preſſing to be heard.

10. HE came to his application; and aſked his honorable audience, whether ſome *among them* had not, in the viciſſitude of human affairs, received important offices of friendſhip from people in far humbler circumſtances, but bleſt with generous hearts. And whether they had in no inſtance, forgotten ſuch kindneſs, inſtead of rewarding it tenfold.

11. HE brought up the caſe of ſhipwreck, where the affluent have often become dependent on the poor; and led his hearers, each to put the queſtion to himſelf, "Was I ever in my life expoſed to the rage of the mercileſs elements, where all nature ſeemed to conſpire my deſtruction? Did I ever ſee my companions buried in the devouring deep; and myſelf brought ſafe to land with a ſurviving few? And did any poor, but contented man, with his kind-hearted wife, receive me with my ſhip-wrecked aſſociates, and warm and comfort us to the utmoſt of their power, and wiſh to have done much more; and never ſuffer us to depart, till ſerene ſkies and genial ſunſhine prepared our way? And have I ſuf-

fered

fered ſuch benevolence to go unnoticed and unrewarded; and my benefactors to remain, perhaps to languiſh, under the preſſure of friendleſs poverty?"

12. ORMOND was all attention; and his heart ſmote him, when on a cloſer examination of the features and countenance of the preacher, he recognized his generous landlord of Angleſea. Turning to his ſecretary, Is not this our honeſt friend Joſeph? ſaid the duke. I believe it is, replied the ſecretary. Upon this, orders are inſtantly given to invite him to dine.

13. WHEN he came into the duke's preſence, he frankly confeſſed to him (though not without a modeſt bluſh or two) that he thought he had one opportunity in his life, to put him in mind of his promiſe; and had embraced it. You are a deſerving, honeſt man, replied his grace; and ordered an immediate inquiry into the vacancies of the church. A living of three hundred pounds a year was found vacant; and to this his lordſhip at once advanced him.

14. BUT how ſhort-lived is human power! And how ſudden, many times, the tranſitions of fortune!—At the acceſſion of George I. Ormond was diveſted of all his honors, fled from a capital impeachment, and his whole fortune was ſeized by the crown. For ſometime the liberality of his friends ſupported him, but he ultimately fell into real poverty.

15. HIS old friend Joſeph now remembered him. This grateful man, hearing of the duke's misfortunes, ſettled upon him, with the free conſent of his wife, two hundred a year, out of the three hundred which the duke, in his better days, had ſettled upon them. A firſt year's ſalary was accordingly remitted to their benefactor.

16. SURPRIZED at this liberality, his grace wrote a particular detail of it to a nobleman at court, who, though a zealous partiſan of another faction, maintained with him an inviolable friendſhip.

17. BY his intereſt, Joſeph was promoted to a living of five hundred a year; and would now have rejoiced

joiced to make a generous addition to the duke's ſupport: But Ormond, in the mean time, had retired to that country

"*From whoſe bourne*
No traveller returns;"

And Joſeph could relieve no more the misfortunes of his noble patron.

Resignation to Providence.

THE darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us; others graze againſt us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay, without murmuring, the tribute we owe to humanity.

The Winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The Summer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and of the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire.

This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change: but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men; ſuch as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of nature.

The beſt reſolution we can take is to ſuffer with patience what we cannot alter; and to purſue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us: for it is not enough merely to follow; and he is but a bad ſoldier who ſighs and marches on with reluctance.

We muſt receive our orders with ſpirit and cheerfulneſs, and never deſert the poſt which is aſſigned us in this

this beautiful diſpoſition of events, of which even our ſufferings conſtitute a neceſſary part. Reſignation to the will of Heaven is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt, to cenſure the order of Providence, and, inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up to correct that of our Maker.

VIRTUE MAN'S TRUE INTEREST.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe, unknown expanſion. Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf? No—nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſſible.

THE world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone? It does not. But is it not poſſible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not poſſible. What conſequence then follows? or can there be any other than this—If I ſeek an intereſt of my own, detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence.

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all? If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here. 'Tis a ſmoky houſe, and the ſooner out of it the better. But why no intereſt? Can I be contented with none, but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity as not to be admitted?

THE bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is ſome where at leaſt poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured that 'tis not equally true of man?

ADMIT

ADMIT it, and what follows? If ſo, then honor and juſtice are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

BUT, farther ſtill. I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt, as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

AGAIN, I muſt have food and cloathing. Without a proper genial warmth I inſtantly periſh. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

WHAT then have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honor and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers, as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and that which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

THOUGH nothing gains ſo much upon the affections as this extempore eloquence which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

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THE converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and diſcretion.

IF you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A MODEST perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

WE ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues.

A MAN may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or by obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

BEFORE you tell a ſtory, it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company an idea of the principal perſons concerned in it. The beauty of moſt things conſiſts not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation; the reaſon is that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

NOTHING is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty, formal man, who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence.

A PRUDENT man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered that he was a poet by his diſcourſe. Beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly

tainly founded on good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has nothing to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought not leſs knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of the man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants, and the admiration of fools.

RAILLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

THOUGH good humour, ſenſe, and diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload, whether a handſome opportunity offer itſelf or not.

NOTHING is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call ſpeaking their minds. A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

I SHALL only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt, but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE deſire of being pleaſed is univerſal: the deſire of pleaſing ſhould be ſo too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wiſh they ſhould do to us. There are indeed ſome moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not heſitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

THE manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleaſing, almoſt as important as the matter itſelf. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which you may have in your power to confer upon others, by an air of inſolent ſuperiority, or by a cold and comfortleſs manner, which ſtifles them in their birth.

HUMANITY inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the diſtreſſes and miſeries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderneſs will prompt us to contribute what we can to their eaſe, their amuſement, and their pleaſure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only ſcatter benefits, but even ſtrew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this world.

THERE are ſome, who without the leaſt viſible taint of ill-nature and malevolence, ſeem to be totally indifferent, and do not ſhew the leaſt deſire to pleaſe; as, on the other hand, they never deſignedly offend. Whether this proceeds from negligence and liſtleſſneſs, from gloomy and melancholy diſpoſitions, or from a ſecret and ſullen pride, ariſing from an idea of their boaſted liberty and independency, is hard to determine. But be the cauſe what it may, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, is extremely diſagreeable in ſociety.

THE perſon who manifeſts a conſtant deſire to pleaſe, places his (perhaps) ſmall ſtock of merit at great intereſt. What vaſt returns, then, muſt real merit, when thus

thus adorned, neceſſarily bring in! A prudent uſurer would with tranſport place his laſt ſhilling at ſuch intereſt, and upon ſo ſolid a ſecurity.

The man who is amiable, will make almoſt as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean, in the current acceptation of the word, not ſuch ſentimental friends as Niſus and Euryalus: but he will make people in general wiſh him well, and inclined to ſerve him in any thing not inconſiſtent with their own intereſt.

Civility is the eſſential article towards pleaſing, and is the reſult of good-nature and of good-ſenſe; but good-breeding is the decoration, the luſtre of civility, and is only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company.

Civility is often attended by a ceremonioufneſs, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite aboliſh. A certain degree of ceremony is a neceſſary outwork of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper diſtance, and is a very ſmall reſtraint to the ſenſible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

On Sincerity.

TRUTH and Sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of any thing be valuable, I am ſure the reality is much more ſo: for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it deſirable to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellence. Now the beſt way for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be.

Besides, it is often as troubleſome to ſupport the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is moſt likely he will be diſcovered to want it, and then all his labour to ſeem to have it, is loſt.

loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which the ſkilful eye will eaſily diſtinguiſh from native beauty and complexion.

IT is difficult to act an aſſumed part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will frequently betray herſelf. Therefore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every one's ſatisfaction: for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conſcience, but, which is much more, to God, who ſearcheth our hearts.

So that upon all accounts ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the artificial modes of diſſimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world: it has leſs of trouble and difficulty, of perplexity and hazard in it: it is the ſhorteſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt the longeſt.

THE arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to thoſe who practiſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe; and the more and longer it is practiſed by a man, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he has connexion, to repoſe the greater confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs and in the affairs of life.

A DISSEMBLER muſt always be on his guard, and muſt watch himſelf carefully, that he may not contradict his own pretenſions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore muſt put a continual force and reſtraint upon himſelf. Whereas he who acts ſincerely has the eaſieſt taſk in the world; becauſe he follows nature, and ſo is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not to invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuſes afterwards for any thing he has ſaid or done.

But inſincerity is very troubleſome to manage. A hypocrite has ſo many things to attend to, as make his life very intricate and perplexed. A liar has need of a good memory, leſt he contradict at one time what he advanced at another: but truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Sincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs. It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in few words.

In ſhort, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over: but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good offices, it were then no great matter (as far as reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw.

But if he expects to continue in the world, and would enjoy the advantage of reputation while he is in it, he muſt cultivate truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail, but *theſe* will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

THE BASKET-MAKER; A PERUVIAN TALE.

IN the midſt of that vaſt ocean, commonly called the South Sea, lie the Iſlands of Solomon. In the centre of theſe lies one, not only diſtant from the reſt, which are ſcattered round it, but alſo larger beyond proportion. An anceſtor of the prince who now reigns abſolute in this central iſland, has, through a long deſcent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's Iſlands on the whole, by the effects of that wiſdom wherewith he poliſhed the manners of his people.

2. A DESCENDANT of one of the great men of this happy iſland, becoming a gentleman to ſo improved a degree as to deſpiſe the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing but how to ſupport and diſtinguiſh his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a diſpoſition abandoned to pleaſure. He had a houſe on the ſea-ſide, where he ſpent great part of his time in hunting and fiſhing: But found himſelf at a loſs in purſuit of thoſe important diverſions, by means of a long ſlip of marſh-land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his houſe and the ſea.

3. RESOLVING, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to ſubmit to reſtraint in his pleaſures, for the eaſe and convenience of an obſtinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured in vain to buy out the owner, who was an honeſt, poor baſket-maker, and whoſe livelihood depended on working up the flags of thoſe reeds, in a manner peculiar to himſelf; the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his ſervants to burn down the barrier.

4. THE baſket-maker, who ſaw himſelf undone, complained of the oppreſſion in terms more ſuited to his ſenſe of the injury, than the reſpect due to the rank of the offender: and the reward this imprudence procured

cured him, was the additional injuſtice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of inſult and indignity.

5. THERE was but one way to a remedy, and he took it: for going to the capital with the marks of his hard uſage upon him, he threw himſelf at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppreſſor's appearance; who, confeſſing the charge, proceeded to juſtify his behaviour by the poor man's unmindfulneſs of the ſubmiſſion due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and diſtinction.

6. BUT pray, replied the king, what diſtinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my anceſtors, he was raiſed from among the vulgar you ſpeak of with ſuch contempt, in reward of an inſtance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his maſter? Yet his diſtinction was nobler than your's: it was the diſtinction of ſoul, not of birth; the ſuperiority of worth, not of fortune. I am ſorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is ignorant, that eaſe and diſtinction of fortune were beſtowed on him but for this end, that being at reſt from all care of providing for himſelf, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, to promote the public advantage.

7. HERE the king, diſcontinuing his ſpeech, fixed an eye of indignation on a ſullen reſentment of mien which he obſerved in the haughty offender, who muttered out his diſlike of the encouragement this way of thinking muſt give to the commonalty, who, he ſaid, were to be conſidered as perſons of no conſequence in compariſon of men who were born to be honored. Where reflection is wanting, replied the king, with a ſmile of diſdain, men muſt find their defects in the pain of their ſufferings. Yanhūma, added he, turning to a captain of his gallies, ſtrip the injured and the injurer; and, conveying them to one of the barbarous and remote parts of the iſlands, ſet them aſhore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

8. THE place where they were landed was a marſh, under

under cover of whoſe flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himſelf, and give the ſlip to his companion, whom he thought it a diſgrace to be found with: but the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the ſavages, a conſiderable body of them came down, and diſcovered, in the morning, the two ſtrangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a diſmal yell, they ſurrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of clubs, ſeemed determined to diſpatch them, without ſenſe of hoſpitality or mercy.

9. HERE the gentleman began to diſcover, that the ſuperiority of his blood was imaginary: For between the conſciouſneſs of ſhame and cold, under the nakedneſs he had never been uſed to, a fear of the event from the fierceneſs of the ſavages' approach, and the want of an idea whereby to ſoften or divert their aſperity, he fell behind the poor ſharer of his calamity; and with an apprehenſive, unmanly ſneakingneſs of mien, gave up the poſt of honor, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a diſgrace to conſider as a companion.

10. THE baſket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedneſs habitual; to whom a life of pain and mortification repreſented death as not dreadful; and whoſe remembrance of his ſkill in arts, of which theſe ſavages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming ſafe, from ſhewing them that he could be uſeful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and having plucked a handful of the flags, ſat down with emotion, and making ſigns that he would ſhew them ſomething worthy of their attention, fell to work with ſmiles and noddings; while the ſavages drew near, and gazed with expectation of the conſequence.

11. IT was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanſhip; and riſing with reſpect and fearfulneſs, approached the ſavage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whoſe figure, under this new ornament, ſo charmed and

ſtruck his followers, that they all threw down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of ſo prized a favour.

12. THERE was not one but ſhewed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his captain; ſo the poor baſket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the ſavages obſerving one quite idle, while the other was ſo buſy in their ſervice, took up arms in behalf of natural juſtice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpoſe.

13. THE baſket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his ſufferings; he aroſe and reſcued his oppreſſor, by making ſigns that he was ignorant of the art, but might, if they thought fit, be uſefully employed in waiting on the work, and bringing ſtags to his ſupply, as faſt as he ſhould want them.

14. THIS propoſition luckily fell in with a deſire the ſavages expreſſed to keep themſelves at leiſure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progreſs of a work they took ſuch pleaſure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to his duty in the baſket-maker's ſervice; and conſidered him, from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be treated as inferior to their benefactor.

15. MEN, women and children, from all corners of the iſland, came in droves for coronets; and ſetting the gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the baſket-maker. They brought down daily from the country ſuch proviſions as they lived upon themſelves; taking care to offer the imagined ſervant nothing till his maſter had done eating.

16. THREE months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and juſt turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; inſomuch, that as he lay weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confeſſed his ſentiments in favour of the baſket-maker. "I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to diſtinguiſh between accident and excellence. When I ſhould have meaſured nature, I looked but to vanity.

17. "THE

17. "THE preference which fortune gives is empty and imaginary; and I perceive, too late, that only things of uſe are naturally honorable. I am aſhamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity. But if Heaven ſhould pleaſe to call me to a repoſſeſſion of my rank and happineſs, I would divide all with you, in atonement for my juſtly puniſhed arrogance.

18. HE promiſed, and performed his promiſe: for the king, ſoon after, ſent the captain who had landed them, with preſents to the ſavages; and ordered him to bring them both back again. And it continues to this day a cuſtom in that iſland, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reaſon for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing; and the word for this due puniſhment is,—*Send him to the baſket-maker.*

THE OCEAN.

IT was one of thoſe delicious mornings when the ſun riſes in unclouded beauty, and darts in at every window, to ſolicit the ſlumberer to walk forth and contemplate the glories of nature. Having no ſhutters to my chamber, and lying with yellow curtains drawn round me, I awoke in a blaze of light too irreſiſtible to ſuffer me to cloſe my eyes again.

'TIS a morning not to be loſt, ſaid I; ſo dreſſing haſtily, I ſallied out, to inhale its freſh breath from the ſea. The fiſhing-boats were all employed at a diſtance —every thing was gay and cheerful.

HAVING ſtrolled for ſome time leiſurely and penſively along the ſands, I ſat down, in my return, on the edge of a low range of rocks, to muſe over the tide which was gently ſtealing in on the flat ſhore; and while my eyes were wandering over the ſcene which was ſpread before me, my thoughts became ſo totally engaged by it, that they inſenſibly wrought themſelves up into the following addreſs.

ADDRESS

Address to the Ocean.

Hail! thou inexhauſtible ſource of wonder and contemplation! whoſe waves chaſe one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary ſpace, are ſunk forever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters waſh the varied ſhores of the world, and while they disjoin nations whom a nearer connexion would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious! how awful are the ſcenes thou diſplayeſt! Whether we view thee when every wind is huſhed; when the morning ſun, as now, ſilvers the level line of the horizon; or when its evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled boſom reflects the radiance of the over-arching Heavens!

Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors! when the black tempeſt ſweeps the ſwelling billows, and the boiling ſurge mixes with the clouds; when death rides in the ſtorm, and humanity drops a fruitleſs tear for the toiling mariner whoſe heart is ſinking with diſmay!

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy *ſurface* alone we view. Who can penetrate the ſecrets of thy wide domain? What eye can viſit thy immenſe rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or ſearch out the myriads of objects, whoſe beauties lie ſcattered over thy dread abyſs.

The mind ſtaggers with the immenſity of her own conceptions; and when ſhe contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does ſhe ſhrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally *laid thy foundations ſo ſure*, whoſe omnipotent voice has fixed the limits *where thy proud waves ſhall be ſtayed.*

HEALTH. BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

HOW ſweet is thy return, O HEALTH! thou roſy cherub! when thou comeſt *with healing on thy wings:* when every part, and nerve, and artery, are obedient to their office; and when this complicated machine is ſo perfectly harmonized, that we perceive not that we have any part, or nerve or artery belonging to us,—how ſweetly is the mind then attuned to receive pleaſure from every inlet of ſenſe!

GOD of my life! who numbereſt my days, teach me to meet with gratitude, or patience, the good or ill, which the tide of time ſhall float down with them!—but never withdraw from me thoſe native ſpirits, which have been the cheering companions of my exiſtence, and have ſpread a gilding upon every thing around me; that I may continue to view, with rapture, the inexhauſtible volume of NATURE which is thrown open before me; on every page of which is ſtamped the impreſſion of thy OMNIPOTENT HAND.

How intereſting to a contemplative mind is it to view the immenſe variety which a ſhort ſpace of time produces in the ſame natural objects; every change of light; every alteration in the atmoſphere, gives them a different appearance.

I HAVE juſt been contemplating the wide ſcene of waters before me, that has lately been darkened by thick clouds which overhung it. I ſee it emerging into new day. I perceive its green hue warming into purple tints: as I direct my eye as far as it can ſtretch, I view the ſun, from behind a veil which conceals it, ſhooting down its rays on a limited circumference and brightening all the edges of the waves.

AND now its broad orb appears in full glow, deſcending almoſt level with the ſea. The whole weſtern canopy is illuminated. It trembles a little while on the extremity of the horizon, and at laſt plunges from the ſight.

THOSE

THOSE who may be diſpoſed to contraſt the works of NATURE with the moſt boaſted labours of ART will find the firſt ever new and permanent; while the latter, the inſtant they have attained their limited perfection, approach to a ſlow, but a ſure decline.

THE pride of potent monarchs may be gratified, in erecting magnificent temples: they may perpetuate the remembrance of their anceſtors by ſuperb mauſolea: they may inſcribe their victories on the trophied column, or regiſter their triumphs on the ſculptured arch:—

BUT even though no accident ſhould abridge their duration, yet the revolving ſeaſons ſoon ſully their beauty; and the ſilent power of time gradually ſhakes their foundations, and at laſt levels them with the duſt: while thy works, O NATURE, remain uninjured; ever changing, and ever reviving, thou ſhineſt unconſcious of decay, ſtill bright in immortal youth!

AND yet, more lovely far doſt thou appear, when thou commandeſt our attention in thy active ſcenes, and beameſt from the mind with all thoſe irradiations of VIRTUE, HONOR, and BENEVOLENCE, which dignify humanity.

THESE may be deemed the ſun-ſhine of the moral world; which warms, which brings forward, and ripens the ſoul to perfection! And if ſometimes, in contemplating the pictures of real life, one ſees with pain the canvaſs darkened with worthleſs characters, they ſhould be viewed but as deep ſhades, which, however they may interrupt thy native brightneſs, yet by their contraſt more forcibly impreſs the amiableneſs of thy luſtre!

REFLECTIONS ON TIME.

I KNOW not how it is, that amidſt the gratulations and feſtivity of this returning ſeaſon, I am ſometimes diſpoſed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain ſerioufneſs of mind not well ſuited

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to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an air of thought, and to impreſs, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wiſh me many happy years.

2. As men advance in life, the great diviſions of time may indeed furniſh matter for ſerious reflection, as he who counts the money he has ſpent, naturally thinks how much a ſmaller ſum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is leſs from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of penſiveneſs."

3. In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder ſort of melancholy that I ſometimes indulge in recalling the ſhades of the paſt.

4. Things in themſelves indifferent acquire a certain tenderneſs in recollection; and the ſcenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, riſe up to our memory at the ſame time dignified and endeared.

5. As countrymen in a diſtant land acknowledge one another as friends; ſo objects, to which when preſent we gave but little attention, are nouriſhed in diſtant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn ſtill cloſer, and we recall them with an enthuſiaſm of feeling which the ſame objects of the immediate time are unable to excite.

6. The ghoſts of our departed affections are ſeen through that ſoftening medium, which, though it dims their brightneſs, does not impair their attraction. The hum of a little tune to which in our infancy we have often liſtened; the courſe of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almoſt entire; theſe remembrances ſweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderneſs and melancholy, at whoſe bidding the pleaſures, the buſineſs, the ambition of the preſent moment fade and diſappear. 7. Our

7. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, ſeveral uſes might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worſhip it aright, might lend its aid to our happineſs, as well as to our virtue.

8. An amiable and ingenious philoſopher has remarked, that in caſtle-building no man is a villain. In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced, that every man is virtuous in recollection; he reſts with peculiar ſatisfaction on the remembrance of ſuch actions as are moſt congenial to the better parts of his nature, on ſuch pleaſures as were innocent, on ſuch deſigns as were laudable.

9. It were well if amidſt the ardor of purſuit, or the hopes of gratification, we ſometimes conſidered that the preſent will be future, as well as that the future will be preſent; that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in thoſe greater and more important concerns, but in the more trivial offices of life, we ſhould be more apt to conduct ourſelves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform; and that of ourſelves, and the other perſonages of the ſcene, we were to judge with a critical ſeverity.

10. This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and diſcordant paſſions that often prey on our own quiet, as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is ſo hard of heart as to feel himſelf an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of conteſts, however juſt, with thoſe who are now no more, comes acroſs an ingenuous mind with a ſort of ſelf-accuſation.

11. The progreſs of time, though it may not have ſwept our adverſaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumſtances ſuch as to allay, if not to extinguiſh our reſentment. Proſperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have ſoothed our anger into quiet, or ſoftened it to pity.

12. The

12. THE leſſons of time may have taught us, what wiſdom and prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the conteſt; that we miſtook the value of the prize, or did injuſtice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered thoſe ſentiments in which we were formerly ſo warm, and forſaken thoſe tenets we were once ſo poſitive to maintain. The hand of time, imperceptible in its touch, ſteals the colour from our opinions; and like thoſe who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having been formerly ſtruck with their force.

13. THOUGH it is wiſely ordered by Providence, that we ſhould not pauſe in the purſuits of life, to think of its ſhortneſs, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration; yet ſuch a conſideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerneſs in the chace, or a blameable depreſſion from its diſappointment.

14. I WAS very well pleaſed with the philoſophy of an old ſoldier whom I once met in the environs of the city, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than ſoliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without ſome importunity on my part, the hardſhips and dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obſtinacy of his engagements, and the length of his ſieges.

15. "YET I failed in getting Chelſea," ſaid he, "becauſe I was rendered incapable of the ſervice in conſequence of a rheumatiſm contracted in a winter encampment; and more than all that, becauſe my wife, ſomehow or other, had diſobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the ſaying is; and thanks to ſuch as your honor, I can make ſhift to live. It is true, I have ſeen others get halberts, ay, and commiſſions too, that were not better men than myſelf; but that don't ſignify. *It will be all the ſame an hundred years hence.*"

16. WITHOUT all the happy ſtoiciſm of the ſoldier, we may often ſooth the pangs of envy and the pinings

of diſcontent, by the conſideration of that period, when they ſhall ceaſe to diſquiet, when time ſhall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

17. Nor will this philoſophy of time convey a leſs important leſſon to the ſucceſsful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and reſtrain the wanton or uſeleſs exertions of the powerful.

18. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a ſucceſſion of envied poſſeſſors of wealth and influence, whoſe luxury a thouſand flatterers were wiſhing to ſhare, whoſe favour a crowd of dependents were ſtriving to obtain. Let thoſe who now occupy their place attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of thoſe favours beſtowed. Let them caſt up the ſum of pleaſure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or ſelf-ſatisfaction procured by the other.

19. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered inſolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend: let them conſider in how ſhort a ſpace the influence of their predeceſſors has ceaſed to be felt, how few of their dependents and favourites ſurvive; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a part acknowledge their benefactors.

20. If ſome of the actions of ſuch eminent perſons there are, which the world ſtill remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude, they are probably ſuch, as, in this review of the paſt, it will be uſeful for their ſucceſſors to obſerve and to imitate.

21. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the nobleſt excitement and animation to virtue; that honeſt fame, of which the conſciouſneſs gives its higheſt enjoyment to the preſent, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG STUDENT.

YOUR parents have watched over your helpleſs infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their ſolicitude ſtill continues, and no trouble, no expenſe is ſpared in giving you thoſe inſtructions and accompliſhments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of poliſhed ſenſe and confirmed virtue.

YOU have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can repay it by no other method but by uſing the advantages which their goodneſs has afforded you. If your own endeavours are deficient, it is in vain that you have inſtructors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary purſuits.

YOU muſt love learning, if you would poſſeſs it. In order to feel its delights, you muſt apply to it, however irkſome at firſt, cloſely, conſtantly, and for a conſiderable time. If you have reſolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning, and you will ſoon find what was at firſt diſagreeable, not only pleaſant, but neceſſary to your happineſs.

PLEASANT, indeed, are the paths which lead to polite literature. Yours, then, is ſurely a lot peculiarly happy. The principal ſcope of your education is to prepare you to receive the moſt refined pleaſure during your life. Elegance of taſte is one of the firſt objects of a claſſical diſcipline. It opens a new world to the ſcholar's view. It is connected with all the amiable virtues, and tends to render you at once good and agreeable.

YOU muſt therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the diſcipline which leads to the attainment of a liberal education, with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thouſands of your fellow-creatures.

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WITHOUT exemplary diligence you will make but

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a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. This diligence you can never possess, but by your own resolution.

Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments, may indeed assist in strengthening your resolution; but without your voluntary choice, all will be ineffectual.

One of the principal obstacles to your improvement at school, is an ambition of being distinguished for mischievous enterprize, and puerile irregularities. You will often see a malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render ridiculous, those who apply to their studies, and to the duties of the school.

But you will see that their ridicule is misapplied. Their noisy folly, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are, for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their example corrupt, nor their insults dispirit you. Display a fortitude in your pursuits, equal to the obstinacy with which they persist in theirs. You will effectually repel their attacks by an unyielding perseverance. Though numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may, though alone, be equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of affording unspeakable pleasure to your friends, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honor and success in life will probably attend you. Under every circumstance you will have an internal source of entertainment and consolation, of which no vicissitude of fortune can deprive you.

Time will discover how much wiser has been your choice than that of your idle companions, who would

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have drawn you into their aſſociation againſt good manners, and againſt all that is honorable and uſeful. While you appear in ſociety as a reſpectable and valuable member of it, they will, perhaps, have ſacrificed, at the ſhrine of vanity, pride, and pleaſure, their health and their ſenſe, their fortunes and their characters.

ON STUDY.

STUDIES ſerve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief uſe for delight is in privateneſs and retirement; for ornament, is in diſcourſe; and for ability is in the judgment, and diſpoſition of buſineſs. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counſels, and plots, and marſhalling of affairs come beſt from thoſe who are learned.

To ſpend too much time in ſtudies is ſloth; to uſe them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a ſcholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by ſtudy; and ſtudies themſelves give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn ſtudies, ſimple men admire them, and wiſe men uſe them: for they teach not their own uſe; but that is a wiſdom won by obſervation.

READ not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and diſcourſe, but to weigh and conſider. Some books are to be taſted; others to be ſwallowed; and ſome few are to be chewed and digeſted; that is, ſome books are to be read only in part; others to be read, but not curiouſly; and ſome few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

SOME books alſo may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that ſhould be in

the leſs important arguments, and the meaner ſort of books; elſe diſtilled books are like common diſtilled waters, flaſhy things. Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

The same Subject.

YOU are now arrived at an age when pleaſure diſſuades from application: but rob not, by preſent gratification, all the ſucceeding period of life of its happineſs. Sacrifice a little pleaſure, at firſt, to the expectance of a greater. The ſtudy of a very few years will make the reſt of life completely eaſy.

He who has begun his fortune by ſtudy, will certainly confirm it by perſeverance. The love of books, damps the paſſion for pleaſure; and, when this paſſion is once extinguiſhed, life is then cheaply ſupported.

There is unſpeakable pleaſure attending the life of a voluntary ſtudent. The firſt time I read an excellent book, it is to me juſt as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book which I have peruſed before, it reſembles the meeting with an old one. We ſhould lay hold on every incident of life for improvement, the trifling, as well as the important.

Avoid thoſe performances where vice aſſumes the face of virtue. Seek wiſdom and knowledge, without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wiſe, while he continues in the purſuit of wiſdom; but when he once fancies that he has found the object of his inquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to purſue virtue from the man who is blind, who never makes a ſtep without firſt examining the ground with his ſtaff.

The world is like a vaſt ſea; mankind like a veſſel ſailing on its tempeſtuous boſom. Our prudence is its ſails: the ſciences ſerve us for oars: good or bad fortune are favourable or contrary winds; and judgment is the rudder. Without this laſt, the veſſel is toſſed by every billow, and will find ſhipwreck in every breeze.

In

In a word, obſcurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy; vigilance and economy, of riches and honor; riches and honor, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleneſs; and impurity and idleneſs, again, produce indigence and obſcurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

ON HABIT.

THE power of habit in forming rational beings to vice or virtue, to elegant or ruſtic manners, to attention or inattention, to induſtry or idleneſs, to temperance or ſenſuality, to manual dexterity or the want of it, is univerſally acknowledged.

SOMETHING, no doubt, depends on the peculiar conſtitution of different minds; and ſomething too perhaps on the ſtructure and temperament of different bodies: but in faſhioning the character, and in giving impulſe and direction to genius, the influence of habit is certainly very great.

AS in early life our powers of imitation are ſtrongeſt, our minds moſt docile, and our bodily organs moſt flexible, ſo good or bad habits, both mental and corporeal, are then moſt eaſily acquired. Hence the neceſſity of early diſcipline, the unſpeakable advantages of a good education, and the innumerable evils conſequent upon a bad one.

IT amazes one to conſider what progreſs, in the moſt difficult arts, may be made, when our faculties of mind and body are properly directed in the beginning of life; and how eaſy, an action, which at firſt ſeemed impracticable, comes to be when it has grown habitual.

PERFORMANCES in muſic and painting, and many other ſorts of manual dexterity, might be mentioned as examples: to ſay nothing of thoſe barbarous arts of balancing, tumbling, and legerdemain, which in all ages have been deemed ſo wonderful, that even the more conſiderate ſpectator, when he firſt ſees them, can hardly believe his own eyes.

But nothing in a more aſtoniſhing manner diſplays the power of habit, or rather of habit and genius united, in facilitating the performance of the moſt complex and moſt difficult exertions of the human mind, than the eloquent and unſtudied harangue of a graceful ſpeaker, in a great political aſſembly.

It is long before we learn to articulate words; long before we can deliver them with exact propriety; and longer ſtill before we can recollect a ſufficient variety of them, and, out of many that occur at once, ſelect inſtantly the moſt proper.

Then the rules of grammar, of logic, of rhetoric, and of good breeding, which can on no account be diſpenſed with, are ſo numerous, that volumes might be filled with them, and years employed in acquiring the ready uſe of them.

Yet to the accompliſhed orator all this is ſo familiar, in conſequence of being habitual, that, without thinking of his rules, or violating any one of them, he applies them all; and has, at the ſame time, preſent to his mind, whatever he may have heard of importance in the courſe of the debate, and whatever in the laws or cuſtoms of his country may relate to the buſineſs in hand: which, as an ingenious author obſerves, "If it were not more common, would appear more wonderful, than that a man ſhould dance blindfold without being burned, amidſt a thouſand red-hot ploughſhares."*

Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of Taste.

The cultivation of a taſte for polite literature is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The moſt buſy man, in the moſt active ſphere, cannot be always occupied by buſineſs. Men of ſerious profeſſions cannot always be on the ſtretch of ſerious thought. Neither can

* See Reid on the active powers of man. Eſſay III.

can the moſt gay and flouriſhing ſituations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleaſure.

LIFE muſt always languiſh in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languiſh even in the hands of the buſy, if they have not ſome employment ſubſidiary to that which forms their main purſuit.

How then ſhall theſe vacant ſpaces, theſe unemployed intervals, which, more or leſs, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to diſpoſe of them in any way that ſhall be more agreeable in itſelf, or more conſonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taſte, and the ſtudy of polite literature?

HE who is ſo happy as to have acquired a reliſh for it, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amuſement for his leiſure hours, to ſave him from the danger of many a pernicious paſſion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himſelf. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of looſe pleaſures, in order to cure the tedioufneſs of exiſtence.

PROVIDENCE ſeems plainly to have pointed out this uſeful purpoſe, to which the pleaſures of taſte may be applied, by interpoſing them in a middle ſtation, between the pleaſures of ſenſe, and thoſe of pure intellect.

WE were not deſigned to grovel always among objects ſo low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling conſtantly in ſo high a region as the latter. The pleaſures of taſte refreſh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abſtract ſtudy; and they gradually raiſe it above the attachments of ſenſe, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So conſonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wiſe men, than to tincture them early with a reliſh for the entertainments of taſte. The tranſition is commonly made with eaſe from theſe to the diſcharge of the higher and more important duties of life.

GOOD hopes may be entertained of thoſe whoſe minds

minds have this liberal and elegant turn. Whereas to be entirely devoid of reliſh for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is juſtly conſtrued to be an unpromiſing ſymptom of youth, and raiſes ſuſpicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or deſtined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal purſuits of life.

Improvement of Taste connected with Improvement in Virtue.

THERE are indeed few good diſpoſitions of any kind with which the improvement of taſte is not more or leſs connected. A cultivated taſte increaſes ſenſibility to all the tender and humane paſſions, by giving them frequent exerciſe; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

"Theſe poliſh'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boiſt'rous mind."

THE elevated ſentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and hiſtory are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nouriſh in our minds public ſpirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illuſtrious and great.

I WILL not go ſo far as to ſay, that the improvement of taſte and virtue is the ſame; or that they may always be expected to co-exiſt in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taſte can apply, are neceſſary to reform the corrupt propenſities which too frequently prevail among mankind.

ELEGANT ſpeculations are ſometimes found to float on the ſurface of the mind, while bad paſſions poſſeſs the interior regions of the heart. At the ſame time this cannot but be admitted, that the exerciſe of taſte is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying.

FROM reading the moſt admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or proſe, almoſt every one riſes with ſome good impreſſions left on his mind; and though theſe may not always be durable, they are at leaſt to be

be ranked among the means of diſpoſing the heart to virtue.

ONE thing is certain, that without poſſeſſing the virtuous affections in a ſtrong degree, no man can attain eminence in the ſublime parts of eloquence. He muſt feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to intereſt mankind.

THEY are the ardent ſentiments of honor, virtue, magnanimity, and public ſpirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind thoſe high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this ſpirit be neceſſary to produce the moſt diſtinguiſhed efforts of eloquence, it muſt be neceſſary alſo to our reliſhing them with proper taſte and feeling.

ON GRACE IN WRITING.

I WILL not undertake to mark out with any ſort of preciſion, that idea which I would expreſs by the word Grace: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly deſcribed, than juſtly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compoſitions of genius, I would reſemble it to that eaſy air which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes certain perſons of a genteel and liberal caſt. It conſiſts not only in the particular beauty of ſingle parts, but ariſes from the general ſymmetry and conſtruction of the whole.

AN author may be juſt in his ſentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expreſſion; yet may have no claim to the rank of a finiſhed writer. The ſeveral members muſt be ſo agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other, their arrangement muſt be ſo happily diſpoſed as not to admit of the leaſt tranſpoſition, without manifeſt prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the alluſions, and the diction ſhould appear eaſy and natural, and ſeem to ariſe like ſo many ſpontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour. WHATEVER,

WHATEVER, therefore, is forced or affected in the ſentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expreſſion, is the very reverſe of Grace.

HER mein is neither that of a prude nor a coquette; ſhe is regular without formality, and ſprightly without being fantaſtical. Grace is, in ſhort, to good writing, what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only ſhews all the figures in their ſeveral proportions and relations, but ſhews them in the moſt advantageous manner.

AS gentility appears in the minuteſt actions, and improves the moſt inconſiderable geſture; ſo grace is diſcovered in the placing even a ſingle word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpreſſible quality confined to one ſpecies of compoſition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble paſtoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the ſlighteſt letter to the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe.

I KNOW not whether Sir William Temple may not be conſidered as the firſt of our proſe authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At leaſt that quality does not ſeem to have appeared early, or to have ſpread far, among us. But where-ever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its higheſt perfection in the eſſays of a gentleman, whoſe writings will be diſtinguiſhed ſo long as politeneſs and good ſenſe have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully eſteemed the criterion of fine compoſition, and which every reader, he ſays, imagines ſo eaſy to be imitated, yet will find ſo difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteriſtic of that excellent author's moſt elegant performances.

IN a word, one may juſtly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, ſays of Ariſtophanes; that the Graces, having ſearched all the world round for a temple wherein they might forever dwell, ſettled at laſt in the breaſt of Mr. Addiſon.

ADVANTAGES

ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

THE advantages derived from hiſtory may be divided into three kinds: as it amuſes the fancy, as it improves the underſtanding, and as it ſtrengthens virtue.

WHAT more agreeable entertainment to the mind than to be tranſported into the remoteſt ages of the world, and to obſerve human ſociety in its infancy, making the firſt faint eſſays towards the arts and ſciences? To ſee the policy of government, and the civility of converſation refining by degrees, and every thing, ornamental to human life, advancing toward its perfection? To mark the riſe, progreſs, declenſion, and final extinction of the moſt flouriſhing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatneſs, and the vices which drew on their ruin? In ſhort, to ſee all the human race, from the beginning of time, paſs as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of thoſe diſguiſes, which, during their life-time, ſo much perplexed the judgment of the beholders?

WHAT ſpectacle can be imagined ſo magnificent, ſo various, ſo intereſting! What amuſement, either of the ſenſes or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall thoſe trifling paſtimes, which engroſs ſo much of our time, be preferred as more ſatisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverſe muſt that taſte be, which is capable of ſo wrong a choice of pleaſures!

BUT hiſtory is a moſt improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amuſement; and, indeed, a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value ſo highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with hiſtorical facts. An extenſive and thorough knowledge of this kind, belongs to men of letters; yet it is an unpardonable ignorance in perſons, of whatever ſex or condition, not to be acquainted with the hiſtory of

their own country, together with the hiſtories of ancient Greece and Rome.

I MUST add, that hiſtory is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to moſt of the ſciences. And indeed, if we conſider the ſhortneſs of life, and our limited knowledge, even of what paſſes in our own time, we muſt be ſenſible that we ſhould forever remain children in underſtanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all paſt ages, and to the moſt diſtant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wiſdom, as if they had actually lain under our obſervation.

A MAN acquainted with hiſtory may, in ſome reſpect, be ſaid to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his ſtock of knowledge in every century.

THERE is alſo an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by hiſtory, above what is learned by the practice of the world; that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminiſhing in the leaſt from the moſt delicate ſentiments of virtue.

POETS may paint virtue in the moſt charming colours, but as they addreſs themſelves wholly to the paſſions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philoſophers are apt to bewilder themſelves in the ſubtilty of their ſpeculations; and we have ſeen ſome go ſo far as to deny the reality of all moral diſtinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the ſpeculative reader, that the hiſtorians have been, almoſt without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always repreſented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular characters.

NOR is this combination of hiſtorians in favour of virtue at all difficult to be accounted for. When the man of buſineſs enters into life and action, he is more apt to conſider the characters of men as they have relation to his intereſt, than as they ſtand in themſelves, and has his judgment warped on every occaſion by the violence of his paſſion. WHEN

WHEN the philoſopher contemplates characters and manners in his cloſet, the general, abſtract view of the objects leaves the mind ſo cold and unmoved, that the ſentiments of nature have no room to play, and he ſcarce feels the difference between vice and virtue.

HISTORY keeps in a juſt medium between the extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of hiſtory, as well as the readers, are ſufficiently intereſted in the characters and events, to have a lively ſentiment of blame or praiſe; and, at the ſame time, have no particular intereſt or concern to pervert their judgment.

JUSTICE.

CHARACTER OF ARISTĪDES.

AMONG the ſeveral virtues of Ariſtīdes, that for which he was moſt renowned was juſtice, becauſe this virtue is of moſt general uſe, its benefits extending to a greater number of perſons, as it is the foundation, and in a manner, the ſoul of every public office and employment.

HENCE it was that Ariſtīdes, though in low circumſtances, and of mean extraction, obtained the glorious ſurname of the Juſt; a title, ſays Plutarch, truly royal, or rather truly divine: but of which princes are ſeldom ambitious, becauſe generally ignorant of its beauty and excellency.

THEY chooſe rather to be called, the Conquerors of Cities, and the Thunderbolts of War, preferring the vain honor of pompous titles, which convey no other idea than violence and ſlaughter, to the ſolid glory of thoſe expreſſive of goodneſs and virtue.

How much Ariſtīdes deſerved the title given him, will appear in the following inſtances; though it ought to be obſerved, that he acquired it not by one or two particular actions, but by the whole tenor of his conduct.

THEMISTOCLES,

THEMISTOCLES, having conceived the deſign of ſupplanting the Lacedæmonians, and of taking the government of Greece out of their hands, in order to put it into thoſe of the Athenians, kept his eye and his thoughts continually fixed upon that great project; and as he was not very nice or ſcrupulous in the choice of his meaſures, whatever tended towards the accompliſhment of the end he had in view, he looked upon as juſt and lawful.

ON a certain day he declared in full aſſembly of the people, that he had a very important deſign to propoſe; but that he could not communicate it to the people, becauſe its ſucceſs required that it ſhould be carried on with the greateſt ſecrecy; he therefore deſired they would appoint a perſon to whom he might explain himſelf upon the matter in queſtion.

ARISTIDES was unanimouſly fixed upon by the whole aſſembly, who referred themſelves entirely to his opinion of the affair; ſo great a confidence had they both in his probity and prudence. Themiſtocles, therefore, having taken him aſide, told him that the deſign he had conceived was to burn the fleet belonging to the reſt of the Grecian ſtates, which then lay in a neighbouring port; and by this means Athens would certainly become miſtreſs of all Greece.

ARISTIDES hereupon returned to the aſſembly, and declared to them that indeed nothing could be more advantageous to the commonwealth than Themiſtocles' project; but at the ſame time that nothing in the world could be more unjuſt. All the people unanimouſly ordained that Themiſtocles ſhould entirely deſiſt from his project.

I DO not know whether all hiſtory can afford us a fact more worthy of admiration than this. It is not a company of philoſophers who determine on this occaſion that the conſideration of profit and advantage ought never to prevail in preference to what is honeſt and juſt; but the whole people, who are highly intereſted in the propoſal made to them, who, however, reject it with unanimous conſent, and without a moment's heſitation; and for this only reaſon, that it is contrary to juſtice. PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM.

THE love of our country is one of the nobleſt paſſions that can warm and animate the human breaſt. It includes all the limited and particular affections to our parents, children, friends, neighbours, fellow citizens, and countrymen. It ought to direct and limit the more confined and partial actions within their proper and natural bounds, and never to let them encroach on thoſe ſacred and firſt regards we owe to the great public to which we belong.

WERE we ſolitary creatures, detached from the reſt of mankind, and without any capacity of comprehending a public intereſt, or without affections leading us to deſire and purſue it, it would not be our duty to mind it, nor criminal to neglect it.

BUT as we are parts of the public ſyſtem, and are not only capable of taking in large views of its intereſts, but by the ſtrongeſt affections connected with it, and prompted to take a ſhare of its concerns, we are under the moſt ſacred ties to proſecute its ſecurity and welfare with the utmoſt ardour.

THIS love of our country does not import an attachment to any particular ſoil, climate, or ſpot of earth, where perhaps we firſt drew our breath, though theſe natural ideas are often aſſociated with the moral ones, and, like external ſigns or ſymbols, help to aſcertain and bind them, but it imports an affection to that moral ſyſtem or community, which is governed by the ſame laws and magiſtrates, whoſe ſeveral parts are variouſly connected one with the other, and all united upon the bottom of a common intereſt.

WHERE-EVER this love of our country prevails in its genuine vigour and extent, it ſwallows up all ſordid and ſelfiſh regards; it conquers the love of eaſe, power, pleaſure, and wealth; nay, when the amiable partialities of friendſhip, gratitude, or private affection come in competition with it, it will teach us to ſacrifice all, to

maintain the rights, and promote and defend the honor and happineſs of our country.

To purſue therefore our private intereſts in ſubordination to the good of our country; to be examples in it of virtue, and obedience to the laws; to chooſe ſuch repreſentatives as we apprehend to be the beſt friends to its conſtitution and liberties; and if we have the power, to promote ſuch laws as may improve and perfect it; readily to embrace every opportunity of advancing its proſperity, and if need be, to die for it: theſe are among the duties which every man, who has the happineſs to be a member of our free conſtitution, owes his country.

CLEMENCY.

THE Athenians having made war upon the Syracuſians, the army of the former, under the command of Nicias and Demoſthenes, was totally defeated; and the generals obliged to ſurrender at diſcretion. The victors having entered their capital in triumph, the next day a council was held to deliberate what was to be done with the priſoners.

DIOCLES, one of the leaders of the greateſt authority among the people, propoſed, that all the Athenians who were born of free parents, and all ſuch Sicilians as had joined with them, ſhould be impriſoned, and maintained on bread and water only; that the ſlaves and all the Atticks ſhould be publicly ſold, and that the two Athenian generals ſhould be firſt ſcourged with rods, and then put to death.

THIS laſt article exceedingly diſguſted all the wiſe and compaſſionate Syracuſians. Hermŏc'rates, who was very famous for his probity and juſtice, attempted to make ſome remonſtrances to the people, but they would not hear him; and the ſhouts which echoed from all ſides prevented him from continuing his ſpeech.

AT that inſtant an ancient man, venerable for his great

great age and gravity, who in this war had loſt two ſons, the only heirs to his name and eſtate, made his ſervants carry him to the tribunal of harangues, and the inſtant he appeared, a profound ſilence was made.

"YOU here behold," ſays he, "an unfortunate father, who has felt, more than any other Syracuſian, the fatal effects of this war, by the death of two ſons, who formed all the conſolation, and were the only ſupports of my age.

"I CANNOT, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and felicity in ſacrificing to their country's welfare a life which they would one day have been deprived of by the common courſe of nature; yet, I cannot but be ſenſibly affected with the cruel wound which their death has made in my heart; nor forbear hating the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murderers of my children.

"I AM however leſs ſenſible for my private afflictions, than for the honor of my country; and I ſee that expoſed to eternal infamy, by the barbarous advice which is now given you.

"THE Athenians, indeed, merit the worſt treatment that could be inflicted on them, for ſo unjuſtly declaring war againſt us: but have not the gods, the juſt avengers of crimes, puniſhed them, and avenged us ſufficiently? When their generals laid down their arms, and ſurrendered, did not they do this in hopes of having their lives ſpared?

"IF we put them to death, will it be poſſible for us to avoid the juſt reproach of having violated the law of nations, and diſhonored our victory by unheard-of cruelty? What! will you ſuffer your glory to be thus ſullied in the face of the whole world; and ſhall it be ſaid that a nation who firſt dedicated a temple to Clemency, had not found any in yours?

"SURELY, victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city; but the exerciſing mercy towards a vanquiſhed enemy, the uſing moderation in the greateſt proſperity, and the fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and inſolent pride.

"YOU

"You doubtleſs have not forgotten that this Nicias, whoſe fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cauſe in the aſſembly of the Athenians; and who employed the whole power of his eloquence, to diſſuade his country from embarking in this war.

"Should you, therefore, pronounce ſentence of death on this worthy general, would it be a juſt reward for the zeal he ſhewed for your intereſt? With regard to myſelf, death would be leſs grievous to me, than the ſight of ſo horrid an injuſtice committed by my countrymen and fellow citizens."

Magnanimity.

THE inhabitants of Privernum being ſubdued and taken priſoners after a revolt, one of them being aſked by a Roman ſenator, who was for putting them all to death, what puniſhment he and his fellow captives deſerved, anſwered with great intrepidity, "We deſerve that puniſhment which is due to men who are jealous of liberty, and think themſelves worthy of it."

Plautinus perceiving that this anſwer exaſperated ſome of the ſenators, endeavoured to prevent the ill effects of it by putting a milder queſtion to the priſoner. "How would you behave," ſays he, "if Rome ſhould pardon you?"

"Our conduct," replied the generous captive, "depends upon yours. If the peace you grant be an honorable one, you may depend on a conſtant fidelity on our part; if the terms of it be hard and diſhonorable, lay no ſtreſs on our adherence to you."

Some of the judges conſtrued theſe words as menaces; but the wiſer part finding in them a great deal of magnanimity, concluded, that a nation whoſe only deſire was liberty, and their only fear that of loſing it, was worthy to become Roman.

Accordingly a decree paſſed in favour of the priſoners,

ſoners, and Privernum was declared a *municipium*. Thus the bold ſincerity of one man ſaved his country, and gained it the privilege of being incorporated into the Roman ſtate.

CHARACTER OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS was born and educated in that honeſt poverty which thoſe leſs corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The inſtructions of a Pythagorean philoſopher, to whom he was entruſted in his earlieſt years, formed him to all the temperance and ſeverity peculiar to that ſect, and were received with a docility and pleaſure which beſpoke an ingenuous mind.

MUSIC, dancing, and all thoſe arts which were accounted honorable at Thebes, he received from the greateſt maſters. In the athletic exerciſes he became conſpicuous, and ſoon learned to apply particularly to thoſe which might prepare him for the labours of a military life. His modeſty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive inſtruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderneſs, and humanity, and the moſt exalted patriotiſm, he early acquired and diſplayed.

To theſe glorious qualities he added penetration and ſagacity, a happineſs in improving every incident, a conſummate ſkill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and diſtreſs, a boldneſs in enterprize, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus he became great and terrible in war; nor was he leſs diſtinguiſhed by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement.

HE had a ſoul capable of the moſt exalted and diſintereſted friendſhip. The warmth of his benevolence ſupplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the neceſſities of others, which his own circumſtances could not grant them: within the narrow ſphere of

of theſe were his deſires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no proſpects of advantage could ſhake his integrity: to the public he appeared unalterably and ſolely devoted: nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes.

All theſe illuſtrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in ſuch repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally uſeful to his country as in action. By him Thebes firſt roſe to ſovereign power, and with him ſhe loſt her greatneſs.

On the Being of a God.

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the ſun, the moon, and numberleſs ſtars; with the diſtinction, variety, beauty, and order of celeſtial objects; the ſlighteſt obſervation of which ſeems ſufficient to convince every beholder that they cannot be the effect of chance; theſe afford a proof of a Deity, which ſeems irrefragable.

If he who ſurveys a palace, or a court of juſtice, and obſerves regularity, order, and economy prevailing in them, is immediately convinced that this regularity muſt be the effect of authority and diſcipline, ſupported by perſons properly qualified; how much more reaſon has he who finds himſelf ſurrounded by ſo many and ſuch ſtupendous bodies, performing their various revolutions without the leaſt deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of paſt duration; how much more reaſon has he to conclude, that ſuch amazing revolutions are governed by ſuperior wiſdom and power!

Is it not therefore aſtoniſhing, that any man ſhould ever have dreamed of the poſſibility that a beautiful and magnificent ſyſtem might ariſe from the fortuitous concourſe of certain bodies, carried towards one another by I know not what imaginary impulſe? I ſee not why he who is capable of aſcribing the production of a world

to

to a cauſe ſo inadequate, may not expect, from the fortuitous ſcattering of a ſet of letters of ivory or metal, a regular hiſtory to appear. But I believe he who hopes to produce in this way one ſingle line, will find himſelf forever diſappointed.

IF the caſual concourſe of atoms has produced a whole univerſe, how comes it that we never find a city, a temple, or ſo much as a portico, produced in the ſame manner? One would imagine that they who prate ſo abſurdly about the origination of the world, had no eyes, or had never opened them to view the glories of the immenſe theatre.

THE reaſonings of Ariſtotle on this point are excellent. "Let us ſuppoſe," ſays he, "certain perſons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, under ground, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences and even magnificences of life, except the ſight of this upper world. Let us ſuppoſe thoſe perſons to have heard, by fame, of ſuperior beings, and of wonderful effects produced by them.

"LET the earth be imagined ſuddenly to open, and expoſe to the view of thoſe ſubterraneans this fair world. which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the face of the earth, diverſified with hills and vales, with rivers and woods; the wide extended ocean, the lofty ſky, and the clouds carried along by the winds.

"LET them behold the ſun, and obſerve his tranſcendent brightneſs and wonderful influence, as he pours down the flood of day over the whole earth, from eaſt to weſt. And when night covered the world in darkneſs, let them behold the heavens adorned with innumerable ſtars. Let them behold the various appearances of the moon; now horned, then full, then decreaſing. Let them have leiſure to mark the riſing and ſetting of the heavenly bodies, and to underſtand that their eſtabliſhed courſes have been going on from age to age.

"WHEN they had ſurveyed and conſidered all theſe things, what could they conclude, but that the accounts they had heard in their ſubterraneous habitation, of the exiſtence

exiſtence of ſuperior beings, muſt be true, and that theſe prodigious works muſt be the effects of their power!"

THUS Ariſtotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being accuſtomed to the continual view of theſe glorious objects that prevents our admiring them, and endeavouring to come to right concluſions concerning the Author of them: as if novelty were a better reaſon for exciting our inquiries than beauty and magnificence.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AMONG other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from its perpetual progreſs toward perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it, which ſeems to me to carry great weight with it.

How can it enter into the thoughts of any man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection which he can never paſs. In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent.

WERE the human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe that a thinking being, in a perpetual progreſs of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

MAN,

MAN, conſidered as in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him. He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full meaſure of knowledge; nor has he time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage.

WOULD an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents not to be exerted, capacities never to be gratified?

How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world only as a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſion, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

THERE is not a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in Religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it.

To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength; to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine forever with new acceſſions of glory, and to brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge—carries in it ſomething extremely agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

WILL not this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior nature, and all contempt in ſuperior? That cherub, which now appears as a God to the human ſoul, knows that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it.

IT is true the higher nature ſtill advances, and preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows, that how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

WITH what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will always be in reſerve for him.

THE ſoul, conſidered in relation to its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer continually, without a poſſibility of touching each other: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs!

ON THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

TO us who dwell on its ſurface, the earth is by far the moſt extenſive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is alſo cloathed with verdure, diſtinguiſhed by trees, and adorned with vaſt variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a ſpectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aſpect, looks all luminous,

minous, and no larger than a ſpot. To beings who dwell at ſtill greater diſtances it entirely diſappears.

THAT which we call alternately the morning and evening ſtar, as in one part of her orbit ſhe rides foremoſt in the proceſſion of night, in the other uſhers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the four others that ſo wonderfully vary their myſtic dance, are in themſelves dark bodies, and ſhine only by reflection; have fields, and ſeas, and ſkies of their own; are furniſhed with all accommodations for animal exiſtence, and are ſuppoſed to be the abodes of intellectual life.

ALL theſe, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand diſpenſer of divine munificence, the ſun; receive their light from the diſtribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

THE ſun, which appears to perform its daily ſtages through the ſky, is in this reſpect fixed and immoveable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more ſpacious orbs, wheel their ſtated courſes. The ſun, though ſeemingly ſmaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth on which ſo many lofty mountains riſe, and ſuch vaſt oceans roll.

ARE we ſtartled at theſe reports of philoſophy? Are we ready to cry out in a tranſport of ſurpriſe, "How mighty is the Being who kindled ſuch a prodigious fire, and keeps active from age to age ſuch an enormous maſs of flame!" Let us attend our philoſophic guides, and we ſhall be brought acquainted with ſpeculations more enlarged and wonderful.

THE ſun with all its attendant planets is but a very ſmall part of the grand machine of the univerſe; every ſtar, ſmall as it appears, is really a vaſt globe, like the ſun in ſize and glory; no leſs ſpacious, no leſs luminous, than the radiant ſource of day; ſo that every ſtar is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent ſyſtem; has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are loſt to our ſight in unmeaſurable wilds of ether.

WHILE, beholding this vaſt expanſe, I learn my own extreme meanneſs, I would alſo diſcover the abject littleneſs of all terreſtrial things. What is the earth, with all her oſtentatious ſcenes, compared with this aſtoniſhing, grand furniture of the ſkies? What but a dim ſpeck, hardly perceivable in the map of the univerſe?

IT is obſerved by a judicious writer, that if the ſun himſelf, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguiſhed, and all the hoſt of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be miſſed by an eye that can take in the whole compaſs of nature, more than a grain of ſand on the ſea-ſhore. The bulk of which they conſiſt, and the ſpace which they occupy, are ſo exceedingly ſmall in compariſon with the whole, that their loſs would ſcarce leave a blank in the immenſity of God's works.

IF then, not our globe only, but this whole ſyſtem, be ſo very diminutive, what is a kingdom or country? What are the ſo much admired patrimonies of thoſe who are ſtiled wealthy? When I meaſure them with my own little pittance, they ſwell into proud and bloated dimenſions: but when I take the univerſe for my ſtandard, how ſcanty is their ſize, how contemptible their figure! They ſhrink into pompous nothings.

THE Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth ſpeech, and night unto night ſheweth knowledge. There is no ſpeech nor language where their voice is not heard.

THEIR line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the ſun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a ſtrong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

WHEN I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the ſon of man that thou viſiteſt him?

DIVINE

DIVINE ORIGINAL OF THE GOSPEL.

THE divine original of the Goſpel may be ſupported by the ſame reaſoning, by which the material world is proved to be the work of his inviſible hand.

WE view with admiration the heavens and the earth, and all therein contained; we contemplate with amazement the minute bodies of animals too ſmall for perception, and the immenſe planetary orbs too vaſt for imagination. We are certain that theſe cannot be the works of man; and therefore we conclude with reaſon, that they muſt be the productions of an omnipotent Creator.

IN the ſame manner we ſee here a plan of religion and morality, unlike and ſuperior to all ideas of the human mind; equally impoſſible to have been diſcovered by the knowledge, as invented by the artifice of man, and therefore with the ſame juſtice we conclude, that it muſt derive its origin from the ſame omnipotent and omniſcient Being.

NOR was the propagation of this religion leſs extraordinary than the religion itſelf, or leſs above the reach of all human power, than the diſcovery of it was above that of all human underſtanding.

IN the courſe of a very few years it was ſpread over all the principal parts of Aſia and of Europe, and this by the miniſtry of an inconſiderable number of the moſt inconſiderable perſons; at a time when paganiſm was in the higheſt repute, believed univerſally by the vulgar, and patronized by the great: When the wiſeſt men of the moſt enlightened nations aſſiſted at its ſacrifices, and conſulted its oracles on the moſt important occaſions. Yet on the preaching of a few fiſhermen, their altars were deſerted, and their deities were dumb.

THIS miracle they undoubtedly performed, whatever we may think of the reſt: and this is ſurely ſufficient to prove the authority of their commiſſion; and to convince us that neither the undertaking, nor the execution of it, could poſſibly be their own.

But if any man can ſtill believe, that at a time when the literature of Greece and Rome, then in their meridian luſtre, were inſufficient for the taſk, that the ſon of a carpenter, together with twelve of the meaneſt and moſt illiterate men, his aſſociates, unaſſiſted by any ſupernatural power, ſhould be able to diſcover or invent a ſyſtem of theology the moſt ſublime, and of ethics the moſt perfect; and that from this ſyſtem, by their own ſagacity, they had excluded every falſe virtue, though univerſally admired, and admitted every true virtue, though deſpiſed and ridiculed by all the reſt of the world:

If any one can believe that theſe men could become impoſtors for no other purpoſe than the propagation of truth, villains for no ends but to teach honeſty, and martyrs without the leaſt proſpect of honor or advantage: or that, if all this had been poſſible, theſe few inconſiderable perſons ſhould have been able, in the courſe of a few years, to have ſpread their religion over moſt parts of the then known world, in oppoſition to the intereſt, pleaſures, ambition, prejudices, and even reaſon of mankind; to have triumphed over the power of princes, and intrigues of ſtates, the force of cuſtoms, the blindneſs of zeal, the influence of prieſts, the arguments of orators, and the philoſophy of the world, without any ſupernatural aſſiſtance: if any one can believe all theſe miraculous events, he muſt be poſſeſſed of more faith than is neceſſary to make him a Chriſtian, and remain an unbeliever from mere credulity.

Natural Religion indebted to the Revelation of the Gospel for its present improved State.

If nature can inſtruct us ſufficiently in religion, we have indeed no reaſon to go any where elſe. Now the way to know what nature can do, is to take it by itſelf,

itſelf, and try its ſtrength alone. There was a time, when men had little elſe but nature to go to; and that is the proper time to conſult, to ſee what mere and unaſſiſted nature can do in religion. Nay, there are ſtill nations under the ſun, who are, as to religion, in a mere ſtate of nature; the glad tidings of the goſpel having never reached them. In other matters they are polite and civilized; they are cunning traders, fine artificers, and in many arts and ſciences not unſkilful.

HERE then we may hope to ſee natural religion in its full perfection; but yet, alas! theſe nations are held in the chains of darkneſs, and given up to the blindeſt ſuperſtition and idolatry.

MEN wanted not reaſon before the coming of Chriſt, nor opportunity nor inclination to improve it. Arts and ſciences had long before obtained their juſt perfection; the number of the ſtars had been counted, and their motions adjuſted. The philoſophy, oratory, and poetry of thoſe ages are ſtill the delight and entertainment of this.

RELIGION was not the leaſt part of their inquiry; and had it been in the power of reaſon and nature to furniſh men with juſt ſentiments and principles of religion, here we ſhould have found them: but inſtead of theſe, we find nothing but the groſſeſt ſuperſtition, corruptions, and extravagances among the politeſt nations. Their religion was their reproach, and the ſervice they paid their gods was a diſhonor to them and to themſelves.

THIS fact is ſo plain and undeniable, that, would men conſider it fairly, they would ſoon be convinced how much they are indebted to the revelation of the goſpel, even for that natural religion which they ſo fondly boaſt of: For how comes it to paſs that there is ſo much reaſon, ſuch clear natural religion, in every country where the goſpel is profeſſed, and ſo little of both every where elſe?

WHAT a return then do we make for the bleſſing we have received! and how deſpitefully do we treat the goſpel of Chriſt, to which we owe that clear light even

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of reaſon and nature which we now enjoy, when we endeavour to ſet up reaſon and nature in oppoſition to it?

OUGHT the withered hand which Chriſt has reſtored and made whole, to be lifted up againſt him? Or ſhould the dumb man's tongue, juſt looſened from the bonds of ſilence, blaſpheme the power that ſet it free. Yet thus fooliſhly do we ſin, when we make natural religion the engine to batter down the goſpel; for the goſpel only could, and only has reſtored the religion of nature.

PROMULGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, ſaith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jeruſalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accompliſhed, that her iniquity is pardoned: for ſhe hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her ſins.

THE voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make ſtraight in the deſert a highway for our God. Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made low: and the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord ſhall be revealed, and all fleſh ſhall ſee it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.

THE voice ſaid, Cry. And he ſaid, What ſhall I cry? All fleſh is graſs, and all the goodneſs thereof is as the flower of the field. The graſs withereth, the flower fadeth; becauſe the ſpirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: ſurely the people is graſs. The graſs withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God ſhall ſtand forever.

O ZION, that bringeſt good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain: O Jeruſalem, that bringeſt good tidings, lift up thy voice with ſtrength: lift it up: be not afraid: ſay unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God. Behold, the Lord God will come with ſtrong hand, and his arm ſhall rule for him: behold, his reward

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is with him, and his work before him. He ſhall feed his flock like a ſhepherd: he ſhall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his boſom, and ſhall gently lead thoſe that are with young.

WHO hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of his hand? and meted out heaven with the ſpan, and comprehended the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighed the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the ſpirit of the Lord, or, being his counſellor, hath taught him? With whom took he counſel, and who inſtructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and ſhewed to him the way of underſtanding?

BEHOLD, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the ſmall duſt of the balance: behold, he taketh up the iſles as a very little thing. And Lebanon is not ſufficient to burn, nor the beaſts thereof ſufficient for a burnt offering. All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him leſs than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? Or what likeneſs will ye compare unto him? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not underſtood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that ſitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as graſhoppers; that ſtretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and ſpreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

YEA, they ſhall not be planted; yea, they ſhall not be ſown; yea, their ſtock ſhall not take root in the earth: and he ſhall alſo blow upon them, and they ſhall wither, and the whirlwind ſhall take them away as ſtubble. To whom then will ye liken me, or ſhall I be equal? ſaith the Holy One.

LIFT up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created theſe things, that bringeth out their hoſt by number: he calleth them all by names, by the greatneſs of his might, for that he is ſtrong in power; not

one

one faileth. Why ſayeſt thou, O Jacob, and ſpeakeſt, O Iſrael, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is paſſed over from my God.

Hast thou not known? haſt thou not heard that the everlaſting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no ſearching of his underſtanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, he increaſeth ſtrength.

Even the youth ſhall faint and be weary, and the young men ſhall utterly fail: But they that wait upon the Lord ſhall renew their ſtrength: they ſhall mount up with wings as eagles; they ſhall run, and not be weary; and they ſhall walk and not faint.

Majesty of GOD.

O LORD, I have heard thy ſpeech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midſt of the years, in the midſt of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praiſe. And his brightneſs was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand, and there was the hiding of his power.

Before him went the peſtilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He ſtood and meaſured the earth: he beheld and drove aſunder the nations, and the everlaſting mountains were ſcattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlaſting.

I saw the tents of Cuſhan in affliction: and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble. Was the Lord diſpleaſed againſt the rivers? Was thine anger againſt the rivers? Was thy wrath againſt the ſea, that thou didſt ride upon thine horſes, and thy chariots of ſalvation?

Thy bow was made quite naked, according to the oaths

oaths of the tribes, even thy word. Selah. Thou didſt cleave the earth with rivers. The mountains ſaw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water paſſed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high. The ſun and moon ſtood ſtill in their habitation: at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the ſhining of thy glittering ſpear.

THOU didſt march through the land in indignation, thou didſt threſh the heathen in anger. Thou wenteſt forth for the ſalvation of thy people, even for ſalvation with thine anointed; thou woundedſt the head out of the houſe of the wicked by diſcovering the foundation unto the neck. Selah.

THOU didſt ſtrike through with his ſtaves the head of his villages: they came out as a whirlwind to ſcatter me: their rejoicing was as to devour the poor ſecretly. Thou didſt walk through the ſea with thine horſes, through the heap of great waters.

WHEN I heard, my belly trembled: my lips quivered at the voice: rottenneſs entered into my bones, and I trembled in myſelf, that I might reſt in the day of trouble: when he cometh up unto the people, he will invade them with his troops.

ALTHOUGH the fig-tree ſhall not bloſſom, neither ſhall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive ſhall fail, and the fields ſhall yield no meat; the flock ſhall be cut off from the fold, and there ſhall be no herd in the ſtalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my ſalvation.

THE Lord God is my ſtrength; he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.

OBEDIENCE, WISDOM.

HEAR, ye children, the inſtruction of a father, and attend to know underſtanding; for I give you good doctrine: forſake ye not my law. For I

was my father's ſon, tender, and only beloved in the ſight of my mother.

He taught me alſo, and ſaid unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live. Get wiſdom, get underſtanding, forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forſake her not, and ſhe ſhall preſerve thee: love her, and ſhe ſhall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wiſdom; and with all thy getting, get underſtanding. Exalt her, and ſhe ſhall promote thee: ſhe ſhall bring thee to honor when thou doſt embrace her. She ſhall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory ſhall ſhe deliver to thee.

Hear, O my ſon, and receive my ſayings; and the years of thy life ſhall be many. I have taught thee in the way of wiſdom; I have led thee in right paths. When thou goeſt, thy ſteps ſhall not be ſtraitened; and when thou runneſt, thou ſhalt not ſtumble. Take faſt hold of inſtruction: let her not go: keep her, for ſhe is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, paſs not by it; turn from it, and paſs away. For they ſleep not except they have done miſchief; and their ſleep is taken away, unleſs they cauſe ſome to fall; for they eat the bread of wickedneſs, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the juſt is as the ſhining light, that ſhineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkneſs, they know not at what they ſtumble.

My ſon, attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my ſayings: let them not depart from thine eyes: keep them in the midſt of thine heart. For they are life unto thoſe that find them, and health to all their fleſh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the iſſues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverſe lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look ſtraight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be eſtabliſhed. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.

On

ON HONOR AS A PRINCIPLE.

TO preſerve and cheriſh the ſenſe of truth, integrity, and glory, which are interwoven with the human mind, is the main deſign of moral culture; and he will be the moſt eſtimable perſon in manhood, who is leaſt perverted from the ingenuity of youth; who with the improvements of reflection, and the acquiſitions of experience, retains, as much as poſſible, that ſimplicity of ſoul, and that generoſity of affection, which give ſuch grace and ſweetneſs to the bloom of life.

Is it poſſible to contemplate the ruins of youthful excellence, and forbear to weep over them? But whence this deplorable change?—From neglecting early to fix, and firmly to keep, that beſt and braveſt of all reſolutions, "My heart ſhall not reproach me, ſo long as I live." I will at no time, and in no ſituation, allow myſelf in that which I ſuſpect to be wrong. In all ſeaſons, and under every circumſtance, I will endeavour to practiſe what I feel to be right.

THIS, and this alone, is the principle of honor, in the truly eſtimable, comprehenſive, and elevated ſenſe of the expreſſion; and the youth who ſincerely adopts, and ſteadily adheres to it, in a humble and cheerful reliance on Heaven, will ſeldom be at a loſs about the path he is to purſue; will always have at hand an anſwer to temptation; and will be generally fortified againſt thoſe diſcouragements which might otherwiſe overwhelm him.

YOUNG men are encompaſſed with ſnares. Their fancies, like florid painters, give too much colouring to every object. Their paſſions diſdain the appearance of reſtraint. Pleaſures invite, and appetite impels them. Opportunity preſents itſelf in endleſs ſhapes. The ardour of enterpriſe blends with the flame of deſire; both are fanned with adulation and careſſes.

IN the hurry of impatience, and the heat of purſuit,

future conſequences are neglected; and if a few friendly adviſers ſhould ſtep in, and offer to remonſtrate, however diſcreetly, faſhion, that petulant and over-bearing power, urges the authority of rank, with the weight of numbers, and laughs to ſcorn the ſingularity, unmodiſh air, and ſuppoſed awkwardneſs of virtue.

A MELANCHOLY account of your ſituation! ſuch, indeed, as would repreſent it hopeleſs, were there nothing to counterbalance all this. But I ſhall now take notice of the reſiſtance which an honeſt and good heart, with the aids of reaſon and reflection, naturally makes to theſe dangerous aſſaults.

"Is it all enchantment around me, will the virtuous and well-reſolved youth reply? I heed it not; I will not truſt it. Sobriety of thought, and ſerioufneſs of occupation ſhall break the ſpell. Something whiſpers me at this moment, that there is nothing ſo beautiful, ſo ſweet, as innocence. Would the glare of imagination impoſe on my underſtanding? I will guard againſt it as an illuſion like the former, and produced by a ſimilar cauſe. The ſenſes have lent their too ready aſſiſtance; but God has given me a judgment to correct both.

As for thoſe paſſions which were formed to ſubmit and ſerve; ſhall they uſurp the command, and precipitate me whitherſoever they will, in ſpite of reaſon, in ſpite of conſcience? Dignity and independence diſdain the thought. As to appetite; were I to follow blindly its headlong impulſe, in what ſhould I excel the beaſts that periſh? We may talk and vaunt of pleaſure; but, in the opinion of a reaſonable being, no gratification which is inconſiſtent with peace, or purity, can deſerve the name.

DOES opportunity allure? Opportunity, when it would ſeduce me into diſorder, and expoſe me to infamy, is a betrayer under the maſk of friendſhip. But grant I could be concealed from the eyes of men; what would it avail me, ſince I cannot be concealed from my own?

AND why ſhould I be tempted to dream of liberty, in violating the laws of virtue? Am I not convinced, that

that I am then only free and ſelf-poſſeſſed, when I follow cheerfully the dictates of the ſoul? When I act otherwiſe, do I not feel enſlaved and wretched? If I am to attempt ſomething great indeed, and worthy of ambition, let it be to riſe to eminence by the power of ſuperior worth.

How empty is all adulation, when the heart ſpeaks a different language! What were the careſſes of thouſands, if conſcience ſhould chaſtiſe, or reaſon condemn? The effects of guilt are only divided from it by a moment, and are often the more dreadful for that ſhort interval. What is faſhion, with her whole gaudy and fantaſtic train; how frivolous, and contemptible, when oppoſed to the dominion of truth riſing in her native majeſty! What ſorry ſupport could the applauſe of the former yield me, were I unhappy enough to incur the rebuke of the laſt!

BEGONE, then, ye gay, glittering, but inconſtant and deceitful phantoms of criminal and of vain delight! Depart! and give place to the ſublime and invariable honors of wiſdom, to the ſolid and unprecarious joys of goodneſs. Come, and poſſeſs this breaſt, ye faireſt offſpring of Heaven! To you I devote myſelf with eternal attachment. Of you I can never be aſhamed or weary. *My heart ſhall not reproach me, ſo long as I live.*

THIS heroic reſolution will help to fortify young men againſt many of thoſe diſcouragements which might otherwiſe overwhelm them. The hopes of youth, when under the beſt diſcipline, are ſanguine. The youthful imagination figures to itſelf, in friendſhip, in reputation, in ſucceſs, ſcenes of happineſs which do not often take place, and when they do, ſeldom fulfil the promiſe they gave.

LET us ſuppoſe, then, a young man to meet with treachery where he confided in ſincere attachment; with calumny inſtead of merited approbation; with painful reverſes of fortune where all things ſeemed to ſmile: in ſhort, that the viſionary paradiſe, which bloomed for years in his glowing imagination, fades at once into a dreary deſert. What ſhall ſupport him in this ſituation?

I KNOW nothing which can afford effectual ſupport, but a conſciouſneſs of integrity. If his heart do not reproach him, he may yet take comfort. He has before him, he has within him, reſources which are independent of chance and change. He may conſole himſelf with thoſe ſurer and nobler proſpects which open in the regions of an upright mind. This home ſatisfaction will ſerve to exalt the bleſſings ſtill left him, to convert the ſimpleſt gratifications into a continual feaſt, and to crown the whole with the anticipation of immortal joys.

WHEN the worthleſs and the vicious are by the force of calamity driven back upon themſelves, and inſtead of an approving conſcience, feel nothing but perturbation, and hear nothing but reproach; when they are ſenſible that they are not only deſpiſed, but deſpicable, what ſhall comfort them then? Will the expectation of better days? Alas! this ſupport has already failed, and the time cannot be diſtant, when it muſt fail them forever.

WHEN all is ſound and vigorous within, trials from without may be well borne. The magnanimity of conſcious worth will riſe ſuperior to all the evils of adverſe fortune: but when that which ſhould ſuſtain them is broken, how ſhall they be ſupported.

> "He that hath light within his own clear breaſt,
> May ſit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
> Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun:
> Himſelf is his own dungeon."

HONOR AS A REWARD.

THE love of fame has been ſtyled the univerſal paſſion. The greateſt, and the moſt illuſtrious characters have derived much of their luſtre and greatneſs from this ſource. Its dominion is ſenſibly felt among mankind, and eſpecially by young men.

AMONG the many pleaſures which you, my friends, promiſe

promiſe yourſelves in the journey of life, are you not delighted with the idea of being eſteemed, honored, and applauded by your fellow-travellers? Would not the thought of incurring their contempt or reproach be ſufficient to damp your ſpirits, high as they now are; to chill your ardent imaginations, to blaſt the whole tranſporting landſcape before you?

BUT like all other paſſions, the love of fame may want to be moderated, and will certainly want to be directed, that it may inſure you a valuable and permanent reputation. You have heard in what ſenſe honor may be ſaid to act as a principle; and you have ſeen ſome of the good effects produced by it in that view. To theſe we will now add the eſtimation and praiſe which naturally accompany its perſevering influence.

"HAPPY is the man that findeth wiſdom. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." The wiſe man, who poſſeſſed ſuch inſight into the hearts of men, knew that however auguſt a perſonage Wiſdom might be herſelf, or however beautiful in the eye of the few, diſtinguiſhed by the elevation of their ſentiments, ſhe would not be often courted for her own ſake, without regard to her dowry; and therefore was careful to repreſent her as nobly portioned.

THOUGH of the advantages ſhe brings, honor is mentioned laſt, it was not the leaſt in the opinion of Solomon: "A good name," he ſays elſewhere, "is rather to be choſen than great riches." A character well tried and approved, a reputation extracted from the faireſt conduct, and which is the reſult of conſpicuous virtues, or uſeful talents, carries with it a charm which can never fail to intereſt the beholder.

WHILE you conduct with propriety and dignity, the worthy and intelligent who know you, will approve; and their approbation is genuine praiſe. A good name is then poſſeſſed indeed, and may be thoroughly reliſhed, when the united voice of worth and judgment beſtows an honorable atteſtation. Let the ſevereſt caſuiſts ſay, what there is in ſuch praiſe, which the moſt perfect modeſty may not be permitted freely to enjoy.

He who makes no diſcrimination in the characters of thoſe whom he wiſhes to approve him, is a ſtranger to the ſuperiority of virtue, and unconſcious of intellectual eminence. The beſt men cannot be much gratified but by the approbation of congenial ſouls. There is but one caſe, in which you ought at all to regard the opinion of fools, where reputation alone is concerned; I mean when it happens, as ſometimes it may happen, to be ſeconded by the opinion of the wiſe.

Modest confidence, eſpecially in youth, is one of the moſt ſucceſsful conductors of diſtinguiſhed merit to the temple of honor. Many perſons of ſingular worth and capacity, ſuffer thoſe who have neither, to bear away unenvied the palm of applauſe, by an inceſſant exertion to gain it in nameleſs artful ways, which impoſe on incompetent and inattentive judges. From a conſciouſneſs of upright intentions, from the honeſt ardor and ſimplicity ſo incident to generous minds, they are apt to neglect certain forms and precautions, which, however ſmall in themſelves, have their influence in the affairs of life.

It is indeed to be regretted, that many deſerving and excellent characters fail of appearing to advantage in many caſes, for want of thoſe inferior attentions, which ſhould by no means be omitted, though they are far from meriting all that painful ſolicitude with which they are ſtudied by the hypocrites of the world.

There is a charm in youth, which, added to the beauty of virtue, will ſeldom fail to render you peculiarly engaging to every ſenſible eye. Be perſuaded to hold faſt your integrity; perſiſt in the glorious reſolve, "*My heart ſhall not reproach me ſo long as I live*; and you may ſolace yourſelves with the aſſurance that "more and greater are they who are with you, than they who are againſt you."

Many obſerve you with cordial affection for your characters, and fervent vows for your ſucceſs. Behold! a bright and beautiful "cloud of witneſſes," the wiſe, and the good, compaſſing you about with eager attention to ſee you excel, with ready zeal to applaud your efforts,

efforts, with kind impatience to congratulate your triumphs, and announce you to the univerſe as conquerors worthy of never-fading laurels!

OPINIONS ON PAST AGES AND THE PRESENT.

EVERY paſt age has been in its turn a preſent age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every paſt age when preſent, has been the object of abuſe. Men have been repreſented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predeceſſors both in morals and bodily powers.

THIS is an opinion ſo generally received, that Virgil, in conformity to it, when he would expreſs former times, calls them ſimply better, as if the term *better*, implied former of courſe.

THE human ſtrength, which in Homer's time was leſſened to half, in Virgil's time was leſſened to a twelfth. If ſtrength and bulk, as commonly happens, be proportioned, what pygmies in ſtature muſt the men of Virgil's time have been, when their ſtrength, as he informs us, was ſo far diminiſhed! A man only eight times as ſtrong, and not according to the poet, twelve times, muſt at leaſt have been between five and ſix feet higher than they were."

BUT we all know the privilege claimed by poets and painters. It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, aſſerts "that their fathers were worſe than their grandfathers; that they were worſe than their fathers; and that their children would be worſe than they were."

WE need only aſk, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or ſix generations more?

THERE is a praiſe belonging to the paſt, congenial with this cenſure: a praiſe formed from negatives, and beſt illuſtrated by example. Thus a declaimer might aſſert,

aſſert, that, "in the time of the Norman conqueror we had no routs, and revels, no candidate to bribe, no voters to be bribed, &c. and ſtring on negatives as long as he thought proper.

WHAT then are we to do when we hear ſuch panegyric? Are we to deny the facts? That cannot be. Are we to admit the concluſion? That appears not quite agreeable. No method is left but to compare evils with evils; and ſee whether the former age had not evils of its own, ſuch as the preſent never experienced.

WE may allow the evils of the preſent day to be real—we may even allow that a much larger number might be added; but then we may alledge evils, by way of return, felt in thoſe days ſeverely, but now not felt at all.

WE may aſſert, "we have not now, as happened then, ſeen our country conquered by foreign invaders, nor our property taken from us, and diſtributed among the conquerors; nor ourſelves, from freemen, debaſed into ſlaves; nor our rights ſubmitted to unknown laws, imported, without our conſent, from foreign countries."

A TRUE eſtimate can never be formed but by compariſon: for if we drop the laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop the bad, and alledge only the laudable, there is no age, whatever its real character, but may be made to paſs at pleaſure, either for a good or a bad one.

AS man is by nature a ſocial animal, good-humour ſeems an ingredient highly neceſſary to his character. It is the ſalt which gives a ſeaſoning to the feaſt of life: Many cauſes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more than bad opinions of mankind. The melancholy and moroſe character being thus inſenſibly formed, morals and piety ſink of courſe; for what equals have we to love, or what ſuperiors have we to revere, when we have no other objects left than thoſe of hatred or of terror?

IT ſeems then expedient, if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happineſs, to with-

ſtand

ſtand ſuch dreary ſentiments. It was the advice of the wiſe man—*Say not thou, what is the cauſe that the former days were better than theſe. For thou doſt not wiſely inquire concerning this.*

THINGS preſent make impreſſions amazingly ſuperior to things remote; ſo that in objects of every kind, we are eaſily miſtaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvaſs of the ſame picture a near ſparrow occupies the ſpace of a diſtant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a diſtant mountain. There are, I believe, few perſons who would not be more ſhocked at actually ſeeing a ſingle man aſſaſſinated, (ſetting aſide the idea of perſonal danger) than they would be in reading the maſſacre of Paris.

THE wiſe man, juſt quoted, wiſhes to ſave us from theſe errors; he has already informed us that *the thing that hath been is that which ſhall be; and there is no new thing under the ſun.* He then ſubjoins the cauſe of this apparent novelty—things paſt, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things preſent, if they are forgotten, when they return, will appear ſo too.

THIS forgetfulneſs of what is ſimilar in events that return, (for in every returning event ſuch ſimilarity exiſts) is the forgetfulneſs of a mind uninſtructed and weak, a mind ignorant of that great, that providential circulation which never ceaſes for a moment, through every part of the univerſe.

THE MONK.

A POOR Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket, buttoned it up, and advanced up gravely to him; there was, I fear, ſomething forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before

before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The Monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy; but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire that was in them, which ſeemed to be more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted; mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth; it looked forward; but looked as if it looked at ſomething beyond this world.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant, nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo; it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomewhat above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forward in the figure; but it was the attitude of intreaty, and as it now ſtands preſent to my imagination, it gained more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right), when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order; and did it with ſo ſimple a grace, and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure, that I was bewitched not to have been ſtruck with it.

— A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and Heaven be their reſource, who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which,

I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eyes downwards upon the ſleeves of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal. I acknowledge it, ſaid I; a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm.

THE captive who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been opened to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—

THE Monk made me a bow—But of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore.—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to ſay, no doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—

BUT we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand on the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we diſtinguiſh, my good father, between thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour, and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of Heaven*.

THE poor Franciſcan made no reply; a hectic of a moment paſſed acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have done with her reſentment in him: he ſhewed none—but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſſed both his hands with reſignation to his breaſt, and retired.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door—Pſha!

Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times—but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, that I had no right over the Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language.

I CONSIDERED his grey hairs—his courteous figure ſeemed to re-enter and gently aſk me what injury he had done me? and why I could uſe him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels; and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

ON PERSECUTION.

AND it came to paſs after theſe things, that Abraham ſat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the ſun. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderneſs, leaning on a ſtaff.

AND Abraham aroſe, and met him, and ſaid unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and waſh thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou ſhalt ariſe early in the morning and go on thy way. And the man ſaid, Nay; for I will abide under this tree.

BUT Abraham preſſed him greatly: ſo he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

AND when Abraham ſaw that the man bleſſed not God, he ſaid unto him, Wherefore doſt thou not worſhip the moſt high God, Creator of heaven and earth?

AND the man anſwered and ſaid, I do not worſhip thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myſelf a god, which abideth always in my houſe, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled againſt the man, and he aroſe, and

and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderneſs.

AND God called unto Abraham, ſaying, Abraham, where is the ſtranger? And Abraham anſwered and ſaid, Lord, he would not worſhip thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderneſs.

AND God ſaid, have I borne with him theſe hundred and ninety and eight years, and nouriſhed him, and clothed him, notwithſtanding his rebellion againſt me; and couldſt not thou, who art thyſelf a ſinner, bear with him one night?

ON CRUELTY TO INFERIOR ANIMALS.

MAN is that link in the chain of univerſal exiſtence, by which ſpiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter, his inferiors, are almoſt infinite, ſo probably are thoſe of the former, his ſuperiors; and as we ſee that the lives and happineſs of thoſe below us are dependent on our wills, we may reaſonably conclude, that our lives and happineſs are equally dependent on the wills of thoſe above us; accountable, like ourſelves, for the uſe of this power, to the ſupreme Creator and Governor of all things.

SHOULD this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that juſt and impartial Judge! How will man, that ſanguinary tyrant, be able to excuſe himſelf from the charge of thoſe innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending ſubjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whoſe mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority ſhould be exerciſed not only with tenderneſs and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of juſtice and gratitude.

BUT to what horrid deviations from theſe benevolent intentions are we daily witneſſes! No ſmall part of man-

kind derive their chief amuſements from the deaths and ſufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, conſider them only as engines of wood, or iron, uſeful in their ſeveral occupations.

The carman drives his horſe, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and ſo long as theſe produce the deſired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them has any ſenſe of feeling. The butcher knocks down the ſtately ox, with no more compaſſion than the blackſmith hammers a horſe-ſhoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the tailor ſticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are ſome few, who, formed in a ſofter mould, view with pity the ſufferings of theſe defenceleſs creatures, there is ſcarce one who entertains the leaſt idea, that juſtice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their ſervices.

The ſocial and friendly dog is hanged without remorſe, if, by barking in defence of his maſter's perſon and property, he happens unknowingly to diſturb his reſt: the generous horſe, who has carried his ungrateful maſter for many years with eaſe and ſafety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his ſervice, is by him condemned to end his miſerable days in a duſt-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of ſpirit, the more he is whipped to ſave his ſtupid driver the trouble of whipping ſome other leſs obedient to the laſh.

Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and uſeleſs feats in a riding houſe, he is at laſt turned out, and conſigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing thoſe tricks, which he has learned under ſo long and ſevere a diſcipline.

The ſluggiſh bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diverſion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majeſtic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to aſſail his diabolical tormentors.

THESE, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injuſtice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without cenſure, and even without obſervation; but we may be aſſured, that they cannot finally paſs away unnoticed and unretaliated.

THE laws of ſelf-defence undoubtedly juſtify us in deſtroying thoſe animals who would deſtroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our perſons; but not even theſe, whenever their ſituation incapacitates them from hurting us.

I KNOW of no right which we have to ſhoot a bear on an inacceſſible iſland of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whoſe lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meaneſt inſect, without ſufficient reaſon; they all receive it from the ſame benevolent hand as ourſelves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

GOD has been pleaſed to create numberleſs animals intended for our ſuſtenance; and that they are ſo intended, the agreeable flavour of their fleſh to our palates, and the wholeſome nutriment which it adminiſters to our ſtomachs, are ſufficient proofs: theſe, as they are formed for our uſe, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, becauſe it is given and preſerved to them on that condition; but this ſhould always be performed with all the tenderneſs and compaſſion which ſo diſagreeable an office will permit; and no circumſtances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and eaſy as poſſible.

FOR this, Providence has wiſely and benevolently provided, by forming them in ſuch a manner, that their fleſh becomes unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compaſſion, and cautious of their ſuffering, for the ſake of ourſelves: but, if there are any whoſe taſtes are ſo vitiated, and whoſe hearts are ſo hardened, as to delight in ſuch inhuman ſacrifices, and to partake of them without remorſe, they ſhould be looked upon as demons

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in human ſhapes, and expect a retaliation of thoſe tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the paſſions of anger and revenge in the human breaſt, that it is not wonderful that men ſhould perſecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there ſhould exiſt in nature a being who can receive pleaſure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable diſpoſition is in ſome manner inherent in the nature of man.

We ſee children laughing at the miſeries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all ſavages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the moſt exquiſite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing ſo much as fightings, and ſpectacles of cruelty and horror.

Though civilization may in ſome degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it: the moſt poliſhed are not aſhamed to be pleaſed with ſcenes of little leſs barbarity, and, to the diſgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of ſports.

They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with ſhouts of applauſe and triumph, ſee them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceleſs hare, flying for hours in the utmoſt agonies of terror and deſpair, and at laſt, ſinking under fatigue, devoured by their mercileſs purſuers.

They ſee with joy the beautiful pheaſant and harmleſs partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps periſhing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of ſome friendly thicket, to which they have in vain retreated for ſafety: they triumph over the unſuſpecting fiſh, whom they have decoyed by an inſidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native

native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they ſpare neither labour nor expenſe to preſerve and propagate theſe innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their perſecution.

WHAT name ſhould we beſtow on a ſuperior being, whoſe whole endeavours were employed, and whoſe whole pleaſure conſiſted, in terrifying, enſnaring, tormenting, and deſtroying mankind? whoſe ſuperior faculties were exerted in fomenting animoſities amongſt them, in contriving engines of deſtruction, and inciting them to uſe them in maiming and murdering each other? whoſe power over them was employed in aſſiſting the rapacious, deceiving the ſimple, and oppreſſing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, ſhould continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorſe, thus to torment mankind for diverſion, and at the ſame time endeavour with his utmoſt care to preſerve their lives, and to propagate their ſpecies, in order to increaſe the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miſeries he occaſioned? I ſay, what name deteſtable enough could we find for ſuch a being? yet if we impartially conſider the caſe, and our intermediate ſituation, we muſt acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, juſt ſuch a being is a ſportſman.

THE DOG.

OF all the beaſts that graze the lawn, or hunt the foreſt, a Dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendſhip of man; to man he looks, in all his neceſſities, with a ſpeaking eye, for aſſiſtance; exerts, for him, all the little ſervice in his power, with cheerfulneſs and pleaſure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and reſignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no diſtreſs induce him to forſake his benefactor: ſtudious to pleaſe, and

fearing to offend, he is ſtill an humble, ſteadfaſt dependent, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the foreſt to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to this truſty animal for all its ſervices!

On Cheerfulness.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulneſs to mirth. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, cheerfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulneſs, though it does give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into the depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulneſs keeps up a calm day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thonghts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of the ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or ſolitude. He comes with reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured around him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which ſometimes befal him.

Cheerfulness is attended with the moſt valuable effects to ſociety, as it naturally produces love and benevolence toward our fellow-creatures. A cheerful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he knows not why, with the cheerfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight

light in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and good-will to the perſon who has ſo happy an influence over it.

BUT, to view this cheerful ſtate of mind in its higheſt relation, I cannot but conſider it a conſtant, habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine conduct toward man.

THERE are but two things which can reaſonably deprive us of this cheerfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and immorality can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

ATHEISM, or a diſbelief of the Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatever title it may ſhelter itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this cheerfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo peculiarly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a GOD ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

THE vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to cheerfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

EXCEPT theſe two principles, which are deſtructive of cheerfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon,

reaſon, I cannot think of any other which ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, inſult and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may derive from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good man may bear up under them with fortitude, and with cheerfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

The man who uſes his endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and reaſon, has perpetual ſources of cheerfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he is dependent.

If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of thoſe faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs!

The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him contemplate upon himſelf as more happy than he can now clearly conceive.

The other ſource of cheerfulneſs, to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we depend, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing which we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded by an immenſity of love and mercy.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart, to which unthinking men are ſubject, without any real affliction, all that anguiſh which

which we may feel from any evil which actually oppreſſes us, and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and cheerful temper as makes us happy in ourſelves, pleaſing to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to Him whom we were born to pleaſe.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE THE BEST SECURITY AGAINST CALUMNY AND REPROACH.

A GOOD conſcience is to the ſoul what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than compenſates for all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, except this ſingle one, of being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.

WE cannot forbear being ſecretly pleaſed with the approbation and good opinion even of the undiſcerning. In the ſame manner, though we are often ſure that the cenſures which are paſſed upon us, are uttered by thoſe who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being deeply affected by them.

IN order to heal this infirmity, which is ſo natural to the wiſeſt and beſt of men, I have obſerved with peculiar pleaſure the conduct of ſome of the ancient philoſophers, when purſued by the malice and detraction of their enemies.

THE way to ſilence calumny, ſays BIAS, is to be always employed in ſuch things as are praiſe-worthy. SOCRATES, after having received ſentence, told his friends that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth and not cenſure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt.

IF, when reproached, we have not the ſecret conſolation,

lation, that we deſerve no ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon us, we ſhall do well to follow the advice of EPICTETUS: If any one ſpeak ill of thee, conſider whether he has truth on his ſide; and if ſo, reform thyſelf, that his cenſures may not affect thee.

ANOTHER of the philoſophers, being told that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him: It is no matter, ſaid he, I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them. Hearing at another time, that one of his intimate friends had ſpoken detractingly of him: I am ſure he would not do it, ſays he, if he had not ſome reaſon for it.

THIS is the ſureſt as well as the nobleſt way of drawing the ſting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, "a good conſcience."

STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was ſometime in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening eating his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing 'till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt —*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

2. IF I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill. I hope he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

3. THOU art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor

poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

4. THOUGH I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name.

5. I HAVE quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the coporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

6. MY uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

7. TRIM!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

8. TRIM! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman. Your honor's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before

fore your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honor your death.

9. I FEAR ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me. I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—or that I had known more of it: How ſhall we manage it?—Leave it, an't pleaſe your honor, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour.

10. THOU ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door. It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

11. I DESPAIRED at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is, ſaid the corporal—And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honor, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.

12. THEN Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee 'till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke, as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—"Your honor is good:"—And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words.

13. I DESPAIRED at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure

of

of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby:—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honor, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.

14. IF I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence. But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

15. I WAS hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of; but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth. Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.

16. I BELIEVE, ſir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf. I am ſure, ſaid I, his honor will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears. Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wiſh I had him here.

17. I NEVER, in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. When I gave him the toaſt, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honor, (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honor) but no anſwer,

—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt :

18. I WARRANT you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. I thought it was wrong, added the corporal—I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

19. WHEN the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs. I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide ; and as I ſhut the door I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.

20. I THOUGHT, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it ? replied the curate :——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon :—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.

21. 'TWAS well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ;—harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day ;—harraſſing others to-morrow :—detached here ;—countermanded there ;—reſting this night upon his arms ;—beat up in his ſhirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on ;—he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can. I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't pleaſe your reverence,

reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray, —he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.

22. THOU ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, —it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the corporal. But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

23. WHEN I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:—The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſe he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed, and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

24. HE did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me,—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the lieutenant. I told him your honor was.

25. THEN, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;—poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife

wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.

26. I REMEMBER the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honor, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.——Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

27. I WISH, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,——I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep. Your honor, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honor out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

28. I REMEMBER, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honor a good night; young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders;—But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

29. THOU haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou

didſt

didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honor knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

30. In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,—— when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—— thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim, ——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.

31. My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed and fell aſleep.

32. The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—— and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

33. You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe, and we'll ſend for a doctor

to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

34. THERE was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, the ſon had inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

35. THE blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken. Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe flutter'd—ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—ſhall I go on?——No.

36. ALL that is neceſſary to be added is as follows—

THAT my uncle Toby and young Le Fevre attended the poor lieutenant to the grave as chief mourners.

WHEN my uncle Toby had ſettled all the accounts between the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and between Le Fevre and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in his hands than an old regimental coat and a ſword. The coat my uncle gave to the corporal;—wear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle, as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor lieutenant.

37. AND this, ſaid my uncle Toby, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke, and this, Le Fevre, I'll ſave for thee—'tis all the fortune which God has left thee; but if he has given

given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doſt it like a man of honor,—'tis enough for us.

38. SOON after, my uncle Toby ſent him to a ſchool, where, excepting Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him, he remained 'till the ſpring of the year ſeventeen, when (the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into Hungary againſt the Turks kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom) he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.

39. MY uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it into his hand.—If thou art brave, ſaid my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee; but fortune, ſaid he, (muſing a little) fortune may—But if ſhe does,—added my uncle, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

40. THE greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs:—he parted from him as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—both dropped tears.—As my uncle gave his laſt embrace, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bleſs him.

DUTY TO TEACHERS AND INSTRUCTORS. IMPORTANCE OF KNOWLEDGE AND RELIGION.

OBEDIENCE and ſubmiſſion to thoſe who have the care of our education, and of our inſtruction in religion, is an important duty of the young. We ſhould liſten to them with humility and attention, as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion,

ligion. This duty cannot be ſhewn better, than by the beneficial effects their inſtructions are calculated to produce.

The great uſe of knowledge, in its various branches, is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it more juſt and enlarged conceptions than are the mere growth of nature. It is the improvement of the mind, chiefly, which makes the difference between man and man, and gives one man a real ſuperiority over another.

Besides, the mind muſt be employed; otherwiſe, it will infallibly become the prey of vice. A vacant mind is exactly that houſe mentioned in the goſpel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and with ſeven other ſpirits more wicked than himſelf, took poſſeſſion. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and thus each ſucceeding vice becomes more depraved. If then the mind muſt be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquiſition of knowledge?

But however neceſſary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more ſo. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, ſuperiority and rank in life; but the other is abſolutely eſſential to his happineſs.

In the midſt of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleaſing ſcene: it engages our deſires, and in a degree ſatisfies them too. But it is wiſdom to conſider that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if diſappointment and vexation do not ſour our taſte for pleaſure, at leaſt ſickneſs and infirmities will deſtroy it.

In theſe gloomy ſeaſons, what will become of us, without religion? When this world fails, where ſhall we flee, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, cheerful reſignation to his will, and truſt in him for deliverance, what is there that can ſecure us againſt the evils of life?

The great utility of knowledge and religion being thus

thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a ſtudious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we ſhall never do it; that we ſhall grow old in ignorance by neglecting the one, and in vice, by neglecting the other.

FOR improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fitteſt ſeaſon. The mind is then ready to receive any impreſſion. It is free from all that care and attention, which, in riper age, the buſineſs of life produces. The memory too is then ſtronger, and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge.

BESIDES, there is generally in youth a modeſty and ductility, which in advanced years, eſpecially if thoſe years have been left a prey to ignorance, give place to prejudice and ſelf-ſufficiency; and theſe effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.

NOR is youth more peculiarly the ſeaſon to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a moſt important point to have habit on the ſide of virtue. It will render every thing ſmooth and eaſy. The earlieſt principles are generally the moſt laſting; and thoſe of a religious caſt are ſeldom wholly loſt. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aſide; yet, his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may prevail, and effect a reformation.

HE who has ſuffered habits of vice to get poſſeſſion of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a ſenſe of virtue. In a common courſe of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity muſt rouſe him: he muſt be awakened by a ſtorm, or ſleep forever. How much better is it then to make that eaſy to us, which we know is beſt! And to form thoſe habits now, which we ſhall hereafter wiſh we had formed!

THERE are many, who would reſtrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themſelves; leſt they ſhould imbibe prejudice for truth. But why ſhould not the ſame caution be uſed in ſcience alſo; and the minds of youth be left void of any impreſſions?

THE

THE experiment, I fear, in both caſes would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during ſo long a period, though nothing elſe ſhould find entrance, vice certainly would; and it would make the larger ſhoots, as the ſoil would be vacant. It were better to receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. When the mind is ſet a thinking, it may depoſit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at laſt: but in a ſtate of ſtagnation it will infallibly become foul.

OUR youth bears the ſame relation to our more advanced life, which this world does to the next. In this life it is our buſineſs to form and cultivate thoſe habits of virtue, which muſt qualify us for a better ſtate. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an oppoſite kind, inſtead of gaining that exalted ſtate, which is promiſed to our improvement, we ſhall of courſe ſink into that ſtate which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

EXACTLY thus is youth introductory to manhood; to which it is, properly ſpeaking, a ſtate of preparation. During this ſeaſon we muſt qualify ourſelves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit which in youth has been planted. If we have ſauntered away our youth, we muſt expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early poſſeſſion of us, they will probably increaſe as we advance in life, and make us a burden to ourſelves, and uſeleſs to ſociety. If we ſuffer ourſelves to be miſled by vicious inclinations, they will daily acquire new ſtrength, and end in diſſolute lives.

BUT if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and induſtry, of virtue and ſobriety, we ſhall find ourſelves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and, what above all things ſhould be our care, by gaining this command over ourſelves, we ſhall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to reſiſt every new temptation, as it ariſes.

LESSONS

LESSONS
FOR
READING and SPEAKING.

CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS;

Shewing the Abſurdity of their heſitating to confer on him the Rank of General merely on Account of his Extraction.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference between the behaviour of thoſe who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before and after their obtaining them. They ſolicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They ſet out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice.

IT is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in troubleſome times. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert meaſures at home, anſwerable to the ſtate of things abroad, and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of oppoſition from the envious, the factious, and the diſaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

BUT,

But, beſides the diſadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent ſtations, my caſe is, in this reſpect, peculiarly hard—that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important ſervices of his anceſtors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his intereſt, to ſcreen him from condign puniſhment, my whole ſafety depends upon myſelf; which renders it the more indiſpenſably neceſſary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

Beſides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other conſiderations, favour my pretenſions, the patricians want nothing ſo much as an occaſion againſt me. It is, therefore, my fixed reſolution, to uſe my beſt endeavours, that you be not diſappointed in me, and that their indirect deſigns againſt me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your intereſt, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for no reward but that of honor. It is not my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But, where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honorable body? a perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but—of no experience!

What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors, or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues, do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus, your patrician general would in fact have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a plebeian.

So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myſelf,

known

known thoſe who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

I SUBMIT to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between patrician haughtineſs and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth: I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me; want of perſonal worth, againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man.

SUPPOSE it were inquired of the fathers of ſuch patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine: what would they anſwer, but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors, whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue.

Do they envy the honors beſtowed upon me? let them envy, likewiſe, my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honors you can beſtow; whilſt they aſpire to honors, as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue.

THEY lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleaſures of luxury. Yet none can be more laviſh than they are in praiſe of their anceſtors. And they imagine they honor themſelves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed for

their virtues, ſo much are they diſgraced by their vices.

THE glory of anceſtors caſt a light, indeed, upon their poſterity; but it only ſerves to ſhow what the deſcendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boaſt of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may anſwer the cavils of the patricians by ſtanding up in defence of what I have myſelf done.

OBSERVE now, my countrymen, the injuſtice of the patricians. They arrogate to themſelves honors on account of exploits done by their forefathers, whilſt they will not allow me the due praiſe for performing the very ſame ſort of actions in my own perſon. He has no ſtatues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of anceſtors.—What then? Is it matter of more praiſe to diſgrace one's illuſtrious anceſtors, than to become illuſtrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can ſhow no ſtatues of my family? I can ſhow the ſtandards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myſelf taken from the vanquiſhed; I can ſhow the ſcars of thoſe wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country.

THESE are my ſtatues. Theſe are the honors I boaſt of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abſtinence, by valour; amidſt clouds of duſt and ſeas of blood: ſcenes of action, where thoſe effeminate patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your eſteem, have never dared to ſhew their faces.

SPEECH OF PUBLIUS SCIPIO TO THE ROMAN ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE TICIN.

WERE you, ſoldiers, the ſame army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear ſaying any thing to you at this time: for what occaſion could there be to uſe exhortation to a cavalry that had

had ſo ſignally vanquiſhed the ſquadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that ſame enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confeſs themſelves conquered?

But as theſe troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auſpices (as was the will of the ſenate and people of Rome), I, that you might have a conſul for your captain againſt Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myſelf for this war. You, then, have a new general, and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unſeaſonable.

That you may not be unappriſed of what ſort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very ſame, whom, in a former war, you vanquiſhed both by land and ſea; the ſame from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been theſe twenty years your tributaries.

You will not, I preſume, march againſt theſe men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, ſuch as you would feel if you ſaw your ſlaves on a ſudden riſe up in arms againſt you. Conquered and enſlaved, it is not boldneſs, but neceſſity, that urges them to battle; unleſs you can believe that thoſe who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loſs of two-thirds of their horſe and foot in the paſſage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of ſtout hearts and robuſt bodies, heroes of ſuch ſtrength and vigour as nothing is able to reſiſt.—Mere effigies! nay, ſhadows of men! wretches emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruiſed and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken and their horſes weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and ſuch the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies.

There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that

that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquiſhed by the Alps before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it ſhould be ſo; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themſelves, without man's help, ſhould begin the war, and bring it to a near concluſion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, ſhould happily finiſh what they have begun.

I NEED not be in any fear that you ſhould ſuſpect me of ſaying theſe things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different ſentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I ſhould have had the leſs dreaded Aſdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But, hearing, as I paſſed along the coaſt of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, ſent the horſe forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could uſe in ſo long a voyage by ſea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps.

WAS it, then, my inclination to avoid a conteſt with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpoſe to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within theſe twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the ſame ſort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom, at Eryx, you ſuffered to redeem themſelves at eighteen denarii *per* head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vaſſal, a ſlave of the Roman people.

DID not the conſciouſneſs of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him deſperate, he would have ſome regard, if not to his conquered country, yet ſurely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty

treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have ſtarved him in Eryx; we might have paſſed into Africa with our victorious fleet, and, in a few days, have deſtroyed Carthage.

AT their humble ſupplication, we pardoned them; we releaſed them when they were cloſely ſhut up without a poſſibility of eſcaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered. When they were diſtreſſed by the African war, we conſidered them, we treated them as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all theſe favours! Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither, to overturn our ſtate, and lay waſte our country.

I COULD wiſh, indeed, that it were not ſo; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preſervation. But the conteſt at preſent is not for the poſſeſſion of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itſelf: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we ſhould not prove the conquerors, may make head againſt our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to paſs, which might give us leiſure to raiſe new forces. No, ſoldiers; here you muſt make your ſtand, as if you were juſt now before the walls of Rome.

LET every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own perſon only, but his wife, his children, his helpleſs infants. Yet, let not private conſiderations alone poſſeſs our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the ſenate and people of Rome are upon us, and that, as our force and courage ſhall now prove, ſuch will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

SPEECH OF HANNIBAL TO THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I KNOW not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas encloſe you on the

right and left; not a ſhip to fly to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here, then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die the very firſt hour you meet the enemy.

But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes the moſt glorious rewards of victory. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet, what are thoſe? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of all nations; all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours.

The time is now come to reap the full recompenſe of your toilſome marches, over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompenſe of your completed ſervice.

For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened, that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle; and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war, for twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious?

And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or

Or ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general; ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations; but, which is greater ſtill, of the Alps themſelves; ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom, ſhould one place the two armies without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul.

I esteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men ſtrangers to one another.

On what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength. A veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry; you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge.—Firſt, they demanded me, that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures.

Proud and cruel nation! Every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! You are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace! You are to ſet us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed! "Paſs not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a ſtep towards that city."

Is

Is it a ſmall matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well; we ſhall yield Spain, and then—you will paſs into Africa.——Will paſs, did I ſay?—this very year they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our ſwords.

COME on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more ſafety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and, once again, I ſay you are conquerors.

CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate,—that, in proſecutions men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted.

THERE is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope, of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons: but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres.

I DEMAND juſtice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treaſury, the oppreſſor of Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the ſcourge and curſe of Sicily. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve,

your

your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point,—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe, was not a criminal nor a proſecutor, but juſtice and adequate puniſhment.

To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer, a conſul ſtripped and betrayed, an army deſerted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of thoſe countries? in which houſes, cities, and temples, were robbed by him.

WHAT was his conduct in this prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs. How did he diſcharge the office of a judge? Let thoſe who ſuffered by his injuſtice anſwer. But this prætorſhip in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument of his infamy.

THE miſchiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men.

HIS nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years. And his deciſions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious

duſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned and baniſhed unheard.

THE harbours, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The ſoldiery and ſailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, ſtarved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the provinces, ſuffered to periſh. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples ſtripped of the images.

HAVING, by his iniquitous ſentences, filled the priſons with the moſt induſtrious and deſerving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be ſtrangled in the jails; ſo that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the moſt diſtant regions, and among the moſt barbarous people, been a protection, was of no ſervice to them; but, on the contrary, brought a ſpeedier and more ſevere puniſhment upon them.

I ASK now, VERRES, what you have to advance againſt this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing falſe, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged againſt you? Had any prince, or any ſtate, committed the ſame outrage againſt the privilege of Roman citizens, ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for declaring immediate war againſt them? What puniſhment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater diſtance than Sicily, within ſight of the Italian coaſt, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having aſſerted his privilege of citizenſhip, and declared his intention of appealing to the juſtice of his country againſt a cruel oppreſſor,

oppreſſor, who had unjuſtly confined him in priſon at Syracuſe, whence he had juſt made his eſcape? The unhappy man, arreſted as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor.

WITH eyes darting fury, and a countenance diſtorted with cruelty, he orders the helpleſs victim of his rage to be ſtripped, and rods to be brought; accuſing him, but without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, or even of ſuſpicion, of having come to Sicily as a ſpy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have ſerved under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will atteſt my innocence." The blood-thirſty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted.

THUS, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging; whilſt the only words he uttered amidſt his cruel ſufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy. But of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the croſs!—

O LIBERTY!—O ſound once delightful to every Roman ear! O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip!—once ſacred!—now trampled upon!—but what then!—Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who, in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance?

I CONCLUDE with expreſſing my hopes, that your wiſdom and juſtice, fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious

atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confuſion.

GALGACUS, THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONIANS, TO HIS ARMY.

COUNTRYMEN, AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS,

WHEN I conſider the cauſe, for which we have drawn our ſwords, and the neceſſity of ſtriking an effectual blow, before we ſheathe them again, I feel joyful hopes ariſing in my mind, that this day an opening will be made for the reſtoration of Britiſh liberty, and for ſhaking off the infamous yoke of Roman ſlavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-graſping power of Rome has not yet been able to ſeize our liberty. But it is to be preſerved only by valour.

YOU are not to expect to eſcape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any ſentiment of juſtice in them. When the countries which are more acceſſible have been ſubdued, they will then force their way into thoſe which are harder to be overcome. And if they ſhould conquer the dry land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to ſee whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under ſubjection to the Roman empire.

FOR we ſee that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it becauſe the conqueſt will be glorious; if inconſiderable in the military art, becauſe the victory will be eaſy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the deſire of fame.

THE eaſt, and the weſt, the ſouth and the north, the face of the whole earth is the ſcene of their military achievements. The world is too little for their ambition,

and

and their avarice. Their ſupreme joy ſeems to be ravaging, fighting, and ſhedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, ſo that there are none left alive to bear arms, they ſay they have given peace to that country.

NATURE itſelf has peculiarly endeared to all men, their wives, and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off to ſupply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the ſiſters, and the daughters of the conquered are either expoſed to the violence, or at leaſt corrupted by the arts of thoſe cruel ſoldiers. The fruits of our induſtry are plundered, to make up the tributes impoſed on us by oppreſſive avarice. Britons ſow their fields, and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them with abuſe and ſtripes.

THOSE who are born to ſlavery are bought and maintained by their maſter; but this unhappy country pays for being enſlaved, and feeds thoſe who enſlave it. And our portion of diſgrace is the bittereſt, as the inhabitants of this iſland are the laſt who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent againſt tyranny, is the offence which moſt ſenſibly irritates thoſe lordly uſurpers.

OUR diſtance from the ſeat of government, and our natural defence by the ſurrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their ſuſpicions: for they know that Britons are born with an inſtinctive love of liberty; and they conclude that we muſt naturally be led to think of taking the advantage of our detached ſituation, to diſengage ourſelves, one time or other, from their oppreſſion.

THUS, my countrymen, and fellow-ſoldiers, ſuſpected and hated as we ever muſt be by the Romans, there is no proſpect of our enjoying even a tolerable ſtate of bondage under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is ſacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, reſolve to exert ourſelves, if not for glory, at leaſt

for ſafety; if not in vindication of Britiſh honor, at leaſt in defence of our lives.

But, after all, who are theſe mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourſelves? Do we not ſee that they fall into the ſame errors and weakneſſes, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonneſs enervate them? Do they not even go to exceſs in the moſt unmanly vices? And can you imagine that they who are remarkable for their vices, are likewiſe remarkable for their valour? What then do we dread? Shall I tell you the truth, my fellow-ſoldiers? It is by means of our inteſtine diviſions, that the Romans have gained ſuch great advantage over us. They turn the miſconduct of their enemies to their own praiſe. They boaſt of what they have done, and ſay nothing of what we might have done, had we been ſo wiſe, as to unite againſt them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not compoſed of a mixture of people from different countries; ſome more, ſome leſs, capable of bearing fatigue and hardſhip. They keep together while they are ſucceſsful. Attack them with vigour; diſtreſs them: you will ſee them more diſunited than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and with ſhame I muſt add, Britons, who baſely lend their limbs, and lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine that theſe will be longer enemies than ſlaves? or that ſuch an army is held together by ſentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And whenever terror ceaſes to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they who now fear, will then hate, their tyrannical maſters.

On our ſide there is every poſſible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thoughts of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have not parents, as we have, to reproach them if they ſhould deſert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners,

reigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the ſurrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without any poſſibility of eſcape.

LET not the ſound of the Roman name affright your ears, nor let the glare of gold or ſilver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or ſilver, that men are either wounded or defended: though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this diſunited rabble. We ſhall find among themſelves a reinforcement to our army.

THE degenerate Britons, who are incorporated into their forces, will through ſhame of their country's cauſe deſerted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forſake their tyrants, and join the aſſertors of freedom. The Germans who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen who ſo lately deſerted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half-garriſoned forts; a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men; diſcord univerſally prevailing, occaſioned by tyranny in thoſe who command, and obſtinacy in thoſe who ſhould obey.

ON our ſide an army united in the cauſe of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope I do not offend againſt modeſty in ſaying there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, ſuch as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I CONCLUDE, my countrymen, and fellow-ſoldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your ſubjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous conſequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your anceſtors—and think of your poſterity.

BRUTUS's

BRUTUS'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, AND LOVERS!

HEAR me, for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honor; and have reſpect to mine honor, that you may believe. Cenſure me, in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge.

IF there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him.

THERE are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.——

NONE?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffered death.

HERE comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you ſhall not? With this I depart—That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRiends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honorable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe.
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him!
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon.—Bear with me.—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now,
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;—
See what a rent the envious Caſca made.——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.
Judge, oh ye pow'rs! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls; what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd as you ſee, by traitors.——

Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To any ſudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honorable;
And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

SUBMISSION; COMPLAINT; INTREATING.

THE SPEECH OF SENECA, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO NERO.

MAY it pleaſe the imperial majeſty of Cæſar favourably to accept the humble ſubmiſſions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth.

IT is now a great many years ſince I firſt had the honor of attending your imperial majeſty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with ſuch affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reaſon to expect, the envy of many of thoſe perſons, who are always ready to preſcribe to their prince where to beſtow, and where to withhold his favours.

IT is well known, that your illuſtrious anceſtor, Auguſtus, beſtowed on his deſerving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honors and emoluments, ſuitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the ſervices of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majeſty has, indeed, been purely domeſtic: I have neither headed your armies, nor aſſiſted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are ſome who do not ſeem to attend to it) that a prince may be ſerved in different ways, ſome more, others leſs conſpicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former. "BUT

"BUT what!" ſay my enemies, "ſhall a private perſon, of equeſtrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upſtart, of no name or family, rank with thoſe who can, by the ſtatues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of anceſtors, long enough to tire out the faſti?*

"SHALL a philoſopher, who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himſelf live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchaſe eſtates, and lay out money at intereſt? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expenſe, and for his own pleaſure."

CÆSAR has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince beſtowed; nor did he ever aſk: he is only guilty of—not refuſing. Cæſar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to deſpiſe the envious. As the overloaded ſoldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, ſo I, in this laſt ſtage of the journey of life, now that I find myſelf unequal to the lighteſt cares, beg, that Cæſar would kindly eaſe me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beſeech him to reſtore to the imperial treaſury, from whence it came, what is to me ſuperfluous and cumbrous.

THE time and the attention, which I am now obliged to beſtow upon my villa and my gardens, I ſhall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæſar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodneſs will grant to his worn-out ſervant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he beſtowed favours on ſome, who, ſo far from being intoxicated with them, ſhewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own requeſt) diveſted of them.

SPEECH

* Calendars or almanacks, containing tables of kings, conſuls, &c.

SPEECH OF THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER, WHO WAS PREPARING WAR AGAINST THEM.

IF your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt, at the ſame time. You graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia: from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue nature.

BUT have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? Have you reflected that great trees are many years growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care, leſt, while you ſtrive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and ruſt conſumes the hardneſs of iron.

THERE is nothing ſo ſtrong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wiſdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: Why ſhould you attack Scythia? We inhabit vaſt deſerts, and pathleſs woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not diſpoſed to ſubmit to ſlavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.

THAT you may underſtand the genius of the Scythians, we preſent you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We uſe theſe reſpectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn which we raiſe by the labour of our oxen.

oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies.

We have conquered thoſe who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewiſe the kings of the Medes and Perſians, when they made unjuſt war upon us; and we have opened to ourſelves a way into Egypt.

You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia: you have ſeized Syria: you are maſter of Perſia: you have ſubdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger, by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgotten how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? While you were ſubduing them, the Sogdians revolted.

Your victories ſerve no other purpoſe, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the buſineſs of every conqueſt is two-fold; to win and to preſerve. And though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible. For what people chooſes to be under foreign dominion?

If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another buſineſs. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous ſpoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurpriſe you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no leſs vigour than they fly.

Why ſhould we put you in mind of the vaſtneſs of the country you will have to conquer? The deſerts of

Scythia

Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep, with ſtrict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may loſe what you have.

We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, "That fortune has no feet; and is furniſhed only with hands, to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the graſp of thoſe to whom ſhe has been bountiful."

You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Hammon. It ſuits the character of a god to beſtow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhew more wiſdom than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf.

You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon.

If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing. But it is in vain that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people. There can be no ſincere friendſhip between the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed. Even in peace the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former.

We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by ſigning, ſealing, and taking the gods to witneſs, as is the Grecian cuſtom; but by doing actual ſervices. The Scythians are not uſed to promiſe, but to perform without promiſing. And they think an appeal to the gods ſuperfluous; for that thoſe who have no regard for the eſteem of men, will not heſitate to offend the gods by perjury.

You

You may therefore conſider with yourſelf, whether you had better have a people of ſuch a character (and ſo ſituated, as to have it in their power either to ſerve or to annoy you, according as you treat them) for allies, or for enemies.

SPEECH OF MR. HARTLEY, IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON LORD NORTH'S PROHIBITORY BILL. 1775.

SIR,

UPON this pauſe which is offered to you by the return of this bill from the Lords, I confeſs that I feel a kind of ſuperſtition to wiſh for one laſt word to deprecate the fatal blow, and that our unremitted oppoſition and remonſtrance from the firſt to the very laſt ſtage of this bill may remain as a memorial, that ſome of us, at leaſt, lament this fatal ſeparation of America with an affectionate regret.

WE are overpowered by numbers, and all our entreaties and remonſtrances are in vain. An inflexible majority in Parliament have now declared America to be an independent, hoſtile State. Diſputes originally between adminiſtration and America, are become, through miniſterial influence, the ground of a parliamentary war with America. The ſenſe of the nation is not with that war, and I truſt it never will be.

HOWEVER ſpeaking in Parliament to miniſters who ſeem determined to drive all things to extremities, I muſt aſk whether you are to expect that while you burn their towns, take or deſtroy their ſhips, and property, they will ſit with their arms folded, or whether they will not be driven to repel injury by injury.

You have found their active powers of defence by the experience of the laſt campaign, when by your orders the ſhedding of the firſt civil blood was precipitated on the fatal 19th of April, before your pretended conciliatory

ciliatory motion could be propoſed to any of the American aſſemblies?

When the provincials ſhall hear the fate of their late and laſt petition, and when they ſee all proſpect of peace become deſperate, what can you expect but that they ſhould exert every power to deſtroy your land forces in America during the ſeverity of the winter, before you can ſupport or relieve them?

Who will be anſwerable for theſe things? When this bill of rapine, which now lies before you, ſhall get to them, they will ſet themſelves to retaliate upon your fleet. Your land force has been diſgraced and annihilated in the firſt campaign, notwithſtanding all your boaſtings; are we not then to expect, that thoſe miniſters of vengeance who ſhall preſs on a naval war with America, ſhall be reſponſible to their country, for the conſequences of their head-ſtrong and wilful meaſures, if the navy of this country ſhould be brought to diſgrace and defeat?

Weigh the conſequences. If you ſend large ſhips they will not be able to act. If ſmall ones, may they not be overpowered?—Conſider the diſtance of your operations. Every port in America will be a Dunkirk to you. We know their ſkill and bravery as privateers in the laſt war. In any caſe you are laying the foundations of an hoſtile marine in America, which has been, and ought to be the ſource of the marine of Great-Britain.

I cannot be an adviſer, or a well-wiſher to any of the vindictive operations of the adminiſtration againſt America, becauſe I think the cauſe unjuſt; but at the ſame time I muſt be equally earneſt to ſecure Britiſh property and intereſts from deſtruction; neither a victory of Great-Britain over America, nor of America over Great-Britain, can afford to us any matter of triumph. Both are equally deſtructive.

If nothing can abate your fury againſt the Americans in this miniſterial war, we ſhall expect at leaſt that you ſhould guard our own vulnerable parts. Are you guarded at Newfoundland? Are you prepared againſt any

expedition of retaliation if the provincials ſhould meditate any thing to the deſtruction of your fiſheries there?

ADMINISTRATION have been the aggreſſors in every thing, ſtep by ſtep. By this fatal bill of ſeparation you now declare the Americans to be enemies in form, therefore it is yourſelves that force upon them the rights of enemies. You muſt now be reſponſible to your country for the events of your own war, to which they have been ſo reluctant and you ſo precipitate. When this country ſhall open its eyes, to ſee and feel the conſequences, they will know of whom to require an account.

SIR, I ſhall now move you, inſtead of agreeing to the amendments of the Lords, to adjourn the conſideration of them for ſix months; I confeſs with very little hopes of averting this bill, but from a ſuperſtitious feeling in my mind, to perform the laſt ceremonial office of affection and everlaſting farewell to peace, and to America.

THE fate of America is caſt. You may bruiſe its heel, but you cannot cruſh its head. It will revive again. The new world is before them. Liberty is theirs. They have poſſeſſion of a free government, their birth-right and inheritance, derived to them from their parent ſtate, which the hand of violence cannot wreſt from them. If you will caſt them off, my laſt wiſh is for them; may they go on and proſper. When the final period of this once happy country ſhall overtake ourſelves, either through tumult or tyranny, may another Phœnix riſe out of our aſhes!

THE NATURE AND EFFECTS OF ARBITRARY POWER.

CAN we forbear weeping for human nature, or bluſhing for its degradation, when we trace the footſteps of lawleſs and deſpotic power in a mortal man intoxicated with it. It often, indeed, claims a divine original,

original, and impudently ſupports itſelf not barely on the permiſſion of Him "whoſe tender mercies are over all his works;" though it exactly reſembles the grand adverſary of God and man, and is only a "roaring lion that ſeeketh whom he may devour."

It covets every thing without bounds; it graſps every thing without pity: It riots on the ſpoils of innocence and induſtry; it is proud to annihilate the rights of mankind, to deſtroy the faireſt conſtitutions of wiſdom, policy and juſtice, the broadeſt ſources of human happineſs.

While it enſlaves the bodies, it debaſes the minds of the offspring of God; in its progreſs it changes the very face of nature; it withers even the fruits of the earth, and fruſtrates the bounties of our common Parent. Before it is the garden of God; behind is a deſolate wilderneſs.

Happy people! who, not awed by the voice of a maſter; not chained by ſlaviſh cuſtoms, ſuperſtitions, and prejudices, have deliberately framed the conſtitution under which you chuſe to live, and are to be ſubject to no laws by which you do not conſent to bind yourſelves.

In ſuch an attitude human nature appears with its proper dignity; on ſuch a baſis, life, and all that ſweetens and adorns it, may reſt with as much ſecurity as human imperfection can admit. In ſuch a conſtitution we find a country deſerving to be loved, and worthy to be defended.

For what is our country? Is it a ſoil, of which, though we may be the preſent poſſeſſors, we can call no part our own? Or the air in which we firſt drew our breath, from which we may be deprived by the axe or the halter at the pleaſure of a tyrant?

Is not a country a conſtitution—an eſtabliſhed frame of laws; of which a man may ſay, "we are here united in ſociety for our common ſecurity and happineſs? Theſe fields and theſe fruits are my own. The regulations under which I live are my own. I am not only a proprietor in the ſoil, but I am part of the ſovereignty of my country."

Such

SUCH ought to be the community of men, and ſuch, adored be the goodneſs of the ſupreme Ruler of the world, ſuch, at preſent, is our own country.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS, ON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

MR. PRESIDENT,

THE great events on which my reſignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my ſincere congratulations to Congreſs, and of preſenting myſelf before them to ſurrender into their hands the truſt committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the ſervice of my country.

HAPPY in the confirmation of our independence and ſovereignty—and pleaſed with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a reſpectable nation—I reſign, with ſatisfaction, the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accompliſh ſo arduous a taſk, which, however, was ſuperſeded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cauſe, the ſupport of the ſupreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

THE ſucceſsful termination of the war has verified the moſt ſanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interpoſition of Providence, and the aſſiſtance I have received from my countrymen, increaſes with every review of the momentous conteſt.

WHILE I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I ſhould do injuſtice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar ſervices and diſtinguiſhed merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my perſon during the war. It was impoſſible the choice of confidential officers to compoſe my family, ſhould have been more fortunate: permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular thoſe who have continued

in

in the ſervice to the preſent moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of Congreſs.

I CONSIDER it as an indiſpenſible duty to cloſe this laſt ſolemn act of my official life, by commending the intereſts of our deareſt country to the protection of Almighty GOD, and thoſe who have the ſuperintendance of them to his holy keeping.

HAVING now finiſhed the work aſſigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this auguſt body, under whoſe orders I have ſo long acted, I here offer my commiſſion, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

City of Annapolis, Dec. 23, 1783.

ANSWER OF CONGRESS.

SIR,

THE United States in Congreſs aſſembled receive, with emotions too affecting for utterance, the ſolemn reſignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with ſucceſs, through a perilous and a doubtful war.

CALLED upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the ſacred charge before it had formed alliances, and while it was without funds, or a government to ſupport you.

You have conducted the great military conteſt with wiſdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all diſaſters and changes; you have, by the love and confidence of your fellow-citizens, enabled them to diſplay their martial genius, and tranſmit their fame to poſterity; you have perſevered, till theſe United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a juſt Providence, to cloſe the war in freedom, ſafety, and independence; on which happy event we ſincerely join you in congratulations.

HAVING defended the ſtandard of liberty in this new world—having taught a leſſon uſeful to thoſe who inflict, and to thoſe who feel oppreſſion, you retire from the great theatre of action, with the bleſſings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command: it will continue to animate remoteſt ages.

WE feel, with you, our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourſelves with the intereſts of thoſe confidential officers, who have attended your perſon to this affecting moment.

WE join with you in commending the intereſts of our country to the protection of Almighty GOD, beſeeching him to diſpoſe the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them, of becoming a happy and reſpectable nation; and for you, we addreſs to him our earneſt prayers, that a life ſo beloved may be foſtered with all his care: that your days may be happy as they have been illuſtrious; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give.

SPEECH OF M. DE LA FAYETTE, TO THE MUNICIPALITY OF PARIS,

In anſwer to their requeſt that he would reſume the command of the National Guards which he had reſigned: delivered the 22d of April, 1791.

IT is with pleaſure, Gentlemen, that I come to meet you here, as every time I look around this hall, the various objects that meet my eye recal to my memory the recent teſtimony of your eſteem, which you in this place conferred upon me, and which is not loſt upon the ſenſibility of a heart, the firſt wiſh of which, after ſerving the people, is that of being beloved by them; and which is aſtoniſhed at the conſequence you now deign to affix to an individual in a free country, where

nothing but the law ought to be conſidered as important.

If my conduct on the preſent occaſion were not regulated by far other ſentiments than thoſe of gratitude and affection, I ſhould make no other anſwer to the ſorrow expreſſed by you and the National Guards at my reſignation, than by yielding to your earneſt and preſſing intreaties; but as in this affair I have not been actuated by any perſonal motives, ſo, amidſt the commotions with which we are at preſent ſurrounded, it is not by private and particular ſentiments that my inclinations are to be determined.

I do not think that the National Guards, of whom a great and reſpectable majority was ever inacceſſible to the ſeductions of licentiouſneſs and of party, have ſeen with indifference the cauſe of my late diſcouragement. Conſtitutional authorities have been diſowned; my orders diſregarded, and the public force has been oppoſed to the execution of the laws, with the protection of which it is now entruſted.

We are citizens; we are freemen; but, without obedience to the law, there will be nothing but confuſion, anarchy, and deſpotiſm! and if this capital, the cradle of liberty, and the revolution, inſtead of ſurrounding the depoſitaries of the national power with reſpectful attention, ſhall beſiege them with tumults, or fatigue them with violence, PARIS will ceaſe to be an example to the French nation; nay, it may become their terror.

In the mean time, while I acknowledge the many affectionate marks of eſteem which I have received, let me obſerve, that too much reſpect has been ſhewn to me, and too little to the laws. It is with the moſt tender and ſolacing emotions that I am convinced of the regard of my fellow-ſoldiers; but I do not yet know to what extent they will cheriſh thoſe principles which form the foundation of national liberty.

I beg leave to depoſit with you this ſincere and open avowal of my ſentiments, and requeſt you to make them known to the National Guards, from whom I have received

ceived with the moſt lively pleaſure, ſuch freſh teſtimonies of friendſhip; with whom I ſhall, on every occaſion, ſhew myſelf a brother volunteer, equally affectionate and grateful.

I ONCE more avow, that were I again induced to take the command, it would be abſolutely neceſſary for me to be aſſured, that they unanimouſly believe the fate of the conſtitution to be intimately connected with, and indiſſolubly attached to the due execution of the laws, the ſole ſovereign of a free people; and that the liberty of the ſubject, the ſecurity of private property, the free and undiſturbed enjoyment of religious tenets, whatever they may be, and reſpect to all lawful authority, ought to be equally ſacred and inviolable as my own perſon.

IT is not only courage and vigilance that we ſtand in need of, but alſo unanimity in thoſe principles which I have juſt recounted; and I have thought, and ſtill continue to think, that the conſtitution will be likely to be more benefited by the well-weighed reſignation I have delivered to you, than by my acquieſcence in the ſolicitations with which you have deigned to honor me.

SPEECH OF MR. PITT, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, GREAT-BRITAIN, IN COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE, ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

SIR,

WHILE I regret the ill ſucceſs which has hitherto attended my efforts on this ſubject, I am conſoled with the thought that the Houſe has now come to a reſolution declarative of the infamy of the Slave Trade—that all parties have concurred in reprobating it—that even its advocates have been compelled to acknowledge its infamy.

THE queſtion is only, now, on the continuance of this traffic—a traffic of which the very thought is beyond all human endurance—a traffic which even its friends

friends think ſo intolerable that it ought to be cruſhed. Yet the abolition of it is to be reſolved into a queſtion of expediency! Its advocates, in order to continue it, have deſerted even the principles of commerce; ſo that, it ſeems, a traffic in the liberty, the blood, the life of human beings, is not to have the advantages of the common rules of arithmetic which govern all other commercial dealings.

THE point now in diſpute is the continuance for one year. As to thoſe who are concerned in the trade, a year will not be of much conſequence;—but will it be of none to the unhappy ſlaves? It is true, that in the courſe of commercial concerns in general, it is ſaid ſometimes to be beneath the magnanimity of a man of honor, to inſiſt on a ſcrupulous exactneſs, in his own favour, upon a diſputed item in accounts;—but does it make any part of our magnanimity to be exact in our own favour in the traffic of human blood? If I could feel that any calculation upon the ſubject were to be made in this way, the ſide on which I ſhould determine, would be in favour of the unhappy ſufferers—not of thoſe who oppreſſed them.

BUT this one year is only to ſhew the planters that Parliament is willing to be liberal to them!—Sir, I do not underſtand the complimenting away the lives of ſo many human beings. I do not comprehend the principle on which a few individuals are to be complimented, and their minds ſet at reſt, at the expenſe and total ſacrifice of the intereſt, the ſecurity, the happineſs of a whole quarter of this world, which, from our foul practices, has, for a vaſt length of time, been a ſcene of miſery and horror. I ſay, becauſe I feel, that in continuing this trade, you are guilty of an offence beyond your power to atone for,—and by your indulgence to the planters, thouſands of human beings are to be conſigned to miſery.

EVERY year in which you continue this trade, you add thouſands to the catalogue of miſery, which, if you could behold in a ſingle inſtance, you would revolt with horror from the ſcene; but the ſize of the miſery pre-

vents

vents you from beholding it. Five hundred out of one thouſand that are obtained in this traffic, periſh in this ſcene of horror; are brought miſerable victims to their graves.

The remaining part of this wretched group are tainted both in body and mind, covered with diſeaſe and infection, tainting the very earth on which they tread, and the air in which they breathe,—carrying with them the ſeeds of peſtilence and inſurrection to your iſlands.

Let me then aſk the Houſe, whether they can derive any advantage from theſe doubtful effects of a calculation on the continuance of the traffic? and whether two years will not be better than three for its continuance? For my part, I feel the infamy of the trade ſo heavily, the impolicy of it ſo clearly, that I am aſhamed not to have been able to have convinced the Houſe to abandon it altogether at an inſtant—to pronounce with one voice the immediate and total abolition. There is no excuſe for us, ſeeing this infernal traffic as we do. It is the very death of juſtice to utter a ſyllable in ſupport of it.

I know, Sir, I ſtate this ſubject with warmth—I feel it is impoſſible for me not to do ſo—or if it were, I ſhould deteſt myſelf for the exerciſe of moderation. I cannot, without ſuffering every feeling and every paſſion that ought to riſe in the cauſe of humanity to ſleep within me, ſpeak coolly upon ſuch a ſubject. And did they feel as I think they ought, I am ſure the deciſion of the Houſe would be with us for a total and immediate abolition of this abominable traffic.

In ſhort, unleſs I have miſunderſtood the ſubject, and unleſs ſome reaſons ſhould be offered, much ſuperior to any I have yet heard, I ſhall think it the moſt ſingular act that ever was done by a deliberative aſſembly, to refuſe to aſſent to the propoſed amendment.—It has been by a reſolution declared to be the firſt object of their deſire, the firſt object of their duty, and the firſt object of their inclination.

SKETCHES OF A DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE SALARIES OF THE JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

ON motion of Mr. Goodhue to ſtrike out 4500 dollars, the propoſed ſalary of the Chief Juſtice, and to inſert 3000.

MR. LAWRANCE.

MR. SPEAKER,

I HAVE been decidedly in favour of the ſum as it now ſtands, and am ſo ſtill. I do not think it too large, conſidering the very important nature of the duties aſſigned to this officer, and the high truſt repoſed in him. The laws and the conſtitution of the United States are in his hands.

To the Judges of the Supreme Court we are to look for deciſions on the moſt intereſting points, and on thoſe deciſions cauſes of the greateſt poſſible magnitude depend. The ſum propoſed I do not think will be conſidered too large: there is among the people a predilection in favour of their Judges, and it is the general opinion that they ſhould be well paid.

THIS ſentiment is honorary to the people; it is productive of the happieſt effects, and ought to be encouraged. I am willing to riſk my popularity in giving my vote for this ſum, and I ſhould rather be for increaſing than diminiſhing it. When we conſider what is paid to ſimilar officers in other countries, we find that theſe ſalaries bear no proportion to thoſe allowances.

To induce gentlemen of the firſt abilities to come forward; and to place them in that ſituation which ſhall be above temptation, you cannot give them a leſs ſum. It will be of very little conſequence that the Judges hold their places during good behaviour, if you do not make them independent in their ſalaries. I hope therefore the ſum will not be ſtruck out. MR.

MR. GOODHUE.

SIR,

I DO not think there is any propriety in referring to other countries for examples on this occaſion. Circumſtances do not apply. We muſt have regard to the ideas of our own people, and to the circumſtances of our own country. The only inquiry, in my opinion, is, what has been cuſtomary, and what may be neceſſary in the preſent caſe.

WE find that the ſalaries which are given in particular ſtates, though in ſome inſtances they are certainly below what they ought to be, yet command the beſt abilities. The ſum propoſed in the bill is ſo much beyond all example in any of the States, that it will be conſidered as beyond the ability of the people.

THE grants we have already made, are in general ſo high, and will excite ſo much uneaſineſs, that I was in hopes that we ſhould not proceed one ſtep further in that line of policy.—I hope, Sir, the motion will obtain.

MR. AMES.

SIR,

I HAVE frequently heard in this Houſe abſtract reaſonings upon the ſubject of ſalaries and compenſations: but for my own part I think ſuch reaſonings have very little to do in the buſineſs. The only inquiry is, what ſalary is neceſſary to command the firſt abilities in the reſpective States. The gentlemen from various quarters can determine with a good degree of preciſion for themſelves. I think I can ſpeak for the four New-England States—and ſuppoſe that 1500 dollars per annum would be an object to excite the attention of men of the firſt abilities in thoſe States, and to induce them to make the greateſt exertions to qualify themſelves for this office. I hope, Sir, the motion for ſtriking out the ſum will obtain.

MR. JACKSON.

SIR,

THERE is no doubt but Judges may be obtained for £.500; but what kind of law—what deciſions will

you

you get from ſuch Judges? There are lawyers in ſome of the States, who make from 1500 to 2000 guineas a year by their great abilities. Will ſuch men relinquiſh their emoluments for the honor of ſerving the United States? We are told that many gentlemen have already declined public appointments on account of the ſmallneſs of the ſalaries.

We ought to conſider the great importance of this officer—that the lives, the property, and rights of the citizens are to depend on his deciſions—that the diſputes between the different States are to be finally ſettled in this court—that the preſervation of the conſtitution of the United States and of the individual States depends in great meaſure on the wiſdom, impartiality, and independency of this officer; and that, in caſes of impeachment, the Preſident of the United States is to be tried by him. From theſe conſiderations, the firſt abilities ſhould be required,—an ample and generous allowance ought to be given, ſo that every poſſible inducement to an undue bias and influence may be taken away.

MR. SMITH.

SIR,

I AM oppoſed to a reduction of the ſum. It has been conſidered by ſome that low ſalaries are republican: but I am of a different opinion: if you reduce your officers to a ſcanty allowance, you depreciate the government you have eſtabliſhed. It is a matter of the firſt importance to hold out ſuch inducements as may influence men of the firſt abilities to accept of the appointment. I conſider the judicial department as the ſheet-anchor of the conſtitution.—A department of the firſt conſequence to the Union.—A department which in all civilized countries is placed in an eligible and independent ſituation.

MR. MADISON.

SIR,

I AM fully ſenſible of the importance of rendering the judicial department reſpectable, and by filling it with men of the beſt abilities. It ought too to be

conſidered, that theſe Judges muſt make a new acquiſition of legal knowledge. They muſt have a familiar acquaintance with the laws of every State. They muſt underſtand the nature of treaties, and eſpecially the treaties now ſubſiſting between theſe States and foreign countries. Theſe ſtudies will abſorb much of their time.

WHEN we conſider the duties that will devolve upon them, they ſtrike the mind as being of the greateſt magnitude. They are the guardians of the laws and of the conſtitution of the United States—and, I truſt, of the individual States alſo.

WHEN we conſider the great and important cauſes which are to come under their cognizance, in which opulent individuals will be parties, we muſt be ſtruck with the propriety of ſhielding theſe Judges from all poſſible aſſaults of temptation.—To theſe if we add important caſes of treaties, in which the greateſt intereſts will be involved, the idea will receive additional force. Upon the whole, conſidering the circumſtances of the people, I ſhall diſagree to the ſum propoſed by the committee, but at the ſame time I ſhall not agree to the propoſed reduction.

SKETCH OF THE DEBATE ON THE PROPOSITION TO MAKE A DISCRIMINATION BETWEEN THE PAY OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

JULY 16, 1789.

MR. JACKSON.

MR. SPEAKER,

WE have all alike abandoned our particular purſuits in life, and are all equally engaged in the ſervice of our country—and I can ſee no reaſon for making any difference. Can a Senator eat more—or does he drink better than a Repreſentative? I preſume not.

not. Their expenſes are equal. There is but one reaſon that can be aſſigned for this diſtinction; and that is, that the Senate may ſit longer than the Houſe; but as it muſt be conſidered that they will receive pay accordingly, this reaſon falls to the ground. The buſineſs of both houſes is the ſame, and the compenſation ought to be equal.

MR. LEE.

SIR,

THE conſtitution has made a difference, and, in my opinion, we ought to do it. There is a degree of refinement in the mode of electing Senators; and every encouragement ought to be given to obtain the firſt abilities. At preſent there may be young men in the Senate; but the time will come when our moſt honorable, grey-headed ſires, the experienced and wiſe men of our land, will fill thoſe ſeats. Old men are with difficulty brought into public life—every inducement ſhould therefore be held out.—The honor and dignity of our government is inſeparably connected with ſupporting, in a proper manner, this important branch of our legiſlature: the conſtitution warrants a diſtinction: it is founded on the beſt experience—I therefore give my hearty aſſent to the motion.

MR. WHITE.

SIR,

I AM oppoſed to a diſcrimination: I cannot ſee the difference in the conſtitution which the gentleman refers to. There was indeed an artificial and political diſtinction eſtabliſhed between the Senators and the people in ſome of the ancient commonwealths. This was the caſe at Rome particularly. The Senators were there conſidered as poſſeſſing a portion of divinity, and the reſt of the people were not ſuffered to mix with them.

BUT is it to be ſuppoſed that becauſe our Senators have the ſame name, they are of a ſuperior order to their fellow men? Whatever may be the ſentiment here, in the reſpective States there is no difference in the general eſtimation between a Senator and a Repreſentative,

ſentative, and why any diſcrimination ſhould be made in their allowances I cannot conceive.

THIS diſtinction will operate againſt the independence of the members of this Houſe, and may, in ſome future day, enable the Senate to carry points, by being able to prolong the ſeſſions when it may be greatly to the inconvenience of the Houſe.

MR. MADISON.

SIR,

I AM in favour of the diſcrimination. It is evidently contemplated by the conſtitution to hold out ſome diſtinction in favour of the Senate, as an inducement for men of ſtaid and fixed principles, whom habits of retirement might render averſe from the active ſcenes of public life, to devote the experience of years and the acquiſitions of ſtudy to the ſervice of their country:—except ſomething of this kind is done, we may find it difficult to obtain proper characters for the Senate, as men of enterpriſe and genius will naturally prefer a ſeat in the Houſe, which will be conſidered as a more conſpicuous ſituation.

MR. SENEY.

I AM ſorry, Sir, that the queſtion of diſcrimination has been brought before the Houſe. What reaſons can be aſſigned for making this diſtinction? Are the ſervices of the Senate greater than thoſe of the Repreſentatives? I think not. Gentlemen have brought forward the conſtitution upon this occaſion; but I conceive it is entirely oppoſed to the principle which they mean to advocate. The independence of the ſeveral branches is to be ſtrictly preſerved,—this will deſtroy that independence: If we eſtabliſh a diſcrimination in favour of the Senate, will it not naturally tend to create a ſenſe of inferiority in the minds of the Repreſentatives? and the time may come, when they may find it for their intereſt to be entirely ſubſervient to the views of the Senate. I feel, Sir, ſo ſenſibly the impropriety and unconſtitutionality of this meaſure, that if I had the ſmalleſt idea that it would comport with the ſentiments

of

of a majority of the members of this Houſe, I ſhould call for the ayes and noes upon the queſtion—but as I do not conceive that to be the caſe, I ſhall for the preſent wave the propoſition.

Mr. SEDGWICK.

SIR,

WHENEVER I have a motion to make in the Houſe, I endeavour to ſatisfy myſelf of the reaſonableneſs and propriety of the propoſition it contains: When its propriety is determined, the mode of deciſion I conſider as not of very material conſequence. But in determining the preſent queſtion I hope the ayes and noes will not be called.

THERE is a principle in human nature, which revolts at the idea of inferiority; hence when a propoſition is made which has for its object the eſtabliſhment of a ſuperiority, in whatever form you pleaſe, that principle is alarmed, and excited to oppoſition. But, in diſcuſſing ſuch a queſtion as the preſent, we ought to diveſt ourſelves of every partiality and prejudice which may tend to bias our judgment to a deciſion that will not bear the teſt of reaſon and experience.

THE conſtitution has, I conceive, plainly pointed out the precedence of the Senate. There are grades in ſociety which are neceſſary to their very exiſtence. This is a ſelf-evident propoſition—It is recognized by every civilized nation—It is recognized by this Houſe in the report before us. Why elſe have we made a difference between the Preſident and Vice-Preſident? Is it not on account of the ſuperior ſtation and dignity of the former? Why have we made a difference between the Vice-Preſident and the Senate?

THIS diſtinction is alſo eſtabliſhed in the difference of the terms for which the Senate and Houſe of Repreſentatives is choſen. The time for which the Senate is choſen, points out the propriety of a difference in the compenſation they ought to receive. The adminiſtration of the government will require that they ſhould more completely abſtract themſelves from perſonal purſuits. Their time will be almoſt wholly abſorbed by

an attention to public duties; they ſhould therefore have an adequate and independent allowance.

THEY will generally be of an age that will preclude them from all idea of ever engaging in their ſeveral profeſſions, after having once engaged in the ſervice of their country.—Their age, their wiſdom and experience, all warrant this diſcrimination, and for my own part, I am perſuaded of its policy and conſtitutionality. So far from thinking that the real dignity of the Houſe will be diminiſhed by adopting the propoſition, I conceive it to be eſſentially connected with it.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

Stock. MR. Belcour, I am rejoiced to ſee you; you are welcome to England.

Bel. I THANK you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long converſed at a diſtance: now we are met; and the pleaſure this meeting gives me, amply compenſates for the perils I have run through in accompliſhing it.

Stock. WHAT perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad paſſage at this time of the year.

Bel. NOR did we: courier like, we came poſting to your ſhores, upon the pinions of the ſwifteſt gales that ever blew; it is upon Engliſh ground all my difficulties have ariſen; it is my paſſage from the river-ſide I complain of.

Stock. AY, indeed! What obſtructions can you have met between this and the river ſide?

Bel. INNUMERABLE! your town's as full of defiles as the iſland of Corſica; and, I believe, they are as obſtinately defended; ſo much hurry, buſtle, and confuſion on your quays; ſo many ſugar-caſks, porter-butts, and common-council-men in your ſtreets, that unleſs a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock.

Stock. I AM ſorry you have been ſo incommoded.

Bel. WHY, indeed, it was all my own fault; accuſtomed to a land of ſlaves, and out of all patience with the whole tribe of cuſtom-houſe extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beſet me on all ſides, worſe than a ſwarm of muſquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to bruſh them away with my rattan; the ſturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob choſe different ſides, and a furious ſcuffle enſued; in the courſe of which my perſon and apparel ſuffered ſo much, that I was obliged to ſtep into the firſt tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. WELL, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough ſample you have had of my countrymen's ſpirit; but, I truſt, you will not think the worſe of them for it.

Bel. NOT at all, not at all; I like them the better; were I only a viſitor, I might perhaps wiſh them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-ſubject, and a ſharer in their freedom, I applaud their ſpirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone in my ſkin.—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the firſt time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain head of pleaſure, in the land of beauty, of arts and elegancies. My happy ſtars have given me a good eſtate, and the conſpiring winds have blown me hither to ſpend it.

Stock. To uſe it, not to waſte it, I ſhould hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vaſſal, over whom you have a wanton, deſpotic power, but as a ſubject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and reſtrained authority.

Bel. TRUE, Sir; moſt truly ſaid; mine's a commiſſion, not a right; I am the offspring of diſtreſs, and every child of ſorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my paſſions are my maſters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reaſon and to virtue nothing but my wiſhes and my ſighs.

Stock. COME, come; the man who can accuſe, corrects himſelf.

Bel.

Bel. AH! that is an office I am weary of; I wiſh a friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had leiſure for the employ; but did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the taſk ſo toilſome, as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. WELL, I am not diſcouraged; this candour tells me I ſhould not have the fault of ſelf-conceit to combat; that, at leaſt, is not among the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myſelf, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. AND, were I to chuſe a pupil, it ſhould be one of your complexion; ſo if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admiſſion, and enter upon a courſe of lectures directly.

Bel. WITH all my heart.

ON THE SUPERIOR VALUE OF SOLID ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CICERO AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Eſſe quam videri. SALL.

Cicero. MISTAKE me not. I know how to value the ſweet courteſies of life. Affability, attention, decorum of behaviour, if they have not been ranked by philoſophers among the virtues, are certainly related to them, and have a powerful influence in promoting ſocial happineſs. I have recommended them, as well as yourſelf. But I contend, and no ſophiſtry ſhall prevail upon me to give up this point, that, to be truly amiable, they muſt proceed from goodneſs of heart. Aſſumed by the artful to ſerve the purpoſes of private intereſt, they degenerate to contemptible grimace, and deteſtable hypocriſy.

Cheſt. EXCUSE me, my dear Cicero; I cannot enter farther

farther into the controverſy at preſent. I have a hundred engagements at leaſt; and ſee yonder my little elegant French Comteſſe. I promiſed her and myſelf the pleaſure of a promenade. Pleaſant walking enough in theſe elyſian groves. So much good company too, that if it were not that the canaille are apt to be troubleſome, I ſhould not much regret the diſtance from the Thuilleries. But adieu, mon cher amie, for I ſee Madame * * * is joining the party. Adieu, Adieu!

Cic. CONTEMPTIBLE wretch!

Cheſt. AH! what do I hear? Recollect that I am a man of honor, unuſed to the pity or the inſults of an upſtart. But perhaps your exclamation was not meant of me—If ſo, why——

Cic. I AM as little inclined to inſult as to flatter you. Your levity excited my indignation; but my compaſſion for the degeneracy of human nature, exhibited in your inſtance, abſorbs my contempt.

Cheſt. I COULD be a little angry, but, as bienſéance forbids it, I will be a philoſopher for once.—A-propos, pray how do you reconcile your—what ſhall I call it—your unſmooth addreſs to thoſe rules of decorum, that gentleneſs of manners, of which you ſay you know and teach the propriety as well as myſelf.

Cic. To confeſs the truth, I would not advance the arts of embelliſhment to extreme refinement. Ornamental education, or an attention to the graces, has a connexion with effeminacy. In acquiring the gentleman, I would not loſe the ſpirit of a man. There is a gracefulneſs in a manly character, a beauty in an open and ingenuous diſpoſition, which all the profeſſed teachers of the arts of pleaſing know not how to infuſe.

Cheſt. YOU and I lived in a ſtate of manners, as different as the periods at which we lived were diſtant. You, Romans—pardon me, my dear—you Romans had a little of the brute in you. Come, come, I muſt overlook it. You were obliged to court plebeians for their ſuffrages; and if *ſimilis ſimili gaudet*, it muſt be owned, that the greateſt of you were ſecure of their favor. Why, Beau Naſh would have handed your Catos

and

and your Brutuſes out of the ball-room, if they had ſhewn their unmannerly heads in it; and my Lord Modiſh, animated with the conſcious merit of the largeſt or ſmalleſt buckles in the room, according to the temporary ton, would have laughed Pompey the Great out of countenance. Oh, Cicero, had you lived in a modern European Court, you would have caught a degree of that undeſcribable grace, which is not only the ornament, but may be the ſubſtitute of all thoſe laboured attainments which fools call ſolid merit. But it was not your good fortune, and I make allowances.

Cic. THE vivacity you have acquired in ſtudying the writings and the manners of the degenerate Gauls, has led you to ſet too high a value on qualifications which dazzle the lively perceptions with a momentary blaze, and to depreciate that kind of worth which can neither be obtained nor underſtood without ſerious attention, and ſometimes painful efforts. But I will not contend with you about the propriety or impropriety of the outward modes which delight a ſhowy nation.—I will not ſpend arguments in proving that gold is more valuable than tinſel, though it glitters leſs. But I muſt cenſure you, and with an aſperity too, which, perhaps, your graces may not approve, for recommending vice as graceful, in your memorable letters.

Cheſt. THAT the great Cicero ſhould know ſo little of the world, really ſurpriſes me. A little libertiniſm, my dear, that's all; how can one be a gentleman without a little libertiniſm?

Cic. I EVER thought that to be a gentleman, it was requiſite to be a moral man. And ſurely you, who might have enjoyed the benefit of a light to direct you, which I wanted, were blameable in omitting religion and virtue in your ſyſtem.

Cheſt. WHAT! ſuperſtitious too!—You have not then converſed with your ſuperior, the philoſopher of Ferney. I thank Heaven, I was born in the ſame age with that great luminary. Prejudice had elſe, perhaps, chained me in the thraldom of my great grandmother. Theſe are enlightened days, and I find I have contributed

buted ſomething to the general illumination by my poſthumous letters.

Cic. BOAST not of them. Remember you were a father.

Cheſt. AND did I not endeavour moſt effectually to ſerve my ſon, by pointing out the qualifications neceſſary to a foreign ambaſſador, for which department I always deſigned him? Few fathers have taken more pains to accompliſh a ſon than myſelf. There was nothing I did not condeſcend to point out to him.

Cic. TRUE: your condeſcenſion was great indeed. You were the pander of your ſon. You not only taught him the mean arts of diſſimulation, the petty tricks which degrade nobility; but you corrupted his principles, fomented his paſſions, and even pointed out objects for their gratification. You might have left the taſk of teaching him faſhionable vice to a vicious world. Example, and the corrupt affections of human nature, will ever be capable of accompliſhing this unnatural purpoſe. But a parent, the guardian appointed by nature for an uninſtructed offspring introduced into a dangerous world, who himſelf takes upon him the office of ſeduction, is a monſter indeed. I alſo had a ſon. I was tenderly ſolicitous for the right conduct of his education. I intruſted him indeed to Cratippus at Athens; but, like you, I could not help tranſmitting inſtructions dictated by paternal love. Thoſe inſtructions are contained in my book of Offices; a book which has ever been cited by the world as a proof to what a height the morality of the heathens was advanced without the light of revelation. I own I feel a conſcious pride in it; not on account of the ability which it may diſplay, but for the principles it teaches, and the good, I flatter myſelf, it has diffuſed. You did not indeed intend your inſtructions for the world; but as you gave them to a ſon you loved, it may be concluded that you thought them true wiſdom, and withheld them only becauſe they were contrary to the profeſſions of the unenlightened. They have been generally read, and tend to introduce the manners, vices, and frivolous habits

habits of the nation you admired—to your own manly nation, who, of all others, once approached moſt nearly to the noble ſimplicity of the Romans.

Cheſt. SPARE me, Cicero. I have never been accuſtomed to the rough converſation of an old Roman. I feel myſelf little in his company. I ſeem to ſhrink in his noble preſence. I never felt my inſignificance ſo forcibly as now. French courtiers and French philoſophers have been my models; and amid the diſſipation of pleaſure, and the hurry of affected vivacity, I never conſidered the gracefulneſs of virtue, and the beauty of an open, ſincere and manly character.

PYRRHO AND HIS NEIGHBOUR.

FALSITY AND ABSURDITY OF PYRRHONISM.

Neighbour. A GOOD day to you, Pyrrho; they tell me that you have a great number of diſciples, and that your ſchool is grown very famous; will you receive me into it, and inſtruct me?

Pyrrho. I THINK I will.

Nei. WHAT makes you ſay I *think?* don't you know your own mind? If you don't, I can't imagine who ſhould; or pray now, what is it that you do know; you that paſs for ſo very learned a man?

Pyr. WHO I? I know nothing.

Nei. WHAT do people learn then, by attending your lectures?

Pyr. NOTHING at all.

Nei. WHY then do they attend them?

Pyr. To be convinced that they know nothing. Is not that an excellent piece of knowledge?

Nei. INDEED I think not: the ignorant, unpoliſhed peaſant is ſenſible of his ignorance; yet he is neither a philoſopher, nor a wiſe man. He is convinced of his ignorance far more than you are of yours, ſeeing that by this affectation of ignorance you ſet yourſelf up above

above the reſt of mankind. This pretended ignorance of yours does not hinder your being preſumptuous; whereas the clown, ſenſible of his ignorance, really and ſincerely miſtruſts himſelf in every thing.

Pyr. THE clown thinks himſelf ignorant of thoſe things only which are too ſublime for his underſtanding, and which require application and ſtudy; but he does not know that he is ignorant of his walking, ſpeaking, or living: I, for my part, am ignorant of all theſe things, and this ignorance is founded on elementary principles.

Nei. AND are you really ignorant of all theſe things? Fine principles, indeed, to have none at all.

Pyr. YES, I do not know that I live, or have a being; in ſhort, I am ignorant of every one thing without exception.

Nei. BUT don't you know that you have the faculty of thinking?

Pyr. I DO not know it.

Nei. To be ignorant of every thing, is always to be in doubt, and never certain in any thing: is not that true?

Pyr. IT is, if any thing can be ſo.

Nei. To be ignorant, and to doubt, you acknowledge, are the ſame thing; and again, to doubt and to think are the ſame; from whence I conclude that your ignorance and doubt are certain proofs of your having the faculty of thinking.

Pyr. BUT I am ignorant even of my ignorance; now you are finely caught.

Nei. IF you are ſo, why do you talk of it then? why defend, why teach it your diſciples, and endeavour to perſuade them out of every thing they have hitherto believ'd? If you are ignorant of your ignorance, you muſt no more read lectures upon it, nor deſpiſe thoſe who think themſelves acquainted with truth.

Pyr. OUR whole life can be nothing but one continued dream; perhaps at the inſtant of death we ſhall awake, and ſee that all we believ'd real was nothing but a dream, as a man who awakes on the ſudden finds all thoſe phantoms vaniſh'd which during his dream he fancy'd that he ſaw and touch'd.

Nei. You are afraid then that you ſleep and dream with your eyes open. When you talk of any thing, you ſay perhaps, but even this *perhaps* denotes a thought. Theſe nightly viſions muſt be the viſions of a dreaming man; 'tis therefore certain that you dream, and dreaming cannot be the action of a thoughtleſs being. A thing which does not exiſt, can neither ſleep, dream, doubt, deceive itſelf, nor ſay perhaps; thus, in ſpite of yourſelf, you muſt know ſomething, and let the worſt come to the worſt, muſt acknowledge that you are a thinking, dreaming being.

Pyr. This ſubtlety is perplexing; you may be gone; I'll admit no ſuch troubleſome diſciple into my ſchool.

Nei. You will, and then you will not. Every thing indeed, that you ſay or do, gives the lie to your affected doubt; and I can aſſure you, if you won't have me for a diſciple, I am even with you, and would by no means have you for a maſter.

Doubting. Vexation. Affectation of Learning, &c.

Longhead *ſolus, with an open letter in his hand.*

I WAS wrong to proceed ſo far in this matter ſo haſtily. To fix the very day, and then fail. Her father will proſecute me, to be ſure, and will recover heavy damages too, as he threatens me. But then, what could I do? Could I marry with the proſpect I had before me? To tell me, ſhe married to get free from reſtraint, and that ſhe expected I ſhould make no inquiry into her conduct more than ſhe would into mine! If ſhe ſpeaks ſo freely before marriage, how will ſhe act after? No, no, I'll ſtand his proſecution. Better be a beggar than a cuckold.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more afraid than hurt. She might mean only innocent freedom.——She is a charming girl. But I am thirty

thirty years older than ſhe is.—I would wiſh to marry her; but I ſhould not like what I am afraid will be the conſequence. What reſolution ſhall I take? I'll be hang'd, if I know what to do. On one hand, beauty inviting; on the other, cuckoldom as ugly as a fury. On one hand, marriage; on the other, a law-ſuit. I am in a fine dilemma.—Lancelot Longhead; Lancelot Longhead; [ſtriking himſelf on the forehead.] I'll tell you what, old friend, I doubt you are but a ſimpleton all this while, that you have been thinking yourſelf a little Solomon. I'll e'en go and conſult with ſome friends, what I muſt do. For I cannot determine, within myſelf, whether I had better try to make it up with the family, and go on with my intended marriage, or ſet them at defiance, and reſolve to have nothing to do with matrimony.—If any body adviſes me to marry, I'll venture it, I think. Let me ſee, what wiſe, ſagacious people are there of my acquaintance?—Oh—my two neighbours, Dr. Neverout, and Dr. Doubty; men of univerſal learning! I'll go to them directly.—And here is Dr. Neverout coming out of this houſe very fortunately.

Neverout, [talking to one in the houſe.] I TELL you, friend, you are a ſilly fellow, ignorant of all good diſcipline, and fit to be baniſhed from the republic of letters. I will undertake to demonſtrate to you by convincing arguments, drawn from the writings of Ariſtotle himſelf, the philoſopher of philoſophers, that ignarus *es*, you *are* an ignorant fellow; that ignarus *eras*, you *was* an ignorant fellow; that ignarus *fuiſti*, you *have been* an ignorant fellow; that, ignarus *fueras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow; and that, ignarus *eris*, you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the genders, caſes, numbers, voices, moods, tenſes, and perſons, of all the articles, the nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepoſitions, interjections, and conjunctions.

Longhead. SOMEBODY muſt have uſed him very ill, to make him call ſo many hard names. Dr. Neverout, your ſervant. A word with you, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Nev.

Nev. You pretend to reaſon! You don't ſo much as know the firſt elements of the art of reaſoning. You don't know the difference between a category and a predicament, nor between a major and a minor.

Longh. His paſſion blinds him ſo, he does not ſee me. Doctor, I kiſs your hands. May one——

Nev. Do you know what a blunder you have committed? Do you know what it is to be guilty of a ſyllogiſm in Balordo? Your major is fooliſh, your minor impertinent, and your concluſion ridiculous.

Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that ſo diſturbs your philoſophy?

Nev. The moſt atrocious provocation in the world. An ignorant fellow would defend a propoſition the moſt erroneous, the moſt abominable, the moſt execrable that ever was uttered, or written.

Longh. May I aſk, what it is?

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is ruined. The world is fallen into a general depravity. A degree of licentiouſneſs, that is alarming, reigns univerſally; and the governors of ſtates have reaſon to be aſhamed of themſelves, who have power in their hands for maintaining good order among mankind, and ſuffer ſuch enormities to paſs unpuniſhed.

Longh. What is it, pray, Sir?

Nev. Only think, Mr. Longhead, only think, that in a Chriſtian country, a perſon ſhould be allowed to uſe an expreſſion publicly, that one would think would frighten a nation, an expreſſion, that one would expect to raiſe the evil one! Only think of—"The form of a hat!"—There, Mr. Longhead, there's an expreſſion for you! Did you think you ſhould have lived to hear ſuch an expreſſion as—"The form of a hat!"

Longh. How, Sir? I don't underſtand wherein the harm of ſuch an expreſſion conſiſts.

Nev. I affirm, and inſiſt upon it, with hands and feet, pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et roſtro, that to ſay, "The form of a hat," is as abſurd, as to ſay, that, datur vacuum in rerum naturâ, there is a vacuum in nature. [Turning again to the perſon, with whom he had

had been diſputing in the houſe.] Yes, ignorant creature, a hat is an inanimate ſubſtance, and therefore form cannot be predicated of it. Go, illiterate wretch, and read Ariſtotle's chapter of qualities. Go, ſtudy Aquinas, Burgerſdicius, and Scheiblerus, of the ten predicaments. Go; and then ſay "The form of a hat," if you dare.

Longb. O, I THOUGHT, Doctor, ſomething worſe than all this had happened.

Nev. WHAT would you have worſe, unleſs a comet were to come from beyond the orbit of Saturn, and either burn the world by its near approach; drown it by attracting the ſea, and raiſing a tide three miles high; or force it from its orbit by impinging againſt it, and make it either fly out into infinite ſpace, or ruſh to the ſun, the centre of our ſyſtem. Except this, what can be worſe, than confounding language, deſtroying qualities, demoliſhing predicaments, and, in ſhort, overturning all ſcience from the foundation. For logic is the foundation of ſcience.

Longb. WHY, it may be a bad thing, for what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body ſpeak with you.

Nev. [To the perſon in the houſe.] AN impertinent fellow!

Longb. HE is ſo; but I want your advice, Doctor, in ——

Nev. A BLOCKHEAD!

Longb. WELL, I own, he is ſo; but no more of that, pray, good Doctor.

Nev. To pretend to diſpute with me!

Longb. HE is very much in the wrong, to be ſure. But now let me aſk you a queſtion, Doctor. You muſt know, Sir, that I have been thinking of marrying. Only I am a little afraid of that, you know of; the misfortune, for which no body is pitied. Now I ſhould be glad you would, as a philoſopher, give me your opinion on this point.

Nev. RATHER than admit ſuch an expreſſion, I would deny ſubſtantial forms, and abſtract entities.

Longb. PLAGUE on the man! He knows nothing

of what I have been ſaying. Why, Dr. Neverout; I have been talking to you this hour, and you give me no anſwer.

Nev. I ASK your pardon. I was engaged in ſupporting truth againſt ignorance: but now I have done. If what I have ſaid will not convince, let the ignorant be ignorant ſtill. What would you conſult me upon?

Longh. I WANT to talk with you about an affair of conſequence.

Nev. GOOD. And what tongue do you intend to uſe in the converſation with me?

Longh. WHAT tongue? Why, the tongue I have in my mouth.

Nev. I MEAN, what language; what ſpeech? Do you intend to talk with me in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew?

Longh. NOT I. I don't know one of them from another.

Nev. THEN, you will uſe a modern language, I ſuppoſe, as the Italian, perhaps, which is ſweet and muſical.

Longh. No.

Nev. THE Spaniſh, which is majeſtic and ſonorous.

Longh. No.

Nev. THE Engliſh, which is copious and expreſſive.

Longh. No.

Nev. THE High Dutch is but an indifferent language. You won't, I ſuppoſe, make uſe of it in this converſation.

Longh. No.

Nev. AND the Low Dutch is worſe ſtill. Will you talk to me in Turkiſh? it is a lofty language.

Longh. No.

Nev. WHAT think you of the Syriac, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, the Perſian, the Palmyrene? Do you chooſe any of them?

Longh. No.

Nev. WHAT language then?

Longh. WHY, the language we are talking now.

Nev. OH! you will ſpeak in the vernacular tongue? If ſo, pleaſe to come on the left ſide. The right ear is for the foreign, and the learned languages. *Longh.*

Longh. HERE is a deal of ceremony with ſuch ſort of people. I want to conſult you, Doctor, about an affair of conſequence.

Nev. O! I UNDERSTAND you. You want my opinion upon ſome of the difficulties in philoſophy, as, for example, Whether ſubſtance, and accident, are terms ſynonymous, or equivocal, with regard to the being?

Longh. No, that is not it.

Nev. WHETHER logic is an art, or a ſcience?

Longh. No, no. I don't care a half-penny which.

Nev. IF it has for its object the three operations of the mind, or the third only.

Longh. THAT is not the affair.

Nev. WHETHER, properly ſpeaking, there are ſix categories, or only one?

Longh. I DON'T care, if there were ſix buſhel of catechiſms. That is not what I want. I am ——

Nev. PERHAPS you want to know, whether the concluſion is of the eſſence of the ſyllogiſm.

Longh. No, no, no. It is not about any ſuch point; but ——

Nev. WHETHER the eſſence of good is appetibility, or ſuitableneſs?

Longh. I AM going to tell you my buſineſs, if ——

Nev. YOU would know, perhaps, if the good and the end are reciprocal?

Longh. NOT a bit.

Nev. WHETHER the end influences us by its real eſſence, or by its intentional?

Longh. No, no, it is quite another affair, I tell you.

Nev. YOU muſt explain yourſelf, then; for I have mentioned the moſt difficult points, and thoſe that are commonly agitated in the ſchools in our times.

Longh. I SHOULD have told you my buſineſs an hour ago, if you would have heard me.

Nev. PRONOUNCE then.

Longh. and *Nev.* together. { THE affair, I want to conſult you about, Dr. Neverout, is this; I have had thoughts { SPEECH was given to man on purpoſe, that by it he might expreſs his thoughts: and

of

of marrying a young lady, who is very handſome, and much to my liking. I have aſked her father's conſent, and he has granted it. Only I am afraid — of words to explain to me your thoughts.

Longh. PLAGUE on this everlaſting talker. Who is like to be the wiſer for him; if he will not ſo much as hear what one has to ſay to him? I'll go to Dr. Doubty. Perhaps he will be more reaſonable.—And, very fortunately, here he comes. I will conſult him at once.—Dr. Doubty, I beg your wiſe advice about a matter of great concern to me.

Doub. BE pleaſed, good Mr. Longhead, to alter your phraſeology. Our philoſophy directs to give out no deciſive propoſitions; but to ſpeak of all things with uncertainty; and always to ſuſpend our judgment. Therefore, you ought not to ſay,—"I beg your advice," but,——"I ſeem to beg it."

Longh. I SEEM! What ſignifies talking of ſeems; when I am here on the ſpot with you?

Doub. THAT is nothing to the purpoſe. You may imagine a thouſand things, in which there is no reality.

Longh. WHAT! is there no reality in my being here talking with Dr. Doubty?

Doub. IT is uncertain; and we ought to doubt of every thing. You appear to my external ſenſes to be here, as I perhaps to yours. But nothing is certain. All things are doubtful.

Longh. SURE, Dr. Doubty, you are diſpoſed to be merry. Here am I: there are you: here is no ſeem; no uncertainty; nothing doubtful; but all as plain as the noſe on your face. Let us, for ſhame, drop theſe whims, and talk of my buſineſs. You muſt know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had thoughts of marrying, and ſhould be glad of your opinion and advice.

Doub. I DON'T know that you have had thoughts of marrying.

Longh. BUT I tell it you.

Doub. THAT may be, or it may not be.

Longh.

Longh. THE young lady I had made choice of is very young, and very handſome.

Doub. THAT may be, or it may not be.

Longh. Do you think, I ſhall do wiſely in marrying her?

Doub. YOU may do wiſely, for aught I know, or you may do unwiſely for aught I know.

Longh. I AM very much in love with the young lady.

Doub. THAT is not impoſſible.

Longh. BUT, as ſhe is much younger than I, I am afraid of, you know what.

Doub. YOU may be afraid, for aught I know.

Longh. Do you think, I ſhould run the hazard of being a cuckold, if I ſhould marry her?

Doub. THERE is no natural impoſſibility in it. But if you ſhould, you may perhaps not be the firſt, nor the laſt. But all things are uncertain.

Longh. BUT what would you do, if you were in my place, Dr. Doubty?

Doub. IT is uncertain, as all things are.

Longh. BUT what do you adviſe me to do?

Doub. WHAT you pleaſe.

Longh. I SHALL go mad.

Doub. I WASH my hands of it.

Longh. A PLAGUE on the old dreamer!

Doub. HAPPEN what will, I am clear.

Longh. I'LL make you change your cuckow-note, you old philoſophical humdrum, you——[*beats him*]—I will—I'll make you ſay ſomewhat elſe, than "All things are doubtful! all things are uncertain—" I will, you old fuſty pedant.

Doub. AH!—oh!—eh—What, beat a philoſopher!—Ah!—oh!—eh!

Longh. BE pleaſed, Dr. Doubty, [mimicking the Doctor,] to alter your phraſeology. Your philoſophy directs you to give out no deciſive propoſitions; but to ſpeak of all things with uncertainty, and always to ſuſpend your judgment. Therefore, you ought not to ſay, —"I have been beaten;" but——"I ſeem to have been beaten."

Doub.

Doub. I WILL have you proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of the law.

Longh. I WASH my hands of it.

Doub. I WILL ſhew the marks of the blows I have received from you.

Longh. YOU may imagine a thouſand things, in which there is no reality.

Doub. I WILL go directly to a magiſtrate, and have a warrant for you. [*Exit Doubty.*]

Longh. THERE is no natural impoſſibility in it.

LOVEGOLD AND LAPPET.

Love. ALL's well hitherto; my dear money is ſafe.—Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I ſhould rather aſk if it be you, Sir:—why, you look ſo young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half ſo young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. THAT may be, that may be, Lappet, conſidering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. WELL, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. VERY true; that's very true, as to underſtanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet.—How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unleſs ſhe bring ſomething with her beſides a petticoat.

Lap. SIR, why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thouſand pound a-year, as ever was told.

Love.

Love. How! a thouſand pound a-year?

Lap. YES, Sir. There's, in the firſt place, the article of a table: ſhe has very little ſtomach; ſhe does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight: and then, as to the quality of what ſhe eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account. As for ſweet-meats, ſhe mortally hates them: ſo there is the article of deſſerts wiped off all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preſerves, conſerves, biſcuits, comfits and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would ſwallow you ten pounds worth at a meal. This, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at leaſt. For clothes, ſhe has been bred up at ſuch a plainneſs in them, that ſhould we allow but for three birth-night ſuits a-year ſaved, which are the leaſt a town lady would expect, there goes a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which ſhe hates the very ſight) the yearly intereſt of what you muſt lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Laſtly, ſhe has an utter deteſtation for play, at which I have known ſeveral moderate ladies loſe a good two thouſand pounds a-year. Now, let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels—there is, Sir, your thouſand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. AY, ay, theſe are pretty things, it muſt be confeſſed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in them.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not ſomething real to bring you a vaſt ſtore of ſobriety, the inheritance of a love for ſimplicity of dreſs, and a vaſt acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenſes ſhe won't put me to. But there is another thing that diſturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company; it would ill agree with a perſon

perſon of my temper to keep an aſſembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. AH! Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of; ſhe has a moſt terrible averſion to all young people, and loves none but perſons of your years. I would adviſe you above all things, to take care not to appear too young. She inſiſts on ſixty at leaſt. She ſays that fifty-ſix years are not able to content her.

Love. THIS humour is a little ſtrange, methinks.

Lap. SHE carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagined. She has in her chamber ſeveral pictures; but, what do you think they are? none of your ſmock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonis's, your Paris's, and your Apollo's: no, Sir, you ſee nothing there, but your handſome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Neſtor, and good father Anchiſes upon his ſon's ſhoulders.

Love. ADMIRABLE! this is more than I could have hoped: to ſay the truth, had I been a woman, I ſhould never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I BELIEVE you: pretty ſort of ſtuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! pretty maſters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their delicate features!

Love. AND do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. TOLERABLE! you are raviſhing: if your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir. it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you pleaſe—there, what can be more charming? Let me ſee you walk—there's a perſon for you; tall, ſtraight, free, and degagée: why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. NOT many—hem, hem,—not many, I thank heaven: only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a ſmall catarrh that ſeizes me ſometimes.

Lap. AH, Sir, that's nothing: your catarrh ſits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. BUT tell me, what does Mariana ſay of my perſon?

Lap. SHE has a particular pleaſure in talking of it; and

and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be for her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you; —I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money, [*He looks gravely*] and you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me—You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you: [*He looks pleased*] Ah! how you will delight her, how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you——But indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be of terrible consequence to me: [*He looks grave again*] I am ruined, if I lose it; which a very small matter might prevent—Ah! Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you. [*He resumes his gaiety*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir: [*He looks serious*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell: I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat; don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this

ſmall favour; I ſhall be undone indeed, Sir. If it were but ſo ſmall a matter as ten pounds, Sir——

Love. I THINK I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. IF it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir; nay, Sir, a ſingle guinea would be of ſervice for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either ſide, ſhe intercepts him.*]

Love. I MUST go, I can't ſtay—hark, there! ſomebody calls me—I am very much obliged to you, indeed; I am very much obliged to you. [*Exit.*

Lap. GET you gone like a covetous, good-for-nothing villain as you are. Ramilie is in the right; however, I ſhall not quit the affair; for, though I get nothing out of *him*, I am ſure of my reward from the other ſide.

BUTLER, COACHMAN, AND GARDENER.

Butler. THERE came another coach to town laſt night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this ſtrange noiſe we hear in the houſe. This ſpirit will bring a power of cuſtom to the George.—If ſo be he continues his pranks, I deſign to ſell a pot of ale, and ſet up the ſign of the drum.

Coach. I'LL give madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in ſober families. I'll not diſparage myſelf to be a ſervant in a houſe that is haunted.

Gard. I'LL e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigail did not ſpoil her———Come, here's her health.

But. 'TIS a very hard thing to be a butler in a houſe that is diſturbed. He made ſuch a racket in the cellar laſt night, that I'm afraid he'll ſour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. WHY then, John, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can.—He rattled ſo loud under the tiles laſt night, that I verily thought the houſe would have fallen

fallen over our heads. I durſt not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I THOUGHT I heard him in one of my bed-poſts——I marvel, John, how he gets into the houſe, when all the gates are ſhut.

But. WHY look ye, Peter, your ſpirit will creep you into an auger-hole—he'll whiſk you through a key hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the wards.

Coach. POOR madam is mainly frighted, that's certain; and verily believes it is my maſter that was kill'd in the laſt campaign.

But. OUT of all manner of queſtion, Robin, 'tis Sir George; Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honor: He always lov'd the wars; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a child with the muſic of a drum.

Gard. I WONDER his body was never found after the battle.

But. FOUND! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the houſe? Doſt thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

Coach. 'TIS maſter as ſure as I ſtand here alive; and I verily believe I ſaw him laſt night in the town cloſe.

Gard. AY! how did he appear?

Coach. LIKE a white horſe.

But. PHO, Robin, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the ſhape of the ſound of a drum.

Coach. THIS makes one almoſt afraid of one's own ſhadow. As I was walking from the ſtable t'other night, without my lantern, I fell acroſs a beam that lay in my way, and my heart was in my mouth——I thought I had tumbled over a ſpirit.

But. THOU might'ſt as well have ſtumbled over a ſtraw. Why a ſpirit is ſuch a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great ſcholar, ſay, that he'll dance ye a Lancaſhire hornpipe upon the point of a needle——As I ſat in the pantry laſt night counting my ſpoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the ſpay'd bitch look'd as if ſhe ſaw ſomething.

Coach.

Coach. AY, poor cur, ſhe's almoſt frighten'd out of her wits.

Gard. AY, I warrant ye, ſhe hears him many a time and often, when we don't.

But. MY lady muſt have him laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

Gard. I FANCY when one goes to market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a ſpell.

Coach. WHY may not the parſon of our pariſh lay him ?

But. No, no, no ; our parſon cannot lay him.

Coach. WHY not he as well as another man ?

But. WHY, ye fool, he is not qualified——He has not taken the oaths.

Gard. WHY, d'ye think, John, that the ſpirit would take the law of him ?—I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that ?

Gard. I FANCY Mrs. Abigail might ſcold him out of the houſe.

Coach. AY, ſhe has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

But. PHO, this is all froth ; you underſtand nothing of the matter——The next time it makes a noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done,———I would have the ſteward ſpeak latin to it.

Coach. AY, that would do, if the ſteward had but courage.

Gard. THERE you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghoſt, I'd tell him his own : But alack what can one of us poor men do with a ſpirit, that can neither write nor read ?

But. THOU art always cracking and boaſting, Peter ; thou doſt not know what miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it : For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy ſkin to cover his drum with.

Gard. A FIDDLESTICK ! tell not me—I fear nothing : not I ! I never did harm in my life ; I never committed murder.

But.

But. I VERILY believe thee: keep thy temper, Peter; after ſupper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. WHY that's well ſaid, John; an honeſt man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye——Why, how if he ſhould come this minute, here would I ſtand. Ha! what noiſe is that?

But. and *Coach.* HA! where?

Gard. THE ghoſt! the ghoſt! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

II. BUTLER, COACHMAN, AND GARDENER.

But. RARE news, my lads, rare news!

Gard. WHAT's the matter? have you got any more tales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another ſtranger come to the houſe?

But. AY, ſuch a ſtranger as will make all our lives eaſy.

Gard. WHAT! Is he a lord!

But. A LORD! No, nothing like it—He's a conjurer.

Coach. A CONJURER! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

But. No, no, you fool; he's come a purpoſe to lay the ſpirit.

Coach. AY, marry, that's good news indeed: but where is he?

But. HE is lock'd up with the ſteward in his office; they are laying their heads together very cloſe. I fancy they are caſting a figure.

Gard. PR'YTHEE, John, what ſort of a creature is a conjurer?

But. WHY, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

Coach. LOOK ye, Peter, it ſtands with reaſon, that

a conjurer ſhould have a long grey beard——for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

Gard. WHY I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very ſmock-fac'd man, and yet he ſpew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thoud'ſt get him into the pantry, and give him a cup of ale, he'd ſhew us a few tricks. Doſt think we cou'd not perſuade him to ſwallow one of thy caſe-knives for his diverſion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. PETER! thou art ſuch a wiſe-acre! Thou doſt not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man muſt be a very great maſter of his trade. His beard is at leaſt half a yard long, he's dreſſed in a ſtrange dark cloak, as black as a coal: your conjurer always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a gentleman? Had he a ſword by his ſide?

But. No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjurer is as grave as a judge——but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. YOU may be ſure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand——I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

Gard. I WARRANT you if the ghoſt appears, he'll whiſk ye that wand before his eyes, and ſtrike you the drum-ſtick out of his hand.

But. NO; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghoſt in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you muſt know, is a conjurer's trap.

Coach. BUT what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. WHY, then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. IF he can once compaſs him, and get him in Lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but ſpeak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour, for a thouſand years.

Coach. AY, ay, he'll ſend him packing to his grave again, with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

But.

But. No, no, I would adviſe madam to ſpare no coſt. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghoſt, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. AY marry, that would ſpoil his drum for him.

Gard. WHY, John, there muſt be a power of ſpirits in that ſame Red Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as fiſh.

Coach. WELL, I wiſh, after all, that he may not be too hard for the conjurer! I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I WISH the ſpirit may not carry a corner of the houſe off with him.

But. As for that, Peter, you may be ſure that the ſteward has made his bargain with the cunning-man, before-hand, that he ſhall ſtand to all coſts and damages.—But hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. AY, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too—we ſhould lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's ſtout and bold,
A ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a ſcold.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Caſſius. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his ſide
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. IN ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

Bru. YET let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To ſell and mart your offices for gold
To undeſervers.

Caſ.

Caſ. I AN itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that ſpeak this :
Or, be aſſur'd, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. THE name of Caſſius honors this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. CHASTISEMENT ! [ber.
Bru. REMEMBER March, the Ides of March remem-
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice ſake ?
What ! ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers ; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes ?
And ſell the mighty mead of our large honors
For ſo much traſh as may be graſped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.
Caſ. BRUTUS, bay not me :
I'll not endure it. You forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in : I am a ſoldier
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to ; you *are* not Caſſius.
Caſ. I AM.
Bru. I SAY you are *not*.
Caſ. URGE me no more ; I ſhall forget myſelf ;
Have mind upon your health : tempt me no farther.
Bru. AWAY, ſlight man !
Caſ. IS'T poſſible !
Bru. HEAR me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares ?
Caſ. MUST I endure all this ?
Bru. ALL this ! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break :
Go, ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are.
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge ?
Muſt I obſerve you ? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour ? Be aſſur'd
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you : for, from this day forth,

I'll

I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid an elder ſoldier, not a better.
Did I ſay better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not!—

Bru. No.

Caſ. What, durſt not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me as the idle wind
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Daſh him in pieces.

Caſ. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ.

Caſ. I DID not: he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I DO not. Still you practiſe them on me.
Caſ. YOU love me not.
Bru. I DO not like your faults.
Caſ. A FRIENDLY eye could never ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſ. COME, Antony! and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius:
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. Oh I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—there is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt——within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou need'ſt a Roman's, take it forth:
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didſt at Cæſar; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.
Bru. SHEATH your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonor ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Which, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.
Caſ. HATH Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him!
Bru. WHEN I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.
Bru. AND my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Caſ. O BRUTUS!
Bru. WHAT's the matter? *Caſ.*

Caſ. HAVE you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. YES, Caſſius: and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

SEBASTIAN AND DORAX.

Re-enter DORAX, *having taken off his turban, and put on an European habit.*

Dorax. NOW do you know me?
Sebaſtian. THOU ſhouldſt be Alonzo.
Dor. So you ſhould be Sebaſtian;
But when Sebaſtian ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. ——— As in a dream
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe my eyes.
Dor. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that lethargy ſhould wake,
And death ſhould give you back to anſwer me.
A thouſand nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings
Over theſe eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
And that once clear'd, eternal ſleep is welcome.
Seb. I HAVE not yet forgot I am a king,
Whoſe royal office is redreſs of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face.
I have not yet forgot I am a ſoldier.
Dor. 'TIS the firſt juſtice thou haſt ever done me;
Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongue,
Yet ſhall my cauſe of vengeance firſt be clear,
And, Honor, be thou judge. *Seb.*

Seb. HONOR befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majeſty to hear:
I warn thee thus, becauſe I know thy temper
Is inſolent and haughty to ſuperiors:
How often haſt thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noiſy brawls, and windy boaſts:
And, with paſt ſervice, nauſeouſly repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me, thy prince!

Dor. AND well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings.
I muſt and will reproach thee with my ſervice,
Tyrant! (it irks me ſo to call my prince)
But juſt reſentment and hard uſage coin'd
The unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, Tyrant!

Dor. ——— TYRANT!

Seb. TRAITOR; that name thou canſt not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumciſion
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. IF I'm a traitor, think, and bluſh, thou tyrant,
Whoſe injuries betray'd me into treaſon,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of Heav'n to hell.

Seb. THY old preſumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my firſt diſlike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. TOO well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Liſbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a ſtatue thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By ſycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in ev'ry face,
And the groſs flattery of the gaping crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhould catch, and firſt applaud
The ſtuff of royal nonſenſe: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt, homely words were carp'd and cenſur'd,

For

For want of courtly ſtyle; related actions,
Though modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts.
Secure of merit, if I aſk'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from pimps and paraſites:
Henriquez anſwer'd, with a ready lie,
To ſave the king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. WHAT ſay'ſt thou of Henriquez?
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd, ſcurril taunts.
Dor. AND therefore 'twas to gall thee that I nam'd him;
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and ſmile;
That woman, but more daub'd, or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-miſtreſs.
Seb. ALL falſe as death or thou.
Dor. YES, full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy ſtandard in theſe foreign fields:
By me thy greatneſs grew, thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.
Seb. I SEE to what thou tend'ſt; but tell me firſt,
If thoſe great acts were done alone for me;
If love produced not ſome, and pride the reſt.
Dor. YET all the advantage of that love was thine;
For coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to aſk my own;
(For Violante's vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I ſpoke;
And aſk'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I MEANT thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. WHERE juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd paſſenger expect a bounty
From thoſe rapacious hands that ſtripp'd him firſt?
Seb. HE had my promiſe, ere I knew thy love.
Dor. MY ſervices deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt revoke it.
Seb. THY inſolence had cancell'd all thy ſervice;
To violate my laws, ev'n in my court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
Under the wing of awful majeſty

To ſtrike the man I lov'd!
Th' indignity thou didſt was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me with ſcorn,
As who ſhould ſay, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didſt not dare to lift thy hands
Againſt anointed power: ſo was I forc'd
To do a ſov'reign juſtice to myſelf,
And ſpurn thee from my preſence.

Dor. THOU haſt dar'd
To tell me what I durſt not tell myſelf.
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my face:
All my long avarice of honor loſt,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age.
Has honor's fountain then ſuck'd back the ſtream?
It has; and hooting boys may dry-ſhod paſs.—
Give me my love, my honor; give them back——
Give me revenge, while I have breath to aſk it——

Seb. Now by this honor'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'ſt aſk it.
Nor ſhall the ſacred character of king
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. THOU know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No: to diſprove that lie I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy ſoul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it elſe,
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That iſthmus ſtands between two ruſhing ſeas,
Which mounting, view each other from afar,
And ſtrive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'LL cut that iſthmus:
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I ſav'd thee out of honorable malice:

Now

Now draw: I ſhould be loth to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. Oh, patience!
Dor. Beware of patience too:
That's a ſuſpicious word: It had been proper,
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me: now, 'tis baſe:
Yet to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'ſt be thank'd:
Never was vow of honor better paid,
If my true ſword but hold, than this ſhall be.
Go; bear my meſſage to Henriquez' ghoſt;
And ſay, his maſter and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghoſt! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready, we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead; make haſte, and thou may'ſt yet
o'ertake him.
Dor. When I was haſty, thou delay'dſt me longer.
I pray thee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe: for thy life preſerv'd,
Be kind, and tell me how that rival died,
Whoſe death next thine I wiſh'd. [know:
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee, thou ſhould'ſt never
But thou, like jealouſy, inquir'ſt a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he died in fight;
Fought next my perſon; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his ſhield in my defence,
And on his naked ſide-receiv'd my wound:
Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body 'croſs their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death.
Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud ſoul could not bear it.
Now judge thyſelf who beſt deſerv'd my love.

I knew you both; and (durſt I ſay) as Heaven
Foreknew among the ſhining angel hoſt
Who ſhould ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. HAD he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.
Seb. WHAT had been is unknown, what is, appears;
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. HAD I been born with his indulgent ſtars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
I ſhould have fallen by Sebaſtian's ſide;
My corpſe had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life:
It ſuited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your ſervice, dying at your feet.
Seb. THE more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confeſs, proud ſpirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth,)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. OH, whither would you drive me! I muſt [grant,
Yes, I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling ſoul,
Henriquez had your love with more deſert:
For you he fought and died; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your ſacred life, which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my ſoul; my ſoul's a regicide.
Seb. THOU might'ſt have giv'n it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'ſt to kill a tyrant, not a king;
Speak, didſt not thou, Alonzo?
Dor. CAN I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that bleſt age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax,
And loſt, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. YET twice this day, I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you, there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent:
Thou could'st not be a villain, though thou would'st.
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion;
For pity spare, and say not, you first err'd.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand.
And still indulging tears she pines for thee.
Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n while Heav'n blest me!
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so gen'rous too, to pity him!
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace;
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.
Dor. What! my Alonzo said you? My Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak.
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

THOU good old man, by whom my youth was form'd;
The firm companion of my various life,
I own, 'tis true, that *Sophoniſba's* image
Lives in my boſom ſtill; and at each glance
I take in ſecret of the bright idea,
A ſtrange diſorder ſeizes on my ſoul,
Which burns with ſtronger glory. Need I ſay,
How once ſhe had my vows? Till *Scipio* came,
Reſiſtleſs man! like a deſcending God,
And ſnatch'd me from the *Carthaginian* ſide
To nobler *Rome*; beneath whoſe laurel'd brow,
And fav'ring eye, the nations grow polite,
Humane and happy. Then thou may'ſt remember,
Such is this woman's high impetuous ſpirit,
That all-controling love ſhe bears her country,
Her *Carthage*; that for this ſhe ſacrific'd
To *Syphax*, unbelov'd, her blooming years,
And won him off from *Rome*.

NARVA.

My generous prince!
Applauding *Afric* of thy choice approves.
Fame claps her wings, and virtue ſmiles on thee,
Of peace thou ſoftner, and thou ſoul of war!
But oh beware of that fair foe to glory,
Woman! and moſt of *Carthaginian* woman!
Who has not heard of fatal *Punic* guile?
Of their ſtol'n conqueſts? their inſidious leagues?
Their *Aſdrubals*? their *Hannibals*? with all
Their wily heroes? and if ſuch their men,
What muſt their women be?

MASINISSA.

You make me ſmile.
I thank thy honeſt zeal. But never dread
The firmneſs of my heart, the ſtrong attachment
I hold to *Rome*, to *Scipio*, and to glory. Indeed,

Indeed, I cannot, would not quite forget
The grace of *Sophoniſba*; how ſhe look'd,
And talk'd, and mov'd, a *Pallas*, or a *Juno!*
Accompliſh'd even in trifles, when ſhe ſtoop'd
From higher thoughts, and with a ſoften'd eye
Gave her quick ſpirit into gayer life.
Then every word was livelineſs, and wit;
We heard the Muſes' ſong; and the dance ſwam
Thro' all the maze of harmony. Believe me,
I do not flatter; yet my panting ſoul
To *Scipio's* friendſhip, to the fair purſuit
Of fame, and for my people's happineſs,
Reſign'd this *Sophoniſba*; and tho' now
Conſtrain'd by ſweet neceſſity to ſee her,
A captive in my power, yet will I ſtill
Reſign her.

NARVA.

I'LL not doubt thy fortitude,
My *Maſiniſſa*, thy exalted purpoſe
Not to be loſt in love; but ah! we know not,
Oft, till experience ſighs it to the ſoul,
The boundleſs witchcraft of enſnaring woman,
And our own ſlippery hearts. From *Scipio* learn
The temperance of heroes. I'll recount
Th' inſtructive ſtory, what theſe eyes beheld;
Perhaps you've heard it; but 'tis pleaſing ſtill,
Tho' told a thouſand times.

MASINISSA.

I BURN to hear it.
Loſt by my late misfortunes in the deſart,
I liv'd a ſtranger to the voice of Fame,
To *Scipio's* laſt exploits. Indulge me now:
Great actions, even recounted, raiſe the mind;
But when a friend has done them, then, my *Narva*,
They doubly charm us; then with more than wonder,
Even with a ſort of vanity we liſten.

NARVA.

WHEN to his glorious, firſt eſſay in war
New *Carthage* fell; there all the flower of *Spain*
Were kept in hoſtage; a full field preſenting
For *Scipio's* generoſity to ſhine. And

And then it was, that when the hero heard
How I to thee belong'd, he with large gifts,
And friendly words diſmiſs'd me.

MASINISSA.

I REMEMBER.
And in his favour *that* engag'd me firſt.
But to thy ſtory.

NARVA.

WHAT with admiration
Struck every heart was this—A noble virgin,
Conſpicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept, and bluſh'd;
Young, freſh, and blooming like the morn. An eye,
As when the blue ſky trembles through a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment thro' them.
Her ſhape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails: which ſeem'd on purpoſe,
By Nature laviſh'd on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue of a hero tried
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.
Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with downcaſt eyes,
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modeſt cheek a trickling tear,
The *Roman* legions languiſh'd; and hard war
Felt more than pity. Even their chief himſelf,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he ſat,
Turn'd from the dangerous fight, and chiding aſk'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his glory in its very dawn.

MASINISSA.

OH gods! my fluttering heart! On, ſtop not, *Narva*.

NARVA.

SHE, queſtion'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and bluſhes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally deſcended,
Of her old captive parents the ſole joy;
And that a hapleſs *Celtiberian* prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His loſt dominions, and for her alone

Wept

Wept out his tender ſoul ; ſudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, godlike *Roman*,
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wiſhing youth ſtood check'd, his tempting power,
Reſtrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various ſcene imagine : how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant ;
While ſtretch'd below the trembling ſuppliants lay ;
Rack'd by a thouſand mingling paſſions, fear,
Hope, jealouſy, diſdain, ſubmiſſion, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every ſhape.
To theſe as different ſentiments ſucceeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread ſilence to the lover broke.
" We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war
" Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power :
" With whom I could in the moſt ſacred ties
" Live out a happy life : but know that *Romans*
" Their hearts as well as enemies can conquer.
" Then take her to thy ſoul ; and with her take
" Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
" I aſk but this : When you behold theſe eyes,
" Theſe charms, with tranſport, be a friend to *Rome*."

MASINISSA.

THERE ſpoke the ſoul of *Scipio*—But the lovers ?

NARVA.

JOY and ecſtatic wonder held them mute ;
While the loud camp, and all the cluſt'ring crowd,
That hung around, rang with repeated ſhouts.
Fame took th' alarm, and thro' reſounding *Spain*
Blew faſt the fair report ; which, more than arms,
Admiring nations to the *Romans* gain'd.

MASINISSA.

MY friend in glory ! thy awaken'd prince
Springs at thy noble tale. It fires my ſoul,
And nerves each thought anew ; apt oft perhaps,
Too much, too much, to ſlacken into love.
But now the ſoft oppreſſion flies ; and all
My mounting powers expand to deeds like theſe.

Who,

Who, who would live, my *Narva*, juſt to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the ſtill-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and ſickly joys;
But, in the ſervice of mankind, to be
A guardian god below—Still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raiſe us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us ſhine for ever, *that* is life.
Bleed every vein about me; every nerve
With anguiſh tremble; every ſinew ake;
The third time may I loſe my crown; again
Wander the falſe inhoſpitable Sirts;
If to reward my toils, the gods will grant me
To ſhare the wreath of fame on *Scipio's* brow.

CATO, LUCIUS, AND SEMPRONIUS.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council:
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him Rome, Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

Semp. My voice is ſtill for war.
Heav'ns! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chuſe, ſlav'ry or death!

No;

No ; let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate ! the corpſe of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhall ſacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up, for ſhame ! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle !
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd among us.

Cato. LET not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon :
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides :
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence intruſted to our care ?
Should we thus lead them to the field of ſlaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion ?

Luc. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans : Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heav'n's determination. Al-

Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe : Our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts them from our hands.
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed. What men could do,
Is done already : Heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. LET us appear nor raſh nor diffident ;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault ;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun them both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate: We have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun :
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods ;
But wait at leaſt 'till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt ;
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty :
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

CATO, DECIUS.

Decius. CÆSAR ſends health to Cato—

Cato. COULD he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate ?

Dec.

Dec. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he ſave Cato, bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Diſdains a life which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?
Cato. Those very reaſons thou haſt urg'd forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honors,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—
Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a ſtyle like this becomes a Roman.
Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæſar; he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. CONSIDER, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

Cato. LET him conſider that who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But,——millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

Dec. DOES Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendſhip?

Cato. HIS cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man: the gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

Dec. YOUR high, unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good
Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyſelf how wondrous then
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above the heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

Speak, ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! For ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heav'n!
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet! praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While morn ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou, ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater. Sound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their ſphere on high,
And ye five other wand'ring orbs, that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong! reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts, and exhalations, that now riſe
From hill, or ſteaming lake, duſky, or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author riſe;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or cheer with falling ſhow'rs the thirſty ground,
Riſing, or falling, ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living ſouls. Ye birds,
That ſinging up to Heav'n's high gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praiſe.

Ye

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep,
Witneſs, if I be ſilent, morn or ev'n,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! Be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now day the dark diſpels.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

FATHER of light! exhauſtleſs ſource of good!
Supreme, eternal, ſelf-exiſtent God!
Before the beamy ſun diſpens'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day;
Before the glimm'ring moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen amid the ſilver hoſt of night;
High in the heav'ns, thou reign'dſt ſuperior Lord,
By ſuppliant angels worſhipp'd and ador'd.
With the celeſtial choir then let me join
In cheerful praiſes to the power divine.
To ſing thy praiſe, do thou, O God! inſpire
A mortal breaſt with more than mortal fire;
In dreadful majeſty thou ſitt'ſt enthron'd,
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;
Thro' all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee, nor Heav'n, nor Heav'n of heav'ns contain;
But tho' thy throne is fix'd above the ſky,
Thy omnipreſence fills immenſity.
Saints, rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radiant martyrs hallelujahs ſing:
Heaven's univerſal hoſt their voices raiſe
In one eternal chorus, to thy praiſe;
And, round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing, holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice, from ancient night,
Sprang ſmiling beauty, and yon worlds of light:

Thou

Thou ſpak'ſt—the planetary chorus roll'd,
And all th' expanſe was ſtarr'd with beamy gold;
Let there be light, ſaid God—light inſtant ſhone,
And from the orient, burſt the golden ſun;
Heav'n's gazing hierarchs, with glad ſurpriſe,
Saw the firſt morn inveſt the recent ſkies,
And ſtrait th' exulting troops thy throne ſurround
With thouſand thouſand harps of heav'nly ſound:
Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever ſhining trains!)
Shouted thy praiſes in triumphant ſtrains:
Great are thy works, they ſing; and, all around,
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns reſound.
The effulgent ſun, inſufferably bright,
Is but a beam of thy o'erflowing light;
The tempeſt is thy breath: the thunder hurl'd,
Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world;
Thou bow'ſt the heav'ns, the ſmoking mountains nod,
Rocks fall to duſt, and nature owns her God;
Pale tyrants ſhrink, the atheiſt ſtands aghaſt,
And impious kings in horror breathe their laſt.
To this great God alternately I'd pay
The ev'ning anthem, and the morning lay.

CREATION.

FROM realms divine, high-rais'd beyond all height,
Th' almighty Parent caſt his piercing ſight;
With boundleſs view, he ſaw the ethereal vaſt
A clouded gloom, an undelightſome waſte:
Around the extended wild, no ſun's broad ray
Mark'd the clear ſplendor of immortal day;
No varying moon, ordain'd at eve to riſe,
Led the full pomp of conſtellated ſkies;
No day in circling beauty learn'd to roll;
No fair ſpring ſmil'd, nor froſt congeal'd the pole;
Subſtantial darkneſs ſpace unmeaſur'd fill'd,
And nature's realms lay deſolate and wild.

He ſpoke: at once o'er earth's far diſtant bounds
The heavens wide-arching ſtretch'd their ſapphire rounds.
With hoary cliffs the far-ſeen hills aſcend;
Down ſink the vales, and wide the plains extend;
Headlong from ſteep to ſteep the billows roar,
Fill the broad main, and toſs againſt the ſhore.

He ſpoke; and beauty thro' all nature flow'd;
With ſpringing verdure earth's wide regions glow'd.
Forth ruſh the flow'ry tribes; and trees on high
Shroud their tall ſummits in the ambient ſky.

He ſpoke; the heav'ns with ſudden glory ſhone;
In godlike pomp burſt forth the golden ſun;
Far thro' immenſity his kindling ray
Shot life and joy, and pour'd the new-born day;
With milder luſtre roſe the charms of even,
The moon's broad beam, and all the pride of heav'n.

He ſpoke; and fiſhes fill'd the watry rounds,
Swarm'd in the ſtreams and ſwam the ocean's bounds;
The green ſea ſparkled with unnumber'd dies,
And varying beauty wav'd upon the ſkies;
Whales thro' the foaming billows proudly rode,
And unknown monſters gambol'd o'er the flood.
From the deep wave, adorn'd with nobler grace,
In countleſs millions ſprang the feather'd race.
Thro' the far clouds, the eagle cleft his way,
And ſoar'd, and wanton'd in the flames of day;
Full on the morn the peacock op'd his beams;
And ſwans majeſtic row'd th' expanded ſtreams.

He ſpoke; and, wondering, from diſparted plains,
In throngs unnumber'd, roſe the beſtial trains:
Their ſnowy robes the harmleſs flocks reveal'd;
Gay ſteeds, exulting, prane'd the vernal field.
The lion glar'd; and, mid the gazing throng,
Shook his rough main, and grimly ſtalk'd along.

The wide earth finiſh'd, from his weſtern throne
In ſplendid beauty look'd the gladſome ſun;
Calm were the ſkies; the fields with luſtre crown'd,
And nature's incenſe fill'd th' ethereal round. En-

Enſhrin'd in ſacred light, the Maker ſtood,
Complacent ſmil'd, and own'd the work was good.
Then from his hand, in ſilent glory, came
A nobler form, and man his deſtin'd name;
Erect, and tall, in ſolemn pomp he ſtood,
And living virtue in his viſage glow'd.
Then, too, a fairer being ſhow'd her charms;
Young beauty wanton'd in her ſnowy arms;
The heav'ns around her bade their graces fly,
And love ſat blooming in her gentle eye.
O pair divine! ſuperior to your kind;
To virtue faſhion'd, and for bliſs deſign'd!

He, born to rule, with calm, uplifted brow,
Look'd down majeſtic on the world below;
To Heav'n, his manſion, turn'd his thoughts ſublime,
Or rov'd far onward thro' the ſcenes of time;
O'er nature's kingdom caſt a ſearching eye,
And dar'd to trace the ſecrets of the ſky;
On fancy's pinions ſcann'd the bright abode,
And claim'd his friend, an angel, or a god.

Her he indu'd with nature more refin'd,
A lovelier image, and a ſofter mind.
To her he gave to kindle ſweet deſire,
To rouſe great thoughts, and fan th' heroic fire;
At pity's gentle call to bend his ear;
To prompt for woe the unaffected tear;
In ſcenes refin'd his ſoftening ſoul improve,
And tune his wiſhes with the hand of love.
To her he gave with ſweetneſs to obey,
Inſpire the friend, and charm the lord away;
Each bleeding grief with balmy hand to heal,
And teach his rending ſinews not to feel;
Each joy t' improve, the pious wiſh to raiſe,
And add new raptures to his languid praiſe.

To this lov'd pair a bleſs'd retreat was given,
A ſeat for angels, and an humbler heaven;
Fair Eden nam'd: in ſwift ſucceſſion, there
Glad ſcenes of rapture led the vernal year;

Round

Round the green garden, living beauty play'd;
In gay profuſion earth her treaſures ſpread;
The air breath'd fragrance: ſtreams harmonious rung,
And love, and tranſport tun'd th' aerial ſong.

WITH tranquil beams the ſeventh bright morn appear'd,
And thus, from fiery clouds, a voice was heard:
This day, O man, to ſacred tranſports riſe,
And paſs the hours in converſe with the ſkies:
To prayer, to praiſe, be all thy wiſhes given;
Soar from the world, and here begin thy heaven!
So ſhall thy ſons purſue the virtuous road,
And, each returning ſabbath, wake to God.
The ſovereign voice the reverend pair obey'd;
A ſolemn beauty earth and heaven array'd;
With joy the pinion'd tribes, in every grove,
Hymn'd the bleſt influence of immortal love.
Man join'd the concert: and his raptur'd lays
Charm'd the gay fields, when angels ceas'd to praiſe.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.——*From Oſſian.*

O THOU great ſource of light! that roll'ſt unſpent,
Majeſtic thro' the boundleſs firmament:
Whoſe all-pervading energy can pierce
Thro' the wide regions of the univerſe,
Kindling unbounded day! whence are thy rays,
O glorious ſplendor? thine eternal blaze?
Thou comeſt forth in beauty's ſacred light,
And ſtars unnumber'd vaniſh at thy ſight.
The cold, pale moon, aw'd by the blaze divine,
Shrinks in thy preſence, and forgets to ſhine.
Whilſt thou, ſublime, thro' heav'n maintain'ſt thy ſway,
Nor find'ſt a fit companion of thy way.
In radiant majeſty, there mov'ſt alone,
Thy circuit boundleſs, unapproach'd thy throne!
The mountain oaks yield to the whirlwind's rage,
The mountains too themſelves decay with age.

The

The ocean varies—and the moon, chaſte light,
Now faintly glimmers ; now is loſt in night.
But thou, unchanging pow'r ! art ſtill the ſame,
Still beam'ſt perpetual light, and undiminiſh'd flame.
When gloomy tempeſts darken all the ſkies,
When thunder roars, and the red lightning flies ;
Thou look'ſt all-glorious, from thy tow'ring height,
Laugh'ſt at the ſtorm below, and mock'ſt the whirl-
wind's might.

But thou to Oſſian look'ſt in vain, bleſt beam !
Whether the eaſtern clouds with golden gleam
Reflect thy rays ; or in rich ſplendors dreſt,
Thou ſhedd'ſt thy glories o'er the glowing weſt.
To Oſſian ſtill thou ſmil'ſt in vain, great pow'r,
For he beholds thy dazzling beams no more !
Yet thou, perhaps, art mortal, and thy light
May one day fail, extinct in endleſs night.
Thick clouds o'erſhade thy face, expunge thy reign,
And the ſad morn expect thy ſmile in vain !

Exult then in thy ſtrength, O glorious ray !
Still o'er the broad expanſion pour the day :
In pride of youth march on thy great career,
And rule the day, and guide the rolling year.
For age (which muſt arrive) is dark, forlorn,
Like night's pale queen of half her luſtre ſhorn :
When thro' dark, ſcatt'ring clouds, with ſullen glare,
She frowns—and miſts obſcure the duſky air.
The cold, bleak north howls o'er the barren waſte,
The helpleſs trav'ller, trembling, pale, aghaſt,
Hears the dire ſound, and ſhudders at the blaſt.

Address to the Moon.

Daughter of Heav'n ! fair regent of the night!
How ſweet thy ſilence ! how ſublime thy light !
Thou comeſt forth in radiant beauty dreſt,
Around thee ſtars unnumber'd ſtand confeſt ;

With

With twinkling homage thy bright empire own,
Attend thy glorious courſe, and glitter round thy throne.
Cheer'd by thy ſmiles the clouds confeſs thy rays,
And brighten their dark edges in thy blaze.
Who in the heav'ns is like thee? peerleſs queen!
The countleſs gems that crowd th' ethereal ſcene,
At thy unclouded preſence leave the ſkies,
And hide with envy their green-ſparkling eyes.
Whither, retiring, doſt thou ſeek repoſe,
When o'er thy face night's ſable mantle grows?
Haſt thou, like Oſſian, thy dark lonely cell?
In grief's dim ſhadow chooſeſt thou to dwell?
Have thy lov'd ſiſters fall'n from Heav'n, (bleſt pow'r!)
Are they, who once rejoic'd with thee, no more?
Yes—they have fall'n, fair light, and thou forlorn,
Doſt oft to thy lone hall retire to mourn!
But thou thyſelf, from thy pale empire driv'n,
Shalt fail; and leave thy azure path in heav'n.
The ſtars will then revive, reſume their reign,
Nor at thy preſence be abaſh'd again.

THE HERMIT.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove—
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd;
He thought as a ſage, tho' he felt as a man.

'AH! why, thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
'Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad ſtrain?
'For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow;
'And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.

'Yet

'Yet if Pity inſpire thee, O ceaſe not thy lay!
'Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer; man calls thee to mourn:
'O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures, like thine paſs away!
'Full quickly they paſs—but they never return!

'Now, gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
'The moon, half extinct, a dim creſcent diſplays;
'But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
'She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
'Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
'The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again:
'But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew;
'Ah, fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

''Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more:
'I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
'For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
'Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind nature the embryo-bloſſom will ſave:
'But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn!
'O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!

''Twas thus, by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
'That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles to blind:
'My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
'Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light, then I cry'd,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
'Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
'From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free.

'And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away,
'No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
'So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,
'The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
'See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph deſcending,
'And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom,
'On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are blending.
'And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

SAVE that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

BENEATH thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

THE breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow, twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

FOR them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to liſp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiſs to ſhare.

OFT did the harveſt to their ſickle yield;
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

LET not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſoothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may reſt;
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool, ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing, anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies;
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
Bruſhing, with haſty ſteps, the dews away,
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

HARD by yon wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

ONE morn I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

THE next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth;
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

LARGE was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend;
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

VIRTUE.

THE firſt in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd ſhe pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt more white than new-fall'n ſnow ſhe wore:
Auguſt ſhe trod, yet modeſt was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still ſhe drew near, and nearer ſtill more fair,
More mild appear'd; yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an awful fear,
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

PLEASURE.

THE other dame ſeem'd of a fairer hue,
But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her fluſht cheek confeſs'd at nearer view
The borrow'd bluſhes of an artful die.
All ſoft and delicate, with airy ſwim
Lightly ſhe danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only ſeem'd to ſhade;
And as it flow'd adown ſo looſe and thin,
Her ſtature ſhew'd more tall, more ſnowy white her ſkin.

THE VIRTUOUS.

THRO' health, thro' joy, thro' pleaſure and renown
They tread my paths; and by a ſoft deſcent
At length to age all gently ſinking down,
Look back with tranſport on a life well ſpent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which ſome gen'rous deed diſtinguiſh'd every day.
And when, the deſtin'd term at length complete,
Their aſhes reſt in peace, eternal fame
Sounds wide their praiſe: triumphant over fate,
In ſacred ſong forever lives their name.

TO-MORROW.

(Pereunt et imputantur.)

TO-MORROW, didſt thou ſay!
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—takes thy ready caſh,

And

And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes and promiſes,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor! To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar:
Wiſdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father,
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſely,
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend—arreſt the preſent moments;
For be aſſur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be ſilent, and their path
Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to Heav'n, and there record thy folly:
Becauſe, tho' ſtation'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a ſleeping, faithleſs ſentinel,
Didſt let them paſs unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wiſdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimſon treaſures of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy graſp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TAKE not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live.

WHAT more advance can mortals make in ſin,
So near perfection, who with blood begin!
Deaf to the calf, who, ſtretch'd beneath the knife,
Looks up, and begs its murderer for its life.
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, who, ere he dies,
Each winning art to gain thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries!

RETIREMENT.

O BLEST Retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine:
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labor with an age of eaſe:
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend.
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heav'n commences ere the world be paſt.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan.
Oh! give relief; and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

THESE tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow, in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

YON houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

HARD is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed. OH!

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heaven ſends misfortunes: why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt, abandon'd, on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell—a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have led him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan.
Oh! give relief; and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Benevolence.

Wide as the ſun his bright dominion ſpreads,
Heav'n-born Benevolence her bounty ſheds.
She, meek-ey'd goddeſs, quits th' angelic ſphere,
To baniſh grief, and dry the human tear.
Plenty's rich urn her willing arms ſuſtain,
Life, hope, and joy, exulting in her train. Her

Her ear is open to the orphan's cry,
Her ſoul expanding, as the poor paſs by.
From her bleſs'd tongue, the words of manna flow,
And carry courage to deſponding woe.
Objects of aid ſhe ſeeks, through all the land,
Diffuſing bounty with a Saviour's hand.
Thro' priſon-bars ſhe darts a pitying eye,
Her heart, reſponſive, echoes ſigh for ſigh:
Nor ſcorns ſhe ev'n the malefactor's chain:
She mourns his guilt—but mitigates his pain.
The wretch ſhe aſks not, in what climate bred,
To what profeſſion or religion wed;
That's not the ſubject of her miſſion there—
To ſuccour all who want, is all her care.

With love's apology and candour's veil,
The multitude of errors to conceal—
The long-elapſed inj'ry to forget,
And, as the debtor weeps, forgive the debt—
Full tides of renovating hope to roll
Thro' the dry channels of the feveriſh ſoul—
Theſe are, O bright Benevolence, thy ways,
And theſe the ſolid baſis of thy praiſe!
When Cæſar's fame and Marlb'ro's deeds are paſt,
Th' effects of thy philanthropy ſhall laſt.
In nature's wreck, the juſter fates ſhall ſee
Diſtinguiſh'd worth; and fix their eyes on thee;
A preference far thy honeſt heart ſhall find,
Before the proud deſtroyers of mankind.
Their lapſing honors ſhall forbear to ſave:
But thy bleſt name ſhall triumph o'er the grave.

Messiah, a sacred Eclogue.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids

Delight

Delight no more—O Thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

RAPT into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcend the myſtic Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade;
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from Heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
He the obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear ;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms ;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe ; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun ;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurprize
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe ;
And ſtart, amidſt the thirſty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulruſh nods ;
Waſte, ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn ;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palm ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet ;
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.

Riſe,

Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm forever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns!

INTERVIEW OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he took his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of palaces and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt,
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt;
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior ſmil'd, and pleas'd, reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind. His

His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look ;
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected ſpoke.
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.

" Too daring prince ! Ah whither doſt thou run ?
" Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon !
" And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
" A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he !
" For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
" And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
" Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain :
" Now hoſts oppoſe thee ; and thou muſt be ſlain.
" O grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
" All I can aſk of Heav'n, an early tomb !
" So ſhall my days in one ſad tenor run,
" And end with ſorrows, as they firſt begun.
" No parent now remains, my grief to ſhare,
" No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
" Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
" My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
" Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
" Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
" Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger ſhare ;
" O prove a huſband's, and a parent's care.
" Let others in the field their arms employ ;
" But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief reply'd, " That poſt ſhall be my care ;
" Nor that alone ; but all the works of war.
" How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
" And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the [ground,
" Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
" Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame ?
" My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;
" My ſoul impels me to the martial plains.
" Still foremoſt let me ſtand to guard the throne,
" To ſave my father's honors, and my own.
" Yet come it will ! the day decreed by fates !
(" How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates !)
" The day, when thou, imperial Troy ! muſt bend ;
" Muſt ſee thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.

"And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
"My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
"Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
"Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore,
"As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread!
"I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
"In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
"And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine.
"There while you groan beneath the load of life,
"They cry,"—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
"Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
"Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
"The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
"A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
"May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
"Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
"Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlaſting ſleep,
"Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep."

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I ſurvey,
My right there is none to diſpute,
From the centre all round to the ſea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh ſolitude! where are the charms
That ſages have ſeen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midſt of alarms,
Than *reign* in this horrible place.

I AM out of humanity's reach,
I muſt finiſh my journey alone,
Never hear the ſweet muſic of ſpeech,
I ſtart at the ſound of my own.

The beaſts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference ſee ;
They are ſo unacquainted with man,
Their tameneſs is ſhocking to me.

Society, friendſhip, and love,
Divinely beſtow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How ſoon would I taſte you again !
My ſorrows I then might aſſuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wiſdom of age,
And be-cheer'd by the ſallies of youth.

Religion ! what treaſure untold
Reſides in that heav'nly word !
More precious than ſilver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the ſound of the church-going bell
Theſe vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er ſigh'd at the ſound of a knell,
Or ſmil'd when a ſabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your ſport,
Convey to this deſolate ſhore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I ſhall viſit no more.
My friends do they now and then ſend
A wiſh or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet *have* a friend,
Though a friend I am never to ſee.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compar'd with the ſpeed of its flight,
The tempeſt itſelf lags behind,
And the ſwift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I ſeem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to deſpair.

But the ſea-fowl is gone to her neſt,
The beaſt is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a ſeaſon of reſt,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in ev'ry place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies:
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy ſplendors unfold.
Thy reign is the laſt, and the nobleſt of time,
Moſt fruitful thy ſoil, moſt inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the eaſt ne'er encrimſon thy name,
Be freedom, and ſcience, and virtue, thy fame.

To conqueſt, and ſlaughter, let Europe aſpire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind ſhall defend,
And triumph purſue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and juſt as thy cauſe;
On freedom's broad baſis, thy empire ſhall riſe,
Extend with the main, and diſſolve with the ſkies.

Fair ſcience her gates to thy ſons ſhall unbar,
And the eaſt ſee thy morn hide the beams of her ſtar.
New bards, and new ſages, unrivall'd ſhall ſoar
To fame, unextinguiſh'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the laſt refuge of virtue deſign'd,
Shall fly from all nations the beſt of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with tranſport ſhall bring
Their incenſe, more fragrant than odours of ſpring.

Nor leſs ſhall thy fair ones to glory aſcend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form ſhall awake pure deſire,
And the charms of the ſoul ever cheriſh the fire :
Their ſweetneſs unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtue's bright image, inſtamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and ſoft rapture, ſhall teach life to glow,
And light up a ſmile in the aſpect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r ſhall diſplay,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each ſhore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the eaſt and the ſouth yield their ſpices and gold.
As the day-ſpring unbounded, thy ſplendor ſhall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee ſhall bow,
While the enſigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Huſh the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erſpread,
From war's dread confuſion I penſively ſtray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair Heaven retir'd ;
The winds ceas'd to murmur ; the thunders expir'd ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd ſweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly ſung :
" Columbia, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies."

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE.

SECTION I.

General Outlines of Gesture.

IT is well known that the various rules laid down for repreſenting the different paſſions and emotions of the mind, by proper and graceful geſture, are too complex and difficult for boys, at the early age in which they are taught the firſt principles of Elocution. There are, indeed, many, who are againſt teaching them any action at all, and are for leaving them in this point entirely to nature.

But the neceſſity of adopting ſome method of teaching geſture, is too evident to need proof. Boys will infallibly contract ſome action: to require them to ſtand motionleſs, while pronouncing the moſt impaſſioned and ſpirited language, is not only exacting a very difficult taſk from them, but is extremely unnatural. If they are left to themſelves, they will generally fall into wild and ungraceful geſture, which, when formed into habit, cannot eaſily be corrected. To give them, therefore, a general outline of good action, muſt be of great conſequence to their improvement in oratory.

Hence ariſes the advantage of ſuch a general ſyſtem of action, as ſhall be eaſily underſtood and executed; which, though not expreſſive of particular paſſions, ſhall not be inconſiſtent with the repreſentation of any paſſion; which ſhall always keep the body in a graceful poſture, and ſhall vary its poſitions in a juſt and eaſy manner.

The difficulty of deſcribing action by words, is ea-

fily conceived; and if we were never to give any inſtructions but ſuch as ſhould completely anſwer our wiſhes, we might well be diſcouraged from making this attempt. But there are many degrees between giving a preciſe idea of a ſubject, and no idea at all. Beſides, in this part of oratory, inſtruction may be conveyed by the eye, with eaſe and advantage. To this organ we have addreſſed ourſelves on the preſent occaſion; and plates, repreſenting the attitudes which are deſcribed, are annexed to the ſeveral deſcriptions, which will greatly facilitate the reader's conception.

THE *firſt Plate* repreſents the attitude in which a boy ſhould place himſelf when he begins to ſpeak. He ſhould reſt the whole weight of his body on the right leg; the other, placed lightly on the ground, at the diſtance at which it would naturally fall, if lifted up to ſhew that the body does not bear upon it. The knees ſhould be ſtraight, and braced, and the body, though perfectly ſtraight, not perpendicular, but inclining as far to the right, as a firm poſition on the right leg will permit. The right arm muſt then be extended with the palm open, the fingers ſtraight and cloſe, the thumb almoſt as far diſtant from them as it will go, and the flat of the hand neither horizontal nor vertical, but exactly between both. The poſition of the arm perhaps will be beſt deſcribed by ſuppoſing an oblong hollow ſquare, formed by the meaſure of four arms, (as in Plate I.) where the arm, in its true poſition, forms the diagonal of ſuch an imaginary figure. So that, if lines were drawn at right angles from the ſhoulder, extending downward, forward, and ſidewiſe, the arm would form an angle of forty-five degrees every way.

WHEN the pupil has finiſhed the ſentence, in the poſition thus deſcribed, the hand, as if lifeleſs, muſt drop down on the ſide the very moment the laſt emphatical word is pronounced. To avoid a tireſome ſameneſs of action, the left hand may be uſed occaſionally; obſerving the ſame directions which were given with regard to the right.

Plate I.

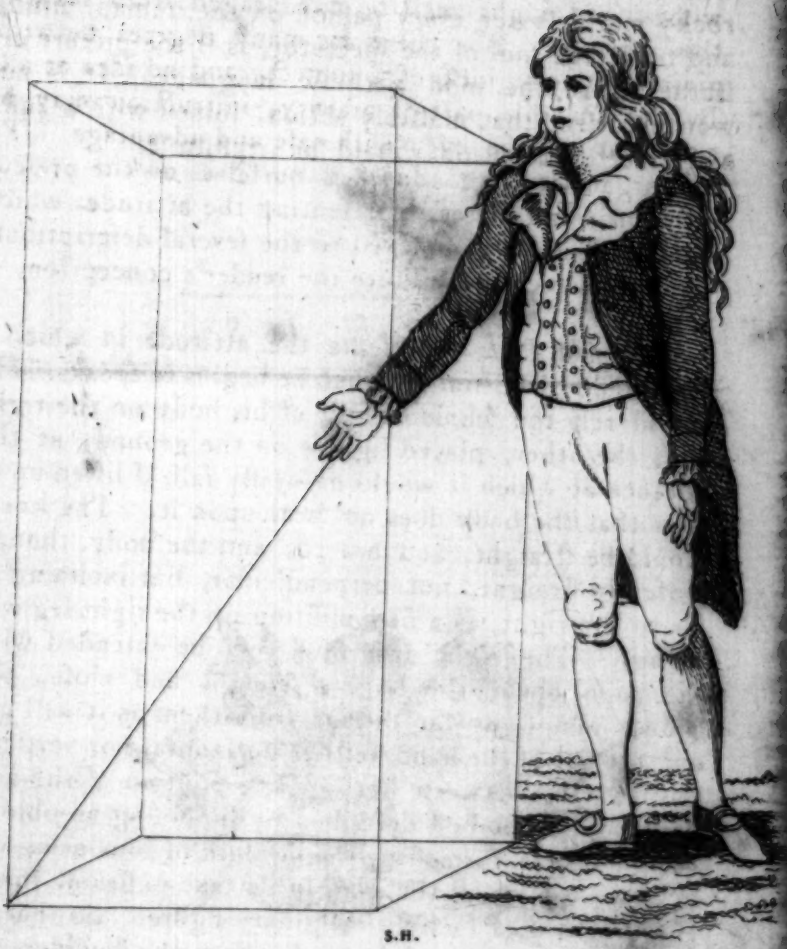

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Plate II.

Plate III.

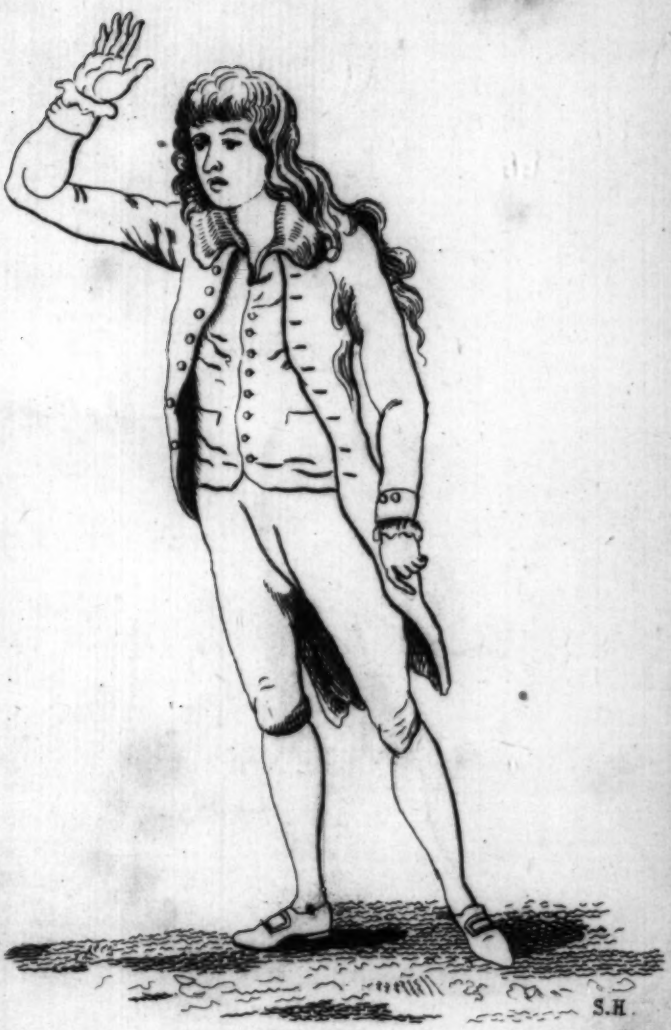


Plate IV.

right. In varying the poſture of the body from the right to the left ſide, care muſt be taken that the feet do not alter their diſtance. In altering the poſition of the body, the feet will neceſſarily alter their poſition in ſome degree; but this change muſt be made by turning the feet in a ſomewhat different direction, without ſuffering them to quit their ground. The heels, in this tranſition, change their place, but not the toes. The toes may be conſidered as pivots on which the body turns from ſide to ſide.

If the arm be too long, or the elbow incline inward, it will be proper to turn the palm of the hand downward, ſo as to make it perfectly horizontal. This will infallibly incline the elbow outward, and prevent the worſt poſition the arm can poſſibly fall into, which is that of inclining the elbow to the body. This poſition of the hand may ſometimes be practiſed with advantage, when there is no defect in the form, and may contribute to juſtneſs and variety. (See Plate II.)

When the pupil has attained the habit of holding his hand and arm properly, he may be taught to move it. In this motion he muſt be careful to keep the arm from the body. He muſt neither draw the elbow backward, nor ſuffer it to approach to the ſide, but, while the hand and lower joint of the arm are curving toward the ſhoulder, in the ſame poſition as when gracefully taking off the hat; that is, with the elbow extended from the ſide, and the upper joint of the arm nearly on a line with the ſhoulder, and forming an angle of a ſquare with the body. (Plate III.) This motion of the arm will naturally bring the hand with the palm downwards into a horizontal poſition, and when it approaches to the head, the arm ſhould with a quick motion be ſtraightened into its firſt poſition, at the moment the emphatical word is pronounced. This coincidence of the hand and voice will greatly inforce the pronunciation, and if they keep time, will be in tune as it were to each other, and to force and energy, add harmony and variety.

Care

CARE ſhould be taken to keep the hand open, and the thumb at ſome diſtance from the fingers; the hand muſt be kept in an exact line with the lower part of the arm, ſo as not to bend at the wriſt, either when it is held out without motion, or when it gives the emphatic ſtroke. Above all, the body muſt be kept in a ſtraight line with the leg on which it bears, and not ſuffered to bend to the oppoſite ſide.

FOR the repreſentation of dialogues, or ſuch pieces as require two to be on the ſtage at the ſame time, ſome particular directions are neceſſary, as a ſpeaker who addreſſes himſelf ſingly to an auditory, and one who addreſſes another ſpeaker, are under very different predicaments. The firſt has only one object to addreſs,—the laſt has two. For if a ſpeaker on the ſtage were to addreſs the perſon to whom he ſpeaks without any regard to the point of view in which he ſtands, with reſpect to the audience, he would be apt to turn his back on them, and to place himſelf in ſuch poſitions as would be highly ungraceful and diſguſting. When a ſcene, therefore, is repreſented, it is neceſſary that the performers ſhould form a ſort of picture, and place themſelves in a poſition agreeable to the laws of perſpective. In order to do this, it will be neceſſary that each of them ſhould ſtand obliquely, and chiefly make uſe of one hand: that is, ſuppoſing the ſtage or platform where they ſtand to be a quadrangle, each ſpeaker ſhould reſpectively face that corner of it next to the audience, and uſe that hand, and reſt upon that leg which is neareſt to the perſon to whom he ſpeaks, and which is fartheſt from the audience. (See Plate IV.)

THIS diſpoſition is abſolutely neceſſary to form any thing like a picturesque grouping of objects; and, without it, or if both ſpeakers uſe the right hand, and ſtand directly fronting each other, the impropriety will be obvious, and the appearance diſguſting. It need ſcarcely be noted, that if the ſpeaker, in a ſcene, uſe that hand which is next the audience, he ought likewiſe

wiſe to poiſe his body upon the ſame leg; and the hand ſhould act on that ſide only, on which the body bears.

Occasion may be taken, in the courſe of the ſcene, to change ſides. This, however, muſt be performed with great care, and ſo as to keep the back from being turned from the audience: if this tranſition be performed adroitly, it will have a very good effect, in varying the poſition of the ſpeakers, and giving each an opportunity of uſing his right hand—the moſt favourable to grace and expreſſion. When they are not ſpeaking, the arms ſhould hang in their natural place, by the ſides; unleſs what is ſpoken by the one is of ſuch importance as to excite agitation and ſurprize in the other. But if we ſhould be ſparing in the uſe of geſture at all times, we ſhould be peculiarly ſo when we are not ſpeaking.

The advantage of a ſyſtem of action like the preſent, is, that a boy will never be embarraſſed for want of knowing what to do with his legs and arms; nor will he need to beſtow that attention on his action, which ought to be directed to the ſentiment he utters and to his pronunciation. He will always be in a poſition which will not diſgrace his figure, and when this geſture is eaſy to him, it may ſerve as a ground-work of ſomething more perfect; he may by his application, build ſome other action upon it, which may in time give it additional force and variety.

SECTION

SECTION II.

HINTS WITH REGARD TO THE EXPRESSION OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS BY GESTURE.

EVERY part of the human frame contributes to expreſs the paſſions and emotions of the mind, and to ſhew, in general, its preſent ſtate.

THE *Head* ſhould generally be in an erect poſture, turning ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, that the voice may be heard by the whole audience, and a regard paid to the ſeveral parts of it.

IT ſhould always be on the ſame ſide with the action of the hands and body, except when we expreſs abhorrence, or a refuſal of any thing, which is done by rejecting it with the right-hand, and turning away the head to the left.

THE *Countenance* does more in expreſſing the paſſions of the mind than the whole human frame beſides. In this is the ſeat of the ſoul, and the very life of action. Every paſſion, while uttered with the tongue, ſhould be painted in the face. There is often more eloquence in a look than any words can expreſs. By this we are awed, charmed, incenſed, ſoftened, grieved, rejoiced, raiſed or dejected, according as we catch the fire of the ſpeaker's paſſion from his face.

THE *Eyes* ſhould be carried from one part of the audience to another, with a modeſt and decent reſpect: this will tend to recal and fix their attention, and animate the ſpeaker's ſpirit by obſerving their attention fixed. But if their affections be ſtrongly moved, and the obſerving it be a mean of raiſing the ſpeaker's too high, it will be neceſſary then to keep the eye from them;

them; for though an orator ſhould always be animated, he ſhould never be overcome by his paſſions.

THE language of the eye is inexpreſſible. It is the window of the ſoul; from which ſometimes the whole heart looks out at once, and ſpeaks more feelingly than all the warmeſt ſtrains of oratory; and comes in effectually to its aid, when the paſſions are too ſtrong to be uttered.

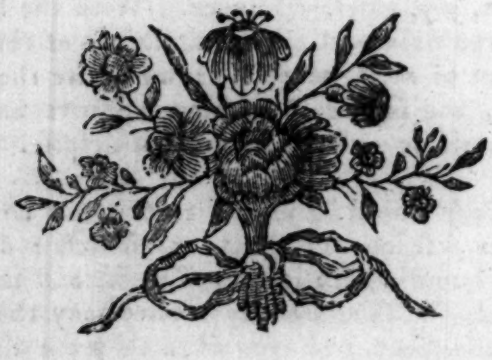
THE *Hands*. The motion of theſe ſhould always correſpond with that of the head and eyes; as *that* ſhould with the paſſions expreſſed. The arms are ſometimes lifted up as high as the face to expreſs wonder; ſometimes held out before the breaſt to ſhew fear; ſpread forth with the hands open to expreſs deſire or affection: the right-hand clenched, and the arms brandiſhed, to threaten. With the hands we ſolicit, we refuſe, we promiſe, we threaten, we diſmiſs, we invite, we intreat; we expreſs averſion, fear, denial, aſking, affirmation, joy, grief, penitence. With the hands we deſcribe, and point out all circumſtances of time, place and manner of what we relate; we excite the paſſions of others, and ſoothe them; we approve and diſapprove, permit or prohibit, admire or deſpiſe.

THE *Body* ſhould be uſually erect; not continually varying its poſition, nor always motionleſs: declining, in acts of humiliation; in acts of praiſe and thankſgiving, raiſed. It ſhould always accompany the motion of the hands, head, and eyes when they are directed to any particular part of the audience; but never ſo far as to let the back be turned to any part of it.

THE action of the body, and the ſeveral parts of it, muſt correſpond with the pronunciation, as that does with the ſtyle, and the ſtyle with the ſubject; a perfect harmony of all which compleats the orator.

THE force of attitude and looks appears, in a ſtrik-

ing

ing manner, in the works of the painter and ſtatuary, who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every paſſion of the human mind, and touch the ſoul of the ſpectator, as if the picture or ſtatue ſpoke the moſt pathetic language. It is no wonder, then, that maſterly action, joined with a juſt and graceful elocution, ſhould be irreſiſtible.

FINIS.